

David Richert. Born 18

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ITALY.

BY

JOSIAH CONDER,

AUTHOR OF THE MODERN TRAVELLER.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

Italia! Oh Italia, thou who hast
The fatal gift of beauty.

BYRON.

VOL. II.

LOMBARDY—VENICE—BOLOGNA—FLORENCE.

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STATION

1882

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ITINERARY TO VOL. II.

ITINERARY TO VOL. II.

ROUTE IX.—FROM MILAN TO FLORENCE, BY VERONA AND PADUA.

	Posts.
To the Cascina de' Pecchi	1½
„ Vaprio	1
„ BERGAMO, p. 58	1½
„ Cavernago	1
„ Palazzolo	1
„ Ospedaletto	1½
„ BRESCIA,* p. 60	1
„ Ponte S. Marco	1½
„ Desenzano, p. 62	1
„ Castel Nuovo	1½
„ VERONA, p. 65	1½
„ Caldiero	1
„ Montebello	1½
„ VICENZA, p. 95	1¼
„ Slesega	1¼

19

* The Milan Itinerary gives the following route to Brescia, which avoids Bergamo, and is shorter by 4 or 5 leagues:—

To Cascina de' Pecchi	1½
„ Cassano	1
„ Caravaggio	1
„ Antignate	1
„ Chiari	1
„ Ospedaletto	1
„ Brescia	1

7½

Mrs. Starke divides the route thus : first day from Milan, Triviglio and Calcio; second day, Brescia and Desenzano.

	Brought forward	19
To PADUA,* p. 112		1
„ Monselice, p. 241		1½
„ Rovigo, p. 242		1½
„ Polesella		2
„ FERRARA,† p. 245		1½
„ Malalbergo, p. 253		1½
„ Capodargine		1
„ BOLOGNA, p. 255		1
„ Pianora (foot of the Apennines), p. 316		1½
„ Lojano		1½
„ Filigare		1
„ Covigliajo, p. 318		1
„ Monte Carelli		1
„ Cafaggiolo		1
„ Fonte Buona		1
„ Florence, p. 321		1
		<hr/>
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X.—FROM VERONA TO INSPRUCK.

	Posts,
To Volargno, p. 90	1½
„ Peri, p. 89	1¼
„ Alla	1
„ Roveredo	1
„ TRENTO	2
„ Lavis	1
„ Salurn	1¼
„ Neurmarkt	1
„ Bronzol	1
„ BOTZEN or BALSANO, p. 89	1
	<hr/>
	12

* From Padua to Venice—

	Posts.
To Dolo	1½
„ Fusina	1½
	<hr/>
	3

„ Venice, 5 miles by water.

† A route seldom traversed leads from Ferrara to Ravenna, and thence to Rimini.—See p. 281.

					Brought forward	12
To Deutschen	1
„ Kollman	1
„ Brixen	$1\frac{1}{2}$
„ Mitterwold	1
„ Stertzingen	1
„ Brenner	1
„ Stainach	1
„ Schonberg	1
„ Inspruck	1
						<hr/>
						$21\frac{1}{2}$
						<hr/>

Total distance from Milan, $35\frac{1}{2}$ posts.

From Inspruck, a route lies through Salzburg and Lintz to Vienna: distance, $33\frac{3}{4}$ posts.

Another route from Verona to Vienna, diverging from the route to Padua at Vicenza, runs—

To Cittadella	$1\frac{3}{4}$
„ Castelfranco	$1\frac{1}{4}$
„ Treviso	$1\frac{3}{4}$
„ Spresiano	1
„ Conegliano	1
„ Sacile	$1\frac{1}{2}$
„ Pordenone	1
„ Codroipo	$1\frac{3}{4}$
„ UDINE	$1\frac{3}{4}$
Thence to Vienna	32
						<hr/>
						$44\frac{3}{4}$
						<hr/>

From Milan (direct)	$61\frac{1}{2}$
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XI.—FROM MILAN TO BOLOGNA, BY MANTUA.

					Posts.
To Brescia (see No. IX.)	$7\frac{1}{2}$
„ Ponte S. Marco	$1\frac{1}{2}$
„ Castiglione le Stiviere	$1\frac{1}{2}$
„ MANTUA, p. 51	3
„ San Benedetto	$1\frac{1}{2}$
					<hr/>

	Brought forward	15
To Novi		1½
„ Carpi		1
„ MODENA, p. 42		1¼
„ Samoggia		1½
„ BOLOGNA, p. 255		1½
		<hr/>
		21¾

XII.—FROM MILAN TO BOLOGNA, BY LODI.

	Posts.
To Melegnano, p. 16	1½
„ Lodi, p. 17	1¼
„ Casal Pusterlengo*	1½
„ PIACENZA,† p. 18	2
	<hr/>
	6¼

* Another route, branching off at Casal Pusterlengo, runs through Cremona and Mantua.

From Milan	Posts.
To Casal Pusterlengo (as above)	4½
„ Pizzighitone, p. 49	1
„ CREMONA	2
„ Cicognolo	1
„ Piadena	1¼
„ Bozzolo	¾
„ Castelluccio	1¼
„ MANTUA	1
(95 miles or 17 h. from Milan.)	
„ BOLOGNA (as above)	8½
	<hr/>
	21

† The direct routes from Turin and Genoa to Bologna, strike the Milan route at Piacenza—

From Genoa	Posts.
To Pontedecimo	2
„ Ronco	2½
„ Arquata	2
„ Novi	1½
„ Tortona	3½
„ Voghera	2½
„ Casteggio	1¼
„ Broni	1¾
„ Castel S. Giovanni	2
„ Piacenza	2
	<hr/>
	20¾
„ Bologna, as above	12
	<hr/>
	32¾

	Brought forward	6 $\frac{1}{4}$
To Fiorenzuola	2	
„ S. Donnino, p. 25	1	
„ Castel Guelfo	1	
„ PARMA, p. 26	1	
„ S. Ilario, p. 39	1	
„ REGGIO, p. 40	1	
„ Rubiera, p. 41	1	
„ MODENA, p. 42	1	
„ Samoggia	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
„ BOLOGNA, * p. 255	1 $\frac{1}{2}$	
	<hr/>	
		18 $\frac{1}{4}$
		<hr/>

Distance from Milan, 133 miles, or 23 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

* The above route corresponds to the ancient Æmilian Way, which ran from Milan through Placentia and Parma to Bologna, and thence through Faenza (Faventia) to Rimini. The stages are as follow :—

From Bologna	Posts.
To S. Nicolo	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
„ Imola, p. 278	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
„ Faenza, p. 279	1
„ Forli	1
„ Cesena, p. 280	1 $\frac{1}{4}$
„ Savignano	1
„ Rimini, p. 304	1
	<hr/>
	8

[About 12 $\frac{1}{4}$ hours.]

The route to Ravenna turns off at Faenza ; or, in returning from the South, at Forli. Ravenna is 4 posts from Rimini, 15 posts from Cavanelle, and about 24 hours or 122 miles from Venice.

ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

Pavia—Lodi—Piacenza—Parma—Reggio—Modena—Cremona—Mantua—Bergamo—Brescia—Lago di Garda.

FROM Milan, four great routes lead south-westward, southward, and eastward: that which runs through Pavia towards Turin or Genoa; that which leads through Piacenza and Parma to Bologna; the route from Lodi to Bologna by way of Cremona and Mantua; and the direct route to Verona and Venice. We shall describe them in this order.

Pavia, the second city of Western Lombardy, which once disputed the honours of a capital with Milan, is seated on the banks of the Ticino, from which it took its ancient name, about twenty miles S.W. of Milan. A broad and beautiful road, sheltered by lofty trees, is carried over the fertile plain, almost in constant view of the great canal. Those who prefer it may, for a franc, descend in the barge, (resembling the Dutch *trekschuyt*,) which, being drawn by two horses, reaches Pavia in about five hours and a half.*

* ' From the Gate of Milan to the Ticino at Pavia, the canal descends 182 feet eight inches. There are thirteen locks, the whole descent of which is 167 feet, six inches; leaving for the descent of the canal, fifteen feet. The

This mode of travelling is, however, left almost exclusively to the common people. The half-way post town is Binasco, where there is a fine old castle in good preservation, now used as a prison. Some miles further, the canal is crossed by a handsome stone bridge, at which four roads meet.*

Between five and six miles from this bridge, about half a mile out of the road, stands one of the most interesting and magnificent of Italian monasteries, the *Certosa* (or Carthusian convent) of Chiaravalle; founded by the first Duke of Milan, in 1396,† ‘in expiation of his sins and for the redemption of his soul.’ ‘Although commenced in the fourteenth century, the artists of Italy were still working at it in the eighteenth. Yet, the labour of four hundred years,’ we are told, ‘scarcely accounts for the immensity of its details, its sculptures, carvings, and statuary, its works in gold, bronze, ivory, and ebony, its accu-

length is 107,350 feet, the breadth, forty-two feet and a half. At first, it forms a considerable stream; but is continually giving off part of its waters for the purposes of irrigation, and becomes very sluggish on its arrival at Pavia.’—Woods, vol. i. p. 219.

* Under this bridge flows the *Naviglio*, and under the *Naviglio*, a canal.—Pennington, vol. i. p. 258.

† The *duomo* of Milan, the church of S. Petronio at Bologna, and that of S. Francesco at Assisi, are all nearly of this date. The architect of the *Certosa* is said to have been the same Henry of Zamodia to whom is ascribed the design of the *duomo* at Milan, while another conjecture assigns it to Marco da Campione. But the style of the two edifices, Mr. Woods says, is so different, as to preclude the possibility of their being the work of the same architect.—See Woods, vol. i. p. 337.

mulations of precious stones, of mosaics, of pictures, of frescoes, and all the wonders of wealth and art, which go to the perfecting of its chapels, its choirs, and its sacristies, its altars, monuments, and mausoleums. Even the *Lavotojo*, the washing-room of the monks, is incrustated with *basso-relievo*, with busts and gems of the most exquisite workmanship; and its magnificent window of stained glass employed for years the genius of Christoforo Matteis, who finished it in 1447.*

The church consists of a nave and two aisles, separated by six fine marble pillars. The roof is painted, and there is much pounded *lapis lazuli* in the composition. Eight statues, the four Evangelists and the four Doctors of the church, adorn this splendid edifice; and there is a fine Madonna by Guercino, but nearly ruined by damp. In the choir is a superb monument of Parian marble, erected by the monks to the memory of the founder, a century after his death. It was begun by Pellegrini in 1490, and finished by Giacomo della Porta in 1562; its arabesque ornaments (executed by Christoforo Romano) are inferior, however, to the ivy sculptured on a door-jamb just by. On the top is the recumbent statue of the Duke. On one side of the inscription recording the gratitude and vanity of the monks, is a large figure in *basso-relievo*, of Lewis Sforza, (in whose reign it was completed,) and on the other, that of his Dutchess. On the sides of the tomb are bas-reliefs, the subjects taken from events in the life of the founder.†

* Morgan's Italy, vol. i. p. 339.

† It is stated by Lady Morgan, that the real tomb of the founder of this splendid pile is unknown. By the time the

Nothing can be richer than the high altar: the tabernacle especially is splendid with gems; and the altars of all the chapels are of inlaid work in precious stones, beneath marble canopies. One of the altars is 'a Gothic pyramid' with bas-reliefs, all carved out of the teeth of the hippopotamus. Many bronze statues in bas-relief, and four lofty bronze candlesticks with much carved work, are particularized among the curious things in this church. After all, however, its interminable splendour is overpowering and wearying, rather than beautiful; and the taste it indicates is very far short of purity or correctness. The outside of the flanks and transept is full of pinnacles and ornaments, which do not rise naturally out of the construction of the building. The front, begun in 1473, from the designs of Fossano, is in like manner an immense heap of little parts, often beautiful in themselves, but leaving no impression as a whole, except an undefined sentiment of its boundless prodigality of riches. The material is marble throughout, and the endless succession of bas-relief ornaments are often beautifully executed, and never ill done.

There are two large cloisters, one of which is of immense size, with marble columns and a profusion of ornamental brick-work; and there is a spacious palace of later date for the reception of visitors of rank. The accommodations for the monks consist of twenty-four detached little houses, each having two comfortable rooms below, and one above, with a small garden containing a mausoleum was finished, no one living could tell where his bones rested!

fountain and marble seat, besides the extensive common one. A wheel on the outside of each little dwelling turned to receive the day's provisions, as there was no communication between the brethren, except in the church.* The Prior's apartments are spacious and princely; and a vast attic, now used as a granary, is said to have been the temporary prison of Francis I., after the memorable battle of Pavia. There are also fish-ponds and vineyards; but these now exhibit a scene of melancholy desolation. On the dissolution of the convent in 1798, the Prior's library and all the treasures of his apartments were removed. The *Sagrestia Nuova* contained the best collection of pictures. Three of great value were carried off by the French, who are also accused of having stripped off the lead in many parts of the cloisters. But how the church and convent have escaped plunder as they have, is surprising. With the exceptions above mentioned, they remain rich and picturesque as in the days of their greatest prosperity. At the period of their dissolution, these 'wealthy professors of poverty

* 'In one of the cells, we remained for nearly an hour. It was precisely as the last inhabitant had left it 30 years before. There was something melancholy in the pains he had bestowed on his little garden, of about 30 or 40 feet in circumference. He had painted or otherwise ornamented every stone in the high wall; and had decorated his little fountain till it resembled a child's toy. The walk was a mosaic; and the profusion of flowers, now wild and degenerated, which sprang up amid the high grass and matted weeds, evinced how much he was thrown upon this sad and circumscribed recess for occupation. There was a fine fig-tree in fruit, in one corner, which he had probably left a slip.'—Morgan's Italy, vol. i. p. 342.

had estates throughout Lombardy ; and the brotherhood were deemed the most enlightened agriculturists of Italy.*

At the distance of four Italian miles from the *Certosa*, at the extremity of a noble avenue, rises the imperial city of Pavia. At the entrance of this 'city of a hundred towers' stands the ancient castle of the Visconti, magnificent in ruin. Opposite to it is a modern edifice of almost equal extent erected by the French for the purposes of a foundry and an arsenal. This is also now falling to decay. The high street (*Strada Nuova*) is entered by a superb gate, erected (though not finished) under the viceroyalty of Prince Eugene. In this street, the principal palaces of the Pavian nobility, mouldering and dismantled, are mingled with shops, churches, colleges, *caffès*, theatres, and hospitals. It is terminated by the gate and bridge of the Ticino. The latter, raised in 1351, is one of the most curious monuments of that age. It is 300 feet in length, and 12 in width, and is covered by a curious roof supported by 100 posts of rough granite. The body of the work is brick, with stone quoins to the arches. At one end of the bridge is the Austrian, at the other, the Sardinian *dogana*, the river being here the boundary of their respective territories.

* From the main street, others of greater anti-

* Morgan, vol. i. pp. 338–344. Woods, vol. i. pp. 223, 4. Pennington, vol. i. pp. 258, 9.—In 1820, four of the monks of the suppressed convent were still living at Verona, on a small pension from the Austrian Government. The order was suppressed by the Emperor Joseph II. Their estates, Eustace says, amounted to 20,000*l.* a year.

quity branch off at right angles, where all is sad, desolate, and silent. Some terminate in *piazze*, opening before vast and cumbrous palaces, with windows half sashed, doors hanging from their hinges, balconies mouldering over beautiful but falling porticoes, and the grass shooting up every where between the pavement. In one of these by-streets is shewn the site of the imperial palace of Theodoric, which was standing in the eleventh century, when a popular insurrection against the tyranny of the Emperor Henry II. levelled it to the ground. Of the extraordinary edifices which gave to Pavia the name of *la città delle cento torre*, the number is considerably diminished. One is most fearfully attached to the *Casa Belcrede*, and has an elevation of 180 feet; another belongs to the *Casa Maino*; and both are considered as marks of great distinction and nobility. In one of these towers, now no more, the celebrated Boëthius was shut up, and composed his treatise *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*. On its site now stands the *Casa Malaspina*, whose enlightened lord has placed at the entrance of his palace, a marble monument and bust of the illustrious philosopher.* Opposite to it, a monument, with an inscription, has been erected by the *Marchese* before the spot where stood the house of Francesco di Brossano, the son-in-law of Petrarch.

‘ Of the forty-six wealthy convents which existed

* Boethius was born A.D. 470. He was accused of having conspired to restore the liberty of Rome; and Theodoric tarnished the glory and justice of his reign, by executing the sentence of death unjustly pronounced against him by the Roman senate, A.D. 524.

in Pavia, in the middle of the last century, not one was in being under the French-Italian Government. Joseph II. suppressed many, and the Government of the kingdom of Italy put down the few that remained. The churches, however, were seldom absolutely destroyed. Near the site of the palace of the Lombard kings, stands the ancient *basilica* of St. Michael, which history asserts to be contemporary with the grim King Grimoaldi of the sixth (seventh) century. The edifice is (as a Pavian gentleman said) *Longobardeschissimo*. Contrary, however, to the Lombard manner, it is not built in *pietra-cotta*, but in marble. Its curious and ponderous façade is covered with bas-reliefs of infinite value for the manners they record. The dark, dank portico is painted in fresco, with forms so terrible as greatly to add to its awful gloom,—large, grinning, staring figures of doctors, saints, and Madonnas. The interior is equally gloomy, and almost as barbarous as the exterior. There is a spot curiously paved with ancient mosaic, where, it is said, the Lombard kings were crowned, when Pavia, the grave of two dynasties, was the capital of the kingdom of Italy.*

Mr. Woods enables us to give a more distinct and competent description of this singular structure. The plan is a Latin cross, with an octagonal lantern at the intersection. The front is very curious: all the arches are semi-circular;†

* Morgan's Italy, vol. i. pp. 350—5

† Transformed by Lady Morgan into 'fine arches of pure Gothic.'

there are three small doors, ornamented with the grotesque carving Lady Morgan refers to, and several small windows. There is also a central, circular window, which appears to be an alteration. On the slope of the gable is a series of small arches or columns, each column being placed on a step. In these ancient edifices, Mr. Woods remarks, it is not easy to distinguish the alterations from the original work.*

San Pietro in Cielo d'Oro, which belonged to the Augustinians, is another example of the same early taste. This venerable edifice, however, which has been modernized in the interior, is now sacrilegiously converted into a granary. Eager to see the church which contained the tombs of Boëthius and Saint Augustine, Mr. Pennington tells us, he hastened to the spot, and, with surprise and indignation, found the massive doors carried away, and the interior filled with people employed in binding and piling straw and hay. 'When we recovered our astonishment, we searched, but searched in vain, for some monumental relic. There were remains, indeed, of some of the altars; and on the roof and in different parts of the church, were detached pieces of fresco: indeed, several of the figures on the walls were still perfect, having withstood the waste of time and ravages of war. The mild and resigned figure of Sta. Monica formed a striking outline in this scene of desolation.' Unable to obtain any information from the workmen, respecting the monuments, this Traveller reluctantly left 'the spot where the ashes of a

* Woods, vol. i. p. 222.

Plantagenet and those of a De la Pole repose under heaps of hay and straw.*

The alabaster tomb raised to the memory of St. Augustine,—‘a curious specimen of the sculpture of the fourteenth century, and containing 300 figures,† was, on the suppression of the church,’ Lady Morgan says, removed with its contents to the cathedral; ‘where, however, it has not yet been erected.’ In 1827, Mr. Woods sought in vain (in the *duomo*) for the sarcophagus of Boëthius and that of St. Augustine. The cathedral itself exhibits little that is remarkable. There is a fragment of ancient Lombard architecture on the outside, not now belonging to the church. The present edifice was begun in 1485, under the episcopal sway of Cardinal Visconti, brother of the reigning Duke. A spacious octagon occupies the centre; and a nave and side aisles, extending in each direction, were to have formed the cross, the side aisles opening into the oblique sides of the octagon, which are smaller than the others; but this magnificent design has not been completed. ‘The lance of Orlando,’ not unlike the old mast of a boat, is (or was) one of the curiosities of this cathedral.

The church of the *Carmine*, which dates from 1373, is much more interesting to the architect.

* Pennington, vol. i. p. 261. Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., married the daughter of Galeazzo, second lord of Pavia. The De la Pole referred to was brother to the Earl of Suffolk, beheaded by Henry VIII.

† Whether the remains of the illustrious Bishop of Hippo were really transported to Pavia, as pretended, is very questionable.

‘ It is of the pointed Lombard style, with intersecting ornamental arches in the cornices, and the front is highly elaborate. It is also a very fine specimen of brick-work ; on which account, also, the pillars of the inside deserve notice. Three squares form the nave, each of which is covered by a simple groin, but opens by two small arches into the side aisles, and has a very small circular window above. The beautiful brick-work has been hacked, to retain a coat of stucco or white-wash. The walls and vaults are also of brick-work, but of very different quality. These were evidently intended to be covered. The upper capitals are of stone, ornamented with detached leaves : the lower are of brick, cut into escutcheon faces.’ There are seven pinnacles in the front of the church, which are well contrived in themselves, but do not unite well with the building.

The front of *S. Francesco* is in the same style, and of the same material.* The inside has been badly modernized. *San Salvatore*, a little way out of the town, is another edifice of the same character, but much plainer on the outside. The interior has Corinthian pilasters supporting pointed arches. Various stucco ornaments, not in good taste, have been added ; and the whole is splendidly gilt and painted. In spite of some discordance, the effect is really fine. Just out of the walls is a church by Pellegrini, but which has never been finished, and is far from handsome.†

* ‘ The light, gaudy, brilliant church of St. Francis might well pass for a court theatre,’ says Lady Morgan. She must mean, in the interior.

† Woods, vol. i. pp. 221—3.

The University is a modern building, magnificent from its extent, rather than from its architecture. There is a noble library, containing 33,000 volumes; also a valuable collection of natural history. The eight colleges are now reduced to four, and the number of students in 1822, did not exceed 750.* Some of them are from distant regions. Lady Morgan saw several young Greeks, who had come to study medicine, one Brazilian, and two young Irishmen. The venerable Volta was, at the time of her visit, notwithstanding his great age, in the possession of his unimpaired faculties and vivacity of manner. The oldest member was the celebrated Abate Tamburini, then approaching his ninetieth year, who, having given to the world a new edition of a work supposed to savour of Jansenism, had been, together with his printer, excommunicated by the Pope. But the name of the celebrated anatomist, Scarpa, has probably contributed more than any other, to raise the reputation of Pavia.

This ancient University, founded by Charlemagne, and the glory of Northern Italy in the fourteenth century, had sunk into complete decay, when the enlightened minister of the Empress Maria Theresa, Count Firmin, laid the foundation of its present respectability. To him it is chiefly indebted for the library. On the suppression of the Carthusian convent by Joseph II., it would seem that a portion of its wealth was employed in

* Mr. Pennington states the number of students in 1820, at 8000; the Author of 'Sketches in Italy,' at 1500; Mr. Cadell, at 850. The number stated in the text, is on the authority of Malte Brun's Statistical Tables.

enriching this institution. To the late Government of the French kingdom of Italy, it owes its fine botanical garden and some additional buildings. The Austrian Government seems not less intent upon promoting the interests of the institution. The professors enjoy a salary of from 3000 to 6000 francs a year; and their high respectability has tended not a little to restore the reputation of the Longobardic Oxford.* In the colleges attached to the University, the students are lodged and boarded gratuitously. The *collegio Caccia*, founded by a noble family of Novarra, receives only the youth of that city. The *collegio del Papa* (or *Ghislieri*), founded by Pope Pius V., was converted by the French into a military college, which has since been abolished. The *collegio Borromeo*, a stately and venerable edifice, provides for thirty-two students; but the far greater number of students are extra-collegians. In the centre of the quadrangle of the Borromeo college, there is an equestrian bronze statue of Marcus Antoninus, which, Addison says, ‘the people of the place call Charles V., and some learned men, Constantine the Great.’ Lady Morgan christens it Pius V.

Pavia has a theatre, founded by four patrician families in 1773, but poorly supported. Its architecture is singular for such an edifice. The whole interior is of dark marble; the designs and ornaments are all architectural; immense marble columns support ponderous arches; and the whole

* The professors of this University enjoy the rank and privilege of personal nobility, and take the title of Don; a distinction honourable to the sovereign who conferred this encouragement upon science.

effect, Lady Morgan says, is that of a church, in which 'the pit is the nave, and the stage the choir.' There is no private society in Pavia: the *corso*, the opera, and the church include all the occupation and amusement of its citizens. The Pavian nobility are characterized as being *Spagnuolossimi* in their attachment to old prejudices and the Imperial sway; and Eustace praises them for their antipathy to the French. Between Milan and Pavia, there is not only a very marked difference of character, but a strong and rooted mutual jealousy. The Milanese, we are told, will not own that there is anything in Pavia that is good, or even tolerable; and the Pavese are not less resentful of the domineering superiority of the more favoured city. Pavia is, in this respect, to Milan, what Padua is to Venice, and Pisa to Florence. The number of inhabitants was rated, in 1825, at 21,351: we know not whether the students were included.

The ancient *Ticinum*, founded, as Pliny reports, by the *Lævi* and *Marici*, was just within the territory of the Insubrian Gauls. It is first mentioned in history by Tacitus, and appears to have been a municipal city under the Romans; but little beyond its bare existence can be inferred from the mention made of it by ancient writers. Between the sixth and eighth centuries, its ancient appellation disappeared; and that of *Papia*, under which it acquired importance as the residence of the Longobardic monarchs, is said to be derived from the Roman tribe of that name, in which the citizens of *Ticinum* were enrolled.* Berengarius, Duke

* Cramer, vol. i. p. 53. Eustace, vol. iii. p. 489. On the

of Friuli, afterwards elected King of Italy and Emperor, on establishing his sovereignty over the Milanese, first made Pavia the seat of government. The city (which, according to Mezeray, was sacked by Attila so early as 452) was burned by the Hungarians in 924. Its University, to which it owes its chief importance, had its second founder in Galeazzo Visconti, the tyrant of Pavia, who greatly improved the city, building the bridge, and founding the cathedral. On his death, in 1374, the states of Milan were re-united in one duchy. Pavia has sustained repeated sieges, but its name has been rendered famous in the military

banks of the Ticinus, the first battle was fought between Hannibal and Scipio. Great diversity of opinion exists among critics and antiquaries as to the field of action; some fixing it in the vicinity of Pavia, others as high as Soma, a little south of Sesto Calende. Mr. Cramer is for placing it on the right bank of the Ticinus, not far from Vigevano. It is clear, however, that if Hannibal had not crossed the Ticinus, he could not have entered the Insubrian territory, of which it was the western boundary. Polybius describes him as descending *εἰς τὰ περὶ τὸν Παδὸν πεδία, καὶ τὸ τῶν Ἰσόμβρων ἔθνος*. It is, we think, erroneously supposed by Messrs. Wickham and Cramer, that both expressions imply the same territory. It seems more reasonable to conclude, that the Historian intended to distinguish them; that, by the plains of the Po, he meant the country of the Libuan Gauls, whose chief city was *Vercellæ*, upon which he must immediately have descended in issuing from the Salassian defiles (the Val d' Aosta); and that the Insubrian territory lay to the north-eastward of the *Libici*, though it touched, at its south-western extremity, upon that of the *Taurini*, who dwelt at the foot of the Alps,—the very description of Piedmont. It is remarkable, that between the *Taurini*, or ancient Piedmontese, and the Insubrians, there seems to have existed the same national difference and animosity which still prevail between the nations parted by the Ticino.

annals of Europe, chiefly by the memorable battle fought beneath its walls in 1525, which proved so fatal to the French power in Italy. It was subsequently laid waste by Marshal Lautrec, who, by a new species of barbarism, sought to avenge the defeat of Francis I. Its massive walls and towers are now in ruins ; its rich convents are suppressed ; its political importance extinguished. Yet, its delightful situation, in a plain called for its fertility the Milanese Garden, on the banks of the broad and beautiful Ticino, would seem to mark it out for prosperity ; and although Pavia can boast of no classical monuments, no rich remains of ancient architecture, or galleries of modern art, still, it has its own peculiar historic interest as the literary capital of Lombardy.*

From Pavia, a route leads across the Po to Voghiera and Tortona, whence roads diverge to Novi and Genoa, and to Alessandria and Turin. Another route, crossing the fertile plains of the Milanese till it strikes the Lambro, joins the Milan road to Parma and Bologna, which we are next to describe.

On leaving Milan for the South, the road lies over the rich and well-watered plain to Melegnano (or Marignano), on the Lambro, and crossing that river, leads to Lodi on the right bank of the Adda. A number of channels derived from these rivers, cross the road ; and a canal borders

* Mr. Galiffe searched in vain all the shops of Pavia for a ' Guide to the Antiquities ' of the town ; and he complains justly of the utter want of interest shewn towards the monuments even by the professors themselves.

it for many miles, presenting at one view a long file of equi-distant bridges. Perhaps, remarks Mr. Forsyth, 'the water is too abundant and too slow, is made to act too much on the soil, and on too viscid a soil, for the salubrity of the country.' Lodi, the name of which is associated with ideas of martial conflict, is the head town of a rich pastoral district, and the chief mart of the Parmesan cheese which is made in the dairy farms of the surrounding villages.* The town has been walled, and contains an old citadel, now dismantled, twenty churches, a hospital, a theatre, porcelain-works, silk-manufactories, and a population estimated at from 15 to 18,000 inhabitants. The church of the *Incoronata* is said to have been designed by Bramante,† and is adorned with frescoes and paintings by Calisto, a pupil of Titian. The cathedral has *The Murder of the Innocents*, by the same artist. Its bridge will long be remembered as the scene of the desperate encounter between the Austrians and the French, in May 1797, in which the latter obtained a complete, but dear-bought victory

* The number of cows kept in the territory of Lodi for the making of cheese, is estimated at 30,000. The farms throughout the North of Italy being very small, no one farmer would have a sufficient quantity of fresh cream to make a cheese. Four, five, or six, therefore, club to put together all the cream of their respective dairies. The meadows are frequently brought under corn, to correct a coarse, sour rankness, which the grass would contract from constant irrigation.—Cadell, vol. ii. p. 70. Sketches, vol. i. p. 213. Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 133.

† It is said to have been originally a temple of Venus, converted into a church in 1487. Pennington, vol. i. p. 247.

The ancient *Alauda*, *Laus*, or *Laude Pompeia*, of which name Lodi is a corruption, is said to have been founded by the *Boii*; and, under the Consul Pompeius, it acquired the rights of a Roman colony. About the year 1150, *Lodi Vecchio* was destroyed by the Milanese; and the present town was built by order of the Emperor Barbarossa, at the distance of three miles from the ancient site.*

The Adda, flowing from the Lake of Como, separated the ancient territory of the *Insubres* from that of the *Cenomani* (or Gauls of Maine), who had the Adige (*Athesis*) for their eastern boundary, and *Brixia* (now Brescia) for their capital.† The Adda, flowing south-eastward from Lodi, falls into the Po between Piacenza and Cremona. The Milan route leads, in three posts and a half, to the former city, crossing the Po by a ruinous bridge of boats, which seems to offer but an unsafe passage over its turbulent waters.‡

The customary nuisance of an Austrian *dogana* at La Rossa, announces to the traveller that he is about to enter into a new territory. Yet, the duchy of Parma, the nominal sovereign of which was once the sharer in the glory of Napoleon, is not less Austrian than the Milanese. Piacenza (the ancient *Placentia*, by the French called *Plaisance*) is situated at the extremity of an extensive and fertile plain, extending from the Apennines to the right bank of the Po, and watered by the

* Cramer, vol. i. p. 53.

† Ib. p. 63.

‡ Mrs. Starke states, indeed, that the *Pont-volant* has been destroyed by a recent inundation, and that a bad ferry-boat is the substitute.

Trebbia and the Nura. It is a handsome, though not a large city, surrounded with earthen ramparts, and defended by a castle, but is far from being a strong place. The population was estimated in 1823, at 28,000. The Piacenzan nobility are comparatively wealthy as well as numerous. Unenlivened, however, by the residence of any court, being now but the secondary town of a secondary State, the city has a very dull appearance. 'To judge by its silent, empty streets,' says Lady Morgan, 'and its dismantled edifices, it seemed to have been lately swept by pestilence, or depopulated by famine. This desolate appearance is partly owing to the economy of the palaces. The lower windows, without glass, are filled with massive iron bars, and look like prisons. The shutters of the windows of the second floors are usually closed; and the third story is too high to catch attention. This is the general aspect of the great houses, as the South is approached, particularly in the smaller cities.'

'*La Piazza* (the public square) is surrounded with old and mean buildings, to which the town-house and the governor's palace are exceptions. The former is of great antiquity; and though built of brick, its Gothic tracery and minute architectural details are extremely fine.* In the centre is a small, square court, so filthy as to be scarcely approachable, but surrounded with a portico well worth seeing. There, too, are the dungeons of this strong place. A little grated window admits

* '—the ancient *Palazzo Pubblico*, a singular structure, with trebly arched windows, adorned with various curious devices in brick, and supported on a row of heavy stone arches.'—*Sketches of Italy*, vol. i. p. 219.

all the light and noxious atmosphere this court affords their wretched inmates. The governor's palace is of the same date with the town-house, which it faces, but has been newly and splendidly repaired by the French. An inscription cut into the stone-work of its façade, intimates that it owes its renovation to *Napoleone Imperatore*.*

A third side of the square is nearly occupied by a large church, in which so many dead bodies had been interred, that it was found necessary to take off the roof and the doors, to preserve the town from pestilence.† Yet, Piacenza abounds with churches. In the centre of the square are two fine equestrian statues, in bronze, of Alessandro Farnese, Duke of Parma, the able general of Philip II. of Spain, and his son Ranuccio. They were formerly ascribed to Giovanni di Bologna, but are now supposed to be the work of Francesco Moca.

The ducal palace of the Farnese is a singular fabric not unworthy of notice. Built, like the greater part of the city, of dusky red brick, it is vast and desolate, partly unfinished, partly in ruin. It was once the scene of barbaric pomp and gay carousals; and the walls of the now damp, mouldering gallery were covered with the works of Raffael, Correggio, and Parmegiano; but when the last of the Dukes of Parma, Charles of Bourbon, 'changed his brick palace of Piacenza for the throne of Naples, he carried away from its cabinets and saloons all that was most rare and precious.' It is now converted into a barrack.

The cathedral exhibits the rude architecture of

* Morgan's Italy, vol. i. pp. 453—7.

† Sketches, &c. vol. i. p. 219.

the twelfth century, but it has been partially modernized. Its cupola is adorned with frescoes, by Guercino and Franceschini. The great altarpiece, an oil-painting by Proccaccino, representing the Death of the Madonna, is deemed to possess high merit, but has been so much injured, or is so covered with dirt and cobwebs, that the figures are scarcely visible. There are several other productions of the same master; Moses and Aaron, by Ludovico Caracci; and copies of three celebrated paintings originally placed in this cathedral, but now transferred to Parma,—The Death of the Madonna, and the Apostles at the Sepulchre, by Annibale Caracci, and The Infant Jesus and Santa Catherina, by Parmegiano. The antique clock of the cathedral is worth notice: on its dial, all the hours are marked from one to twenty-four, agreeably to the mode of computation which prevails from Piacenza to Naples. Mr. Pennington mentions also, ‘a curious subterranean chapel, with three or four rows of pillars,’ which, he says, was the original church.

This Traveller speaks of *San Sisto* as ‘a fine church,’ containing a beautiful painting of the Madonna, and a monument to the first Duke of Parma, the profligate nephew of the Farnese Pope. *San Francesco*, which is coeval with the cathedral, contains ‘an enclosed tomb of our Saviour, and many figures in stone, as large almost as life,—beautifully sculptured.’ *San Giovanni* has ‘a fine painting of St. Augustin’, and others by Landi and Campagna; and its high altar is adorned with statues of Popes Pius V. and Benedict XI. *La Madonna della Campagna* contains some good

frescoes, and Mr. Pennington calls it a beautiful church. ‘On entering,’ he says, ‘are three magnificent domes. The organ is very fine, and was accompanied with the voices of an immense congregation.’* The church of the Augustinians, now converted into a granary, has a fine façade, by Vignola. These vague statements, ill-adapted to guide the traveller or to satisfy the reader, are all that we have been able to collect respecting the churches and their contents; and when we add, with Mrs. Starke, that Piacenza boasts of ‘a pretty theatre and good hotels,’ we have said all that the city seems to claim from us;† and may take leave of its brick palaces and dark, mouldering walls with a brief notice of its political history.

Two centuries before the Christian era, Placentia was one of the principal cities of the Roman Republic. It was colonized by the Romans, together with Cremona, to serve as a bulwark against the Gauls; and it withstood all the efforts of the victorious Carthaginian. After the termination of the second Punic war, however, it was taken and burned by the Gauls, headed by Hamilcar; but it was restored by the Consul Valerius. In Cicero’s time, it had acquired the rights of a municipal city. Strabo speaks of it as a celebrated town, and Tacitus as an opulent colony.

* Pennington, vol. i. p. 326.—The Presentation in the Temple, a *chef d’œuvre* of Cammucini, who stands at the head of the modern school, was painted for a church in Piacenza. This is, perhaps, the painting in *S. Giovanni*, which Mr. Pennington gives to Campagna.

† We find, however, in Malte Brun’s Statistical Tables, a library of 20,000 volumes assigned to this city

Its theatre, built without the walls, was burned in the civil war between Otho and Vitellius.* It sustained a memorable siege against Totila in the year 545, when the inhabitants are stated to have been reduced to eat human flesh. Of the ancient city, so far as appears, no trace remains; and whether the present town occupies its site, seems doubtful.

Piacenza and Parma were erected into a dukedom by Pope Paul III., for his ferocious son, Lewis Farnese; and his descendants enjoyed possession of them till Elizabeth Farnese, the Queen of Philip V. of Spain, as heiress of Parma, transmitted the dukedom to her second son, Charles of Bourbon. In 1735, the German Emperor became master of this Italian principality, in exchange for the two Sicilies. The French conquests placed it for a short time under new masters, and the States of Parma were incorporated with the empire of Napoleon, under the name of the department of the Taro. They were made over by the Congress of Vienna, in 1814, to the Ex-empress Maria Louisa during her life; and, at her death, are to revert to the princes of the house of Bourbon-Anjou, and their successors. Among the distinguished men to whom Piacenza has given birth, are enumerated, Lorenzo Valla, Pope Gregory X., Ferrante Pallavicini, and Cardinal Alberoni, ‘the Richelieu of Spain.’†

The river Trebbia, which has retained its an-

* Cramer, vol. i. p. 79. ‘From the mention of its emporium by Livy, it would seem that Placentia was not actually on the Po, though at no great distance from it.’

† Cramer, vol. i. pp. 80—82. Eustace, vol. i. p. 240. Morgan, vol. i. p. 452.

cient name, taking its rise in the Apennines, after a course of about 50 miles, falls into the Po a little to the west of Piacenza. On the left bank of this river, between it and the Tidone, the Romans under Scipio sustained that signal defeat which opened to Hannibal the way to Rome. The heights of *Campre-moldo* (a corruption of *Campo-morto*) mark the position of the Carthaginian; and the rivulet close to which he placed his ambush, passing by the villages of Casaleggio and Centora, unites with the Trebbia about five miles above its confluence with the Po. The road from Genoa, leaving the Piedmontese territory at Voghiera, and entering the Duchy of Parma at Castel San Giovanni, crosses the Trebbia near the fine ruin of a massive arch, the supposed remains of the bridge crossed by Hannibal. In summer, the wide bed of this mountain torrent is nearly dry, and this ruined arch has a singular effect in the midst of the broad, stony, and undulating strand. On the banks of this river, also, a memorable battle was fought between the French and the Russians under Suwarrow, in which the latter were thrice repulsed, but eventually obtained a decisive, though dear-bought victory, which arrested for the time the progress of the French armies.

At Piacenza, the traveller sees painted up, *Via Flaminia*, and he enters in fact upon the track opened by the Roman Consuls;* but, for the

* The *Via Flaminia*, however, Mr. Cramer remarks, was carried no further from Rome than *Ariminum*. The *Via Æmilia* was a continuation of it, made by M. Æmilius Lepidus, (who was consul A. U. C. 567,) and was laid down in the first instance as far as Bononia, whence it was subsequently carried to Placentia and Milan, and finally to

road itself, he is chiefly indebted to the French Government. After crossing the Nura, a mountain torrent, and the more shallow Larda, which is always dry in summer, the traveller reaches, at the end of two posts, the village and inn of Fiorenzola; and in another post, the neat little town of Borgo San Donnino, which occupies the site of the ancient *Fidentia*,* seated on the Stirone. The *duomo* here is a curious old brick edifice, with a façade adorned with antique sculpture; we know not whether relating to the martyrdom of Saint Donninus. A Jesuit's college has been transformed into a noble house of industry.

Another post leads to Castel Guelfo, an ancient brick fortress, surrounded with a few old miserable houses. Insignificant, however, as this place now is, it is said to have given its name to the powerful faction of the Guelfs, as that of the Ghibellines took its name from a yet meaner village in the neighbourhood. Castel Guelfo, Lady Morgan says, is still in high preservation, and not only habitable, but inhabited by *Il Scoito*,—‘a Douglas, descended from one of the sons of old “Bell the Cat,” who had distinguished himself in the civil wars of Italy, and probably won the castle and its lands by his good sword and prowess.’† The traveller now enters upon the beautiful *Val di Taro*,

Verona and Aquileia. At Placentia, the *Via Æmilia* was crossed by the *Via Posthumia*, which led from Genoa to Verona.—Cramer, vol. i. pp. 82, 106, 109.

* Near Fidentia, Sylla's party gained a victory over Carbo. The possession of this town was strongly contested by Piacenza and Parma in 1199, and all Lombardy took part in the dispute.

† Morgan, vol. i. p. 466.

crossing its rapid stream by a handsome bridge built by Maria Louisa ; and in another post, enters the capital of her little principality. The vale of the Taro is, in fact, a plain in no way distinguished from the surrounding country, except in being watered by the river. This whole country is thickly planted with pollarded elms and poplars, which, in summer, support the festoons of the vine : in winter, the vines, disengaged from the husband-trees, are held down to the earth by stones, and covered entirely with manure, root and branch, to protect the plant from the winter cold. At that season, the appearance of the country is any thing rather than picturesque.

Parma, together with its little river of the same name, retains unchanged its ancient appellation. Like the greater number of Italian cities, it may justly boast a certain degree of beauty in its architecture. It covers a considerable area, its walls being between three and four miles in circumference, and contains a population amounting to between 30 and 35,000 souls. Lady Morgan describes its streets as nevertheless dull and dreary, ' lined with those mouldering edifices which the French call *masures*, the habitations of the lowly, and with some fine and almost ruinous palaces, the dwellings of the great. Almost every other building is a church : but of these churches, though all are rich within, few are finished without ; a fact of common occurrence in Italy.* The

* ' What is done with the public money, is always negligently done ; and though it was the public who usually assisted to build churches, it was individual pomp of piety that decorated the interior.'—Bishop Burnet represents it

miserable little shops, the silent streets of Parma, shew no traces of its ancient commerce, when its market supplied wool to Europe. Now it exhibits only a hopeless indolence and a torpid inactivity. A little raw silk, and the cheese which is found so much better every where than in the district whence it takes its name, form the whole exports of the Parmesan States ; and the only visible symptoms of internal trade, are festoons of macaroni, and the swinging pewter basin which vibrates over the barber's shop. The barber of Italian towns is still a character, and differs little from the important personage who, in remoter times, gave heroes to comedy, and *intriguants* to novels. His shop alone is secure of custom, where all must shave *sometimes*, and where no one shaves himself. While the barber's shop is the emporium of news and the mart of trade in the morning, the *caff  *, after the church, seemed to be, in Parma, the principal place of resort to persons of all ranks. These *caff  s*, modelled upon the French, and about as splendid as such festive rendezvous are in a third-rate provincial town in France, are still the gayest things in Parma. The churches are evidently the fashionable evening lounge ; for, though we saw but very few carriages on the *corso*, and found the theatre empty, the churches were brilliantly illuminated, and the votarists were so numerous within, that many, unable to proceed further, knelt in the street round the doors of entrance, while the bene-

as ' one of the crafts of the Italian priests, never to finish a great design, that so, by keeping it still in an unfinished state, they may always be drawing great donatives to it from the superstition of the people.'—*Travels*, p. 87.

diction was pronouncing. Parma is extremely Spanish, from having been long the residence of a Spanish court, and governed by Spanish influence.*

Upon the whole, however, Parma exhibits but few of those melancholy appearances of former prosperity and present decay, which so often meet the eye in travelling through Italy. The *Palazzo Farnese* forms, indeed, an exception to this remark. This is an immense brick building, begun by the Farnese princes on a scale too magnificent for either the extent of their dominions or their resources. Only about half the design has been erected, and great part of that remains unfinished, and is going to ruin. What it might have been, if completed, it is not easy to judge. In its present forlorn state, it has nothing to recommend it, and 'looks old without being antique.' It is built upon open arcades, through which carriages are allowed to drive, and was intended to form a large quadrangle.

The ruinous state of this palace is little to be regretted; but its great theatre, designed by Vignola, on the model of those of the ancients, and capable of containing from 5 to 6000 persons,† has been reckoned among the wonders of Italy, and is described by a fair Traveller as 'one of the most simple and elegant erections of modern times.' It is of an oval form, 300 feet in length. Two equestrian statues of Alessandro and Ranuc-

* Morgan, vol. i. pp. 467—9.

† Mr. Pennington says, 90,000 persons; a misprint, probably, for 9000. Lady Morgan says, 14,000. We take the safer number stated by Mrs. Starke.

cio Farnese, copied from those of Piacenza, are placed at the sides of the stage, 'exactly in the situation in which those of the Two Balbi were afterwards discovered in Herculaneum.'* Mr. Woods, however, thought this theatre 'in fact neither beautiful nor convenient;' but it is very remarkable, he adds, 'on account of the distinctness with which one hears even a low voice on the stage, through every part. It is all of wood, and all the planks are disposed vertically, which is not consistent with the plan usually adopted for the distant propagation of sound.' The theatre has been long disused, and, being now open to the weather in various places, must soon be destroyed. There is a smaller theatre upon the same floor, which is still occasionally used for operas and concerts. Lady Morgan describes it as small, long, and narrow, (being 'shaped like a double square,') mean, filthy, and ill-lighted. The audience was scanty, and the performance wretched.† A new theatre has recently been built (or is building) by the Arch-dutchess.

In an attic apartment of the palace, the traveller is shewn the splendid Parisian wardrobe of the ex-Empress of France. Massive toilet-tables of *or-molu*; a beautifully sculptured mirror; the cot of the young 'King of Rome,' of mother of pearl inlaid with gold; vases and basins of solid silver, washed with gold; these and other articles of imperial luxury, the memorials of fallen greatness, together with Napoleon's travelling bedstead and various other things belonging to him, are

* Sketches, &c., vol. i. p. 230.

† Morgan, vol. i. p. 475.

here fondly or ostentatiously preserved by the present Sovereign of Parma ;—once the imperial mistress of France, now sunk into ‘ the sole directress of the monotonous concerns of a petty State,’ with no one to soothe her sorrows or to enliven the dulness of her present life,—an empress without an empire, a widow while her husband was yet living, and now a childless mother, with a living son. Her Majesty (for she still retains that high style) resides principally at her country villa, at Colorno, ten miles North of Parma, visiting her capital only during the Carnival. She is said to be much beloved by her subjects.

The Royal Academy, established in this palace by the Infant Don Ferdinand, Duke of Parma, contains a gallery of pictures newly fitted up, in which are several master-pieces of Correggio, recovered from the Louvre. Among them are, the celebrated *Madonna della Scodella*, so called from a silver dish in the Virgin’s hand ; *La Madonna di S. Girolamo*,—a groupe of the Virgin and Infant Saviour, Mary Magdalene, and St. Jerome ; The Martyrdom of SS. Placida and Flavia ; The Deposition from the Cross ; and another groupe consisting of the Madonna and Infant Saviour surrounded with St. Peter, St. John, St. Catherine, and St. Cecilia ; all five by Correggio. There are also two celebrated frescoes by the same artist ; St. John crowning the Madonna, and *La Madonna della Scala*, so called from having been brought from the church of that name. This latter production is now enclosed under glass, being highly valued : the countenance of the Madonna is marked by that peculiar bewitching

grace which has been distinguished by the epithet of the *Corrigesque*.* The other fresco is placed over a door in the library, the only part of the palace kept in good repair, and containing a very neatly arranged collection, said to amount to 110,000 volumes. Among the other paintings in the gallery are, the three already mentioned in our account of the cathedral of Piacenza, where they have been replaced by copies; The Madonna crowned, a fresco, by Annibale Caracci; The Deposition from the Cross, an oil painting by the same master; The Ascension, by Raffael; The Adoration of the Magi, by Parmegiano (but ascribed by some to Agostino Caracci); The Espousals of the Madonna, by Proccaccino; and The Deposition from the Cross, and The three Maries at the Sepulchre, both by Schidone.

The library of the Academy contains also a museum of antiquities, consisting chiefly of the interesting remains discovered amid the ruins of Veleia; a Roman municipal city which stood on the right bank of the Nura, about eighteen miles S.

* The Author of the 'Sketches of the Lives of Correggio and Parmegiano,' (London, 1823,) a very pleasing and competently executed piece of biography, speaking of the lovely and exquisite smile which plays on this master's female countenances, says: 'This trait, as difficult to describe as to imitate, has been happily indicated by Dante,—

"Della bocca il disiato riso."

In this rare and fascinating expression, Correggio alone was capable of discriminating the precise boundary between grace and affectation; and his delicate pencil was fully competent to execute the conception of his mind. His best copyists, even the Caracci themselves, generally failed in preserving this original feature; and, in many modern copies and engravings, it often degenerates into mere grimace.'

of Piacenza, (above the hamlets of Mancinesso and Liveia,) and which was buried in the fourth century, by a tremendous *éboulement*, similar, apparently, to that which destroyed the town of St. André in Savoy. The ruins of this long-lost town were first discovered so recently as in 1761. It is supposed that the mountain at the base of which it was built, had been gradually undermined by a subterranean water-course; and it is inferred from the number of human bones found on excavating, that the inhabitants had no intimation of their danger that allowed them time for escape. Owing to the circumstances of its destruction, the remains of antiquity which have been dug out of the ruins, were more numerous, and in a more perfect state, than those which have been found in any other ancient city of Italy, with the exception of Herculaneum and Pompeii. No manuscripts were met with; but various statues, mosaics, coins, and household articles were found; also, a head of Adrian, originally gilt and well executed. But the most interesting monument is the bronze tables recording a donation made by the Emperor Trajan, of a considerable sum, to be employed in the purchase of lands for the support of a certain number of poor children of both sexes; and containing an exact description of all the lands and farms purchased with the benefaction. There is also a fragment of a copper tablet, on which are engraved some of the laws given by Julius Cæsar to the inhabitants of Gaul.* Had the excavations been carried further, it is probable

* These curious documents have been illustrated by the Italian antiquaries.—See Cramer, vol. i. p. 78. Sketches, &c. vol. i. p. 233. Cadell, vol. ii. p. 62.

that other valuable discoveries might have been made ; but the difficulty and expense of penetrating the hard rock beneath which the town has been buried, have occasioned them to be discontinued.

The *duomo* or cathedral of Parma is an edifice of the eleventh century, although not dedicated till the year 1105. It is a fine old building, in a mixed and semi-barbarous style of architecture ; not Gothic, for there are no pointed arches in the original work. Griffins and lions guard its porticoes, and cockatrices and serpents deform its architraves. The first view of the vast interior is, however, very imposing. The vaulting of the nave is elliptical, and the whole is darkly painted ; the vaulting by Parmegiano, and the walls by Lactantius Gambara. The dome, at the intersection, is ornamented with one of the most celebrated productions of Correggio, The Assumption of the Madonna. It is, however, lighted by a set of little windows just below the painting, so as to render a good view of it impossible ; and the warm and vital tints are rapidly yielding to mildew.* The famous

* The peculiar shape and angles of the dome presented difficulties which it required the most consummate ability to overcome. The central figures are foreshortened with a science and boldness which drew from Mengs the strongest expressions of astonishment. The chapter, who had contracted with Correggio to accomplish this arduous task, were, nevertheless, so displeased at his slow progress, and so little satisfied with his performance, that, when Titian visited Parma, they are said to have consulted him on the expediency of cancelling the whole, and to have been diverted from their intention, only by his assuring them, that it was the finest composition he had ever seen. Correggio did not, however, live to conduct this noble work to a close, being prematurely carried off by a malignant fever, March

altar-piece of this church has escaped a similar fate, by its removal to the Royal Gallery. Over the orchestra are two Holy Families, said to represent the actual families of Correggio and Parmegiano. There are also two frescoes of singular interest on each side of the grand entrance. Two pillars are painted in such strong relief, that the light seems reflected from their salient surfaces; and from behind each starts the head of a man, who seems in the playful act of surprising his companion. These truly beautiful heads are the portraits of Correggio and Parmegiano, done by each other, it is said, *per ischerzo* (in fun). The story is, that Correggio had surprised the other artist with his portrait, who, resolving not to be outdone, retorted the trick and the compliment.* The choir is elevated, and there is a chapel beneath

5, 1534, in the forty-first year of his age. His proper name was Antonio de' Allegri, and Correggio was his native place.

* Lady Morgan, who reports this anecdote on the authority of a monk, speaks of the two artists under the names of Correggio and Mazzuolo. And in a note she asserts, that the latter is *not* the Francesco Mazzuolo known under the name of Parmegiano, who ' painted little for his native city, and nothing for the duomo, where the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his pupil and relation are preserved.' As part of this statement is clearly incorrect, and no authority is adduced for the rest, we have adhered to the received account, which attributes these paintings to Girolamo Francesco Maria Mazzola, surnamed Parmegiano and Parmegianino from his birth-place. He was born at Parma in 1503, and died in 1540. Lady Morgan mentions ' a St. Francis in an ecstasy before the Magdalen,' as ' a fine picture by Mazzuoli.' This cathedral contains a monument to the memory of Petrarch, who was archdeacon of Parma, and for some time fixed here his ' Cisalpine home,' but died at Arqua near Padua.

it, full of columns, presenting some very picturesque effects.

Just by the cathedral is the baptistery, a high octagonal structure of marble, erected, about 1196, by Antelami, but not finished till the middle of the following century. The entrance is formed by a large arch with three shafts on each side, as in Gothic buildings: over it are four colonnades of small shafts, one above another, surmounted with a fifth, with smaller shafts and pointed arches. The interior, which is sixteen-sided,* is grotesquely adorned with ancient sculpture and painting, rude and monstrous. The font in the centre is a large marble octagon sarcophagus of great antiquity. Baptisteries detached from the cathedrals, are universal in Tuscany, and are very numerous in the central parts of Italy. They are all upon nearly the same model.

The church of *San Giovanni Evangelista* is one of the finest in Parma, built somewhat in the Brunelleschi style. It is chiefly worth visiting, however, for its cupola, painted by Correggio before he undertook to embellish that of the cathedral. The subject is, the Ascension of Our Lord, who is seen surrounded with the twelve Apostles seated on the clouds, and in the *lunettes* are the Four Evangelists and the Four Doctors of the Church. The figures of the Apostles are chiefly naked, gigantic, and in a style of peculiar grandeur. The total disregard of historical proprieties, the traveller must learn to overlook, if he would enjoy the master-pieces of Italian art. The whole

* So Mr. Woods says. Most travellers call it circular.

cupola has neither sky-light nor windows ; so that the entire effect of the piece depends upon the light reflected from below*. The chapel of the Four Virgins contains, Lady Morgan tells us, ‘ a charming picture of Santa Lucia *looking at her own eyes*, which swim like gold fish in a crystal vase that she holds in her beautiful hands.’ She mentions also a picture representing St. Paul destroying the statue of Diana at Ephesus.†

The church of *La Madonna della Steccata* is ascribed to Bramante. It is a Greek cross, with very short arms, terminating in semi-circular ends. It is very darkly painted. The interior proportions are fine, and its gloomy appearance has the effect of a pleasing solemnity. Some portions of the tribune were painted by Parmegiano ; but, before he had completed it, the monks, dissatisfied with his tardy progress, imprisoned him, with a view to compel him to complete his contract ; at which the Artist was so enraged, that he spoiled great part of what he had executed, and fled the city. Among the paintings in this church are, Moses breaking the Tables ; Sibyls ; and Adam and Eve ; all by Parmegiano, and ranked among his finest performances.

In the convent of the Nuns of St. Paul, there is a refectory, the ceiling of which is adorned with

* The monks of St. John were so much gratified by this performance, that they conferred on the master a patent of confraternity, a privilege then highly valued. It was while engaged in this undertaking, that Correggio painted his celebrated *Notte*, now in the Dresden Gallery.

† Morgan, vol. i. p. 474.—While mentioning these pictures, of which we find no account elsewhere, this Traveller forgets to notice the Cupola !

frescoes by Correggio, in which he seems to have indulged in the freest play of his pencil. 'The medallions and ornaments of the ceiling and cornice shew the varied powers of that pencil which, in the cove of the roof, has delineated plates, dishes, and jugs, as if set on a shelf, and partly concealed by a thin muslin curtain,—all imitated with a Flemish correctness, though not with a Flemish minuteness of touch; and in a large compartment above the chimney, has represented the lovely figure of Diana the huntress, armed with her bow and spear, beaming in all the grace and elegance of the most poetical imagination.'*

Parma possesses five charitable institutions, besides a hospital for girls, founded by the present Arch-Dutchess. The city is also indebted to its present sovereign for a cemetery without the walls. Previously to the year 1822, all the dead were interred in churches, that of *San Giovanni Decollato* being reserved for criminals. Parma is supplied with water by a conduit fifty miles in length. The printing-press of Bodoni, established in 1765, must not be overlooked among the 'lions' of Parma, which has given to Europe, specimens of typography scarcely inferior to any of the production of modern art. A descriptive catalogue of the Gallery and Museum, with engravings; a Homer in the original Greek, printed from copper-plates; and prayers in above a hundred languages; are among the curious and elegant publications of the Parma press.

The Garden Palace without the town, (situated

* Sketches, &c., vol. i. p. 235.

in the midst of old-fashioned groves of cut hedges,) once contained several rooms admirably painted in fresco ; but the late Duke took it into his head to whitewash them all ; and though some few fragments have been recovered, the greater part are lost for ever. Under these circumstances, it is remarked, ‘ no one can blame the French for cutting out the finest of the recovered heads, though there was no particular justice in carrying them off to Paris.*

The modern history of Parma is that of Piacenza. It was originally founded by the *Boii*, and its name has been derived (with some uncertainty) from the round buckler (*parma*) worn by that German tribe.† It received a Roman colony, U. C. 569 ; and having suffered in the wars of the Triumvirate, was re-colonized under the title of *Colonia Julia Augusta Parma*.‡ Together with the neighbouring city, it was long attached to the Romish see. The House of Farnese gave it dukes for above a hundred years. Alexander, Duke of Parma, the general of the execrable Philip II., ranks as one of the most remarkable, if not one of the greatest characters of his day, and was confessedly one of the very first masters in the art of war, either in his own or in any other age. The reigning duke, when the French invaded Italy, was Louis, the son and successor of the Infant Don Ferdinand : he was made by Napoleon King of Etruria, while the two duchies of Parma and Piacenza were

* Sketches, &c., vol. i. p. 234.

† Or, by the *Anamani*, who were Gauls.—Malte Brun, vol. vii. p. 652.

‡ Cramer, vol. i. p. 85.

formed into the department of the Taro. The title of Duke of Parma was conferred upon Cambaceres, arch-chancellor of the empire. In 1814, the two dutchies, together with that of Guastalla, were made over to the Ex-empress of France for life. The united territory, comprising an area of about 288 square leagues, contains six towns,* 31 burghs, 815 hamlets, and a population of about 450,000 souls. The revenue is estimated at nearly 200,000*l.*, and the army consists of 1320 men.† Its commerce is inconsiderable, consisting of silk, lace, cheese, and liqueurs. Silk and rice are the principal productions of the soil; together with maize, hemp, and tobacco. At Salza Maggiore, 10 leagues south of the capital, there are salt springs, which yield annually about 300,000 cwt. of salt, and a considerable quantity of petroleum oil, which is used by the inhabitants.‡ The language spoken by the Parmese, is a curious mixture of Milanese, Bolognese, and Venetian.§

On leaving Parma, the road passes between luxuriant farms; and in a few miles, after crossing the Lenza by a magnificent bridge, enters the dutchy of Modena; which is duly announced to the traveller, on reaching the little bourg of St. Ilario, by a more than usual display of military police. This little principality is about 30 leagues in length, and 14 in breadth, comprising a surface of 260 square leagues, with a population of

* Viz., Parma, Placentia, Guastalla, San Donnino, Fiorenzuola, and Nibbiano. No one of the last four contains more than 5000 inhabitants.

† Malte Brun, vol. vii. p. 763.

‡ Ibid. p. 655.

§ Woods, vol. ii. p. 115.

350,000 souls. Besides the capital, it contains only three towns of any consideration; Reggio, with about 18,000 inhabitants; Mirandola, with 6000; and Castel Nuova di Garfaguana, with half that number.* After having belonged successively to the Emperors, the Popes, the Venetians, the Dukes of Mantua, and other princes, this little State was annexed, in the thirteenth century, to the possessions of the House of Este, who reigned at Ferrara. It was united to the Cisalpine Republic in 1796; and lastly, in 1814, the Archduke Francis took possession of it, as succeeding in right of his mother, Beatrice d'Este, widow to the Archduke Ferdinand.† It has thus become a sort of apanage of the House of Austria.

Pursuing the Æmilian Way, the first place known to ancient geography after crossing the Lenza (*Nicia*), is Taneto (*Tanetum*), the place to which L. Manlius retired after an unsuccessful action with the *Boii*, at the commencement of the second Punic war‡. The next place (two posts from Parma) is the town of Reggio (the ancient *Regium Lepidum*), seated on the Crostolo, interesting only as being the birth-place of Ariosto, whose father was governor of the city for the Duke of Ferrara. It is a well-built and rather handsome town, but deplorably dull and dismal in its appearance. It contains a great number of convents. Its *duomo* is Gothic, but has been nearly all modernized, and scarcely deserves notice. *La Madonna di Con-*

* Malte Brun, vol. vii.

† The House of Este is the parent of the House of Brunswick.

‡ Cramer, vol. i. p. 85.

solazione is a very handsome modern church, built in the form of a Greek cross. In that of *La Madonna della Ghiarra* is a superb silver shrine, enclosing an antique painting of the Virgin; 'one of those hideous black-faced portraits which vulgar tradition has assigned to the pencil of St. Luke the Evangelist, because it is known, that a Greek painter of the same name lived in the early ages of Christianity, whose principal employment was to furnish the altars with representations of the Mother of Jesus.*' Mr. Cadell states, that the Museum of Natural History, collected by Spallanzani, is kept in this city. There is also a library of 30,000 volumes. Reggio contains three hotels, one 'tolerably good.' Its chief trade is in silk. It was formerly the capital of a petty dutchy; and Napoleon, in pursuance of his plan of conferring titles taken from the countries which he had overrun, created Marshal Oudinot, one of his bravest generals, Duke of Reggio.

The road continues to lie between vineyards and corn-fields, the fertile plains extending in each direction; but it now approaches much nearer to the Apennines. At one post from Reggio is Rubiera, seated on a little river called *La Secchia*, which flows in three separate streams over a very

* Sketches, &c., vol. i. p. 241. It could not be in the early ages of Christianity, that there were either altars or altar-pieces. The legend cannot, in fact, be traced higher than Nicephorus Callisti, a writer of the fourteenth century. See Lardner's Works, vol. v. p. 358. These pretended pictures of the Virgin are, we believe, the only article that the Romish Church has condescended to borrow from the Eastern.

broad, stony bed. It is crossed by a handsome brick bridge, which possibly rests upon ancient foundations, as the place is mentioned in the old Itineraries by the name of its bridge (*Pontem Secies.*) Rubiera has been strongly fortified. Its old brick fortress still lifts its head, though in ruins, and its double walls, now dismantled, enclose a cluster of dirty cabins.* About six miles to the north of the road is Correggio, the birth-place of the illustrious Antonio de' Allegri. In another post, after winding for some way within view of a splendid column, surmounted with a golden eagle erected in honour of Napoleon, the traveller enters the very elegant little capital of Modena.

This city, which has been much embellished within the last fifty years, has a very handsome and cleanly appearance, together with an air of gayety and liveliness, which bespeaks it to be the residence of a court. The recent improvements (chiefly in the *Strada Maestra*) have divided it into the new and the old city. Its general architecture is striking to a stranger, the greater part of the streets being built with open arcades, which add greatly to the beauty of the place, and afford a welcome shade or shelter from the heat or the storm.

* Travellers who arrive after dark, find the gates shut. Lady Morgan, with her usual preference of effect to accuracy, calls Rubiera 'the *third city* in the Modenese dominions.' Its population, she says, 'seemed to consist of about fifty beggars, one barber, a Franciscan monk begging at the barber's door, ten dragoons, and four custom-house officers.'

The ducal palace, which stands isolated in the great square, is a handsome structure; 'not, like that of Parma, on too great a scale for the State, but completely finished, superbly furnished, and kept up in a suitable style. Among its decorations is a rare and very beautiful marble, called *scogliato*, of a bright azure slightly mixed with deeper shades of blue.'* The ducal library, well known under the name of the *Biblioteca Estense*, contains 60,000 volumes, and is esteemed highly valuable. It was formed of the Ferrara library, to which great additions have been made; and two of the most eminent literati which Italy has produced in modern times, have successively filled the office of librarian here; Muratori (born at Vignola in this dutchy) at the beginning of the last century, and Tiraboschi (a native of Bergamo) about 1780.

The picture gallery, though despoiled of some of its most celebrated pictures,† is still one of the finest collections in Italy. A copy only of the famous *Notte* of Correggio, is now to be seen here, which is said, however, to give no bad idea of the admirable effect of the original. The subject is, the Adoration of the Infant Saviour by the Shepherds. The principal light emanates from the body of the Infant, illuminating the surrounding objects; but a secondary light is borrowed from a groupe of angels above, which, while it aids the general effect, is itself irradiated by the glory

* Sketches, &c., vol. i. p. 244.

† Augustus III., King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, bought a hundred of the best pictures of the Duke of Modena's collection for 50,000*l*. These are now in the royal gallery at Dresden.

breaking from the Child. The face of the newborn Saviour is skilfully hidden by its oblique position ; but that of the Virgin is warmly irradiated, the forehead only being thrown into shade. The glow which illuminates the piece, is heightened to the imagination by the attitude of a Shepherdess, who shades her eyes with her hand. The glimmering of day-break, which shews the figures on the back-ground, contributes to the splendour of this noble composition.*

The St. Jerome, so warmly eulogized by Annibal Caracci, and the St. Sebastian, both formerly in the possession of the Dukes of Modena, are also now at Dresden. The French carried off a copy of a very fine painting by Guido, The Crucifixion, which hung within a short distance of the original, leaving the latter behind them, to the great delight of the Modenese.† The catalogue exhibits a Madonna and Child, by Raffael ; a Madonna, by Carlo Dolci ; a Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto ; The Crucifixion, by Pomarancio ; and several fine paintings by Guido, Guercino, and the Caracci. The ceiling is painted in fresco, by Francesconi. In the chapel is The Circumcision, by Proccaccino. In one of the rooms of the palace, there is a recumbent statue of Cleopatra, by Canova.

One of the most boasted works of Guido, The Presentation in the Temple, adorned the cathedral ;

* We borrow this excellent description of the painting from the ' Sketches of the Lives of Correggio and Parmegiano.'

† So, at least, the story is told. See Sketches, &c., vol. i. p. 246.

but was carried off by the French, and has not been restored. The cathedral itself is a Gothic edifice, of considerable antiquity and of venerable and imposing appearance, but not handsome or in a pure style. The principal front consists of a high gable in the middle, with a sloping roof on each side, the middle division occupying about half the entire extent. Over the entrance is a large wheel or marigold window, in which the rays are formed of little columns, and finish in pointed arches. The marble portico, the front columns of which rest upon red marble tigers, though outraging all classic forms, has a barbaric magnificence which harmonises with the building. The choir is elevated; and in the sub-choir beneath it, is a forest of little shafts, some of them resting upon figures of animals. There is an enclosed cemetery, the walls of which exhibit some few Roman antiquities, chiefly tombs of Roman families.

The ducal place of worship is the 'beautiful church of the Dominicans,' where his Highness has rich galleries for himself and family; but there is nothing worthy of particular notice, unless it be some colossal statues mentioned by Mr. Pennington. Modena contains a university with 200 students; it has also a theatre, public baths, and some tolerable inns. All the monasteries suppressed by the French, have been restored in this little dukedom, the government of which is, in fact, administered by monks and *gens-d'armes*. His Highness's military force amounts to 1680 men; quite enough for his revenue or territory.

The ancient *Mutina*, the name of which is so slightly disguised in the form of Modena, was

colonized, about the same time as Parma, or rather earlier. Cicero styles it a most flourishing and splendid colony. It is mentioned by Strabo and Martial as famous for its wool. In the vicinity of *Regium*, an annual cattle-fair was held in the *Macri Campi*, extending south of the Æmilian Way towards the Apennines. 'In opposition to their name,' remarks Eustace, 'these fields were celebrated for their fertility and the excellent pasturage they afforded to a famous breed of cattle.' But it is not probable, that the plain where the fair was held, yielded the rich pasture referred to; and the local name was doubtless justified by the character of the spot in question.

The soil of these alluvial plains is very peculiar.* Beneath the luxuriant vineyards and corn-fields, amber is found in earth impregnated with petroleum; and when wells are dug, from forty to sixty feet deep, a reddish petroleum floats on the water. The oil is skimmed off, and used for embalming, varnishing, or painting. At Monte Gibbio, ten miles S. of the city, is a small mud-volcano, called *La Salza*, the crater of which contains a

* In sinking the wells at Modena, they first pass through fourteen feet of rubbish of old buildings; then vegetable mould,—peat-earth, with remains of plants, hazel-nuts, &c., in layers; at twenty-eight feet, they come to a bed of clay eleven feet thick, and then there is a bed of peat-earth, composed of decayed vegetables; then another bed of clay, which terminates at the depth of fifty-two feet; decayed vegetables again, and a third bed of clay, rather thinner than the others; then decayed vegetables; and lastly, the bed of sand and gravel, containing remains of sea-shells; and through this, the perforation is made, by which the water rises.—Cadell, vol. i. p. 130

liquid mud in a state of ebullition. In spring and autumn, smoke and flame are said to issue from it, accompanied with a loud noise and a sulphurous smell; and ashes and stones are sometimes projected. Another volcano of the same description is found at Querzola, and a smaller one at Mendola. Strata of pit-coal and quarries of gypsum are found in some parts of the mountains.*

The mountains in the dutchy of Modena, comprise three distinct regions. The lowest hills, at the base of the Apennines, are covered with copses, vineyards, and cultivated fields. Forests of chestnut-tree, intermixed with some corn-land, and vineyards, clothe the lower mountains. The higher summits are covered with pastures, and are inhabited only by shepherds and their flocks: the beech and the pine adorn their declivities. During four months of the year, chestnuts form the principal food of the peasantry of these mountainous regions. Many ruined castles are seen amid the mountains, which were the strong-holds of the independent barons in the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries.

At a short distance from Modena, a handsome bridge over the Panaro (anciently called *Scultenna*), an inconsiderable river, marks the eastern limits of the dutchy; and at Castel Franco, the traveller encounters the *doganieri* of his Holiness the Pope, the sovereign of Bologna. Fort Urbani, erected by Urban VIII., to mark the boundary of the Papal dominions, is passed on

* Morton's Protestant Vigils, vol. i. p. 24. Cadell, vol. ii. p. 55.—The *Sal Modenese*, a combination of the sulphate of magnesia with a small portion of sulphate of soda, is obtained from the mineral spring of San Faustino.

this side of the present barrier : it was formerly a place of great strength, but is now in ruins. In its neighbourhood was fought that great battle in which Mark Antony was routed by the Consuls Hirtius and Pansa, who had advanced to the relief of Modena. The victory was, however, dearly purchased with the death of both the Consuls ; and by placing Octavius, the surviving general, at the head of their armies, without a rival, and beyond control, it gave the fatal blow to all Cicero's schemes, and ultimately caused the ruin of the Republic.*

About two miles before reaching Bologna, the traveller crosses the Reno (*Rhenus*) ; and a little to the right of the road, is seen the island formed by this stream, where the great conspirators, Lepidus, Antony, and Octavius held their dark and guilty congress, at which the plan of the second triumvirate was agreed upon. Each in his turn consented to sacrifice some of his best friends to the vindictive resentment of his colleagues ; and at the head of the Republican party, who were marked out for immediate destruction, was Cicero!†

Here we must suspend for the present our journey along the Æmilian Way, in order to trace the route which leads from Lodi to Bologna, by way of Cremona and Mantua.

The Adda separates the Cremonese territory from that of Lodi, as it in ancient times divided the

* Middleton's Cicero, vol. ii. § 11.—*Forum Gallorum* appears to answer to Castel Franco.

† Cramer, vol. i. p. 88.—The spot is now known under the name of the *Crocetta del Trebbo*.

Insubres from the *Cenomani*. The route to Cremona crosses the river opposite to Pizzighitone, a town of between three and four thousand inhabitants, seated on the left bank, near its confluence with the Serio. In the castle which once defended the town, the chivalrous Francis I. was for some time held a prisoner after the fatal battle of Pavia. The fortress was reduced to a heap of ruins in the wars of 1796 and 1799 ; but two towers are yet standing, in one of which the French monarch is said to have been confined. The walls of the tower are washed by the broad and rapid stream of the Adda.

About twelve miles S. by E. of this place, the road strikes the Po at Cremona, which has preserved its ancient name unchanged. A canal which passes under the town, forms a communication between the Oglio and the Po. Cremona is a well-built town, encompassed with walls, bastions, and ditches, and defended by a citadel, called *Santa Croce*. It occupies a considerable area, about two leagues in circumference ; but the population did not amount, in 1825, to quite 27,000 souls. Like most of the cities of Lombardy, it has a melancholy appearance from the evident signs of decay, and large tracts of grass being seen in many of the broad and regular streets. Among its four and forty churches, the *Duomo* alone has any particular attractions. This is an ancient edifice in the style of architecture approaching to Saxon, mixed with a sort of mongrel Italian. If not beautiful, it is at least picturesque ; and its lofty tower, 372 feet in height, is singularly so, being adorned with a sort of rich

open work : it is one of the highest in Italy. The interior is composed of a nave with two aisles, divided by eight immense pillars, above which are a series of paintings by Bordenone, representing the birth and passion of Our Saviour. Near the cathedral is an octagon baptistery, said to have been once a temple of Minerva. In the town hall, among other paintings, there is a fine picture by Paul Veronese; the subject is the Martyrdom of S. Lorenzo. The convents are upwards of forty in number, and there is an obscure university.*

Cremona has long held a high reputation in Italy and other parts of Europe, for the excellence of its musical instruments, particularly its violins. Its silk-manufactures are also considerable. It has never been, however, a seat of the Arts; and no object remains to divert the eye from the dull and vacant regularity of the streets, except the great Porrazzo, as the tower of the cathedral is called.† Its antiquities appear to have been swept away by the successive revolutions it has undergone. Founded by the Gauls, and colonized at the same time with Placentia by the Romans,

* Among the learned men to whom Cremona has given birth, is the celebrated Vida, Bishop of Alba, author of the *Art of Poetry*, whom Pope has crowned with unfading honours in his *Art of Criticism*.

† ‘The tremendous height of this tower, brought Faudo’s dying words to my mind. When exhorted at the block to confess and repent, “I repent of nothing,” said the Tyrant of Cremona, “but this;—that when I had the Emperor and the Pope together at the top of my great tower, I did not hurl them both over the parapet.”’—Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 133.

it suffered severely both during the second Punic war, and in the civil wars which ensued after the death of Cæsar. Yet, in the time of Strabo, it ranked as one of the most considerable towns in the North of Italy. It was laid waste with fire and sword by the troops of Vespasian; but rose from its ashes with fresh privileges under that emperor. After being destroyed a second time by the Lombards, it was re-built, in 1184, by the Emperor Frederic I. The present town, therefore, dates only from the close of the twelfth century.* Since that time, its political history is much the same as that of Milan, of which dutchy it formed a part under the Visconti and Sforzas. It afterwards fell under the dominion of the Venetians, but is now annexed to the Government of Milan.

A straight and uninteresting road over a low, level country, cultivated chiefly with hemp and flax, follows the direction of the *Via Posthumia* to Mantua; distant from Cremona about forty miles.† About ten miles from Mantua, the route crosses the broad and rapid stream of the Oglio, which here separates the Mantuan territory from the Cremonese.

Mantua (properly Mantova), once considered as the key of the North of Italy, is situated very low, in the midst of a lake formed by damming up the waters of the Mincio, which divides the town. This lake, which appears to have been originally

* Cramer, vol. i. p. 65. Pennington, vol. ii. p. 245.

† Mr. Pennington mentions as the only places in this route, Piadena, a large village, and Boscro, 'a long, straggling, ill-paved' garrison town. Cividale is supposed to occupy the site of the ancient *Bedriacum*.

a swamp,* is traversed by two long bridges, or rather dams, perforated with arches at irregular intervals to let out the superfluous water. The fortifications have not an imposing appearance, but are strong from their position, and are kept in good repair. The town is very old, and though there are some good streets, it is neither well-built nor pleasantly situated. The best part is the *Piazza Virgiliana*, a large square surrounded with trees, and open on one side to the lake and to the distant Alps.† At the time of its greatest prosperity, Giulio Romano was made the arbiter of every thing that was erected at Mantua; notwithstanding which, it exhibits the most whimsical and capricious architecture of any city in Italy. ‘On escaping from the discipline of Raffael’s school,’ remarks Mr. Forsyth, ‘where he had done nothing original, and finding no superior excellence to check him at Mantua, Giulio dashed here into all the irregularities of genius, and ran after the Tuscan graces, the mighty, the singular, the austere, the emphatic. In the palace of the Té,‡ he assembled all those graces on the Fall of

* It is described by Ariosto as surrounded with swamps:—

————— ‘terra

Che Menzo fende, e d’alti stagni serra.’

† Mr. Rose describes it as ‘a sort of close, divided by straight, low, clipped hedges, and having at one extremity of a considerable area, the bust of Virgil upon a column.’ This column was erected by General Miollis, ‘on the green field’ where the Poet had himself designed to raise a temple. Three sides of the pedestal are filled with ill-assorted inscriptions in prose and verse, ancient and original: the fourth is occupied with the symbol of a swan.

‡ The *Palazzo del T*, which is beyond the gates, is said to derive its name from the form of the building which once

the Giants ; and he left on the very architecture a congenial stamp.'

The cathedral was originally a Gothic building of brick ; and one or two fragments of the old edifice remain, in a very picturesque style. The side chapels form a range of extremely acute gables. Below are two lancet windows, and turrets between the chapels, rising on a sort of buttress. The interior, which is from the designs of Giulio Romano, with some more modern alterations, may be regarded as a bad imitation of Santa Maria Maggiore at Rome, but with double ranges of side aisles. They are divided by six rows of insulated columns, which stand very far apart ; but the grandeur of the design is defeated by the extreme diminution of the aisles. The church is also too high in proportion to its width. It forms a cross, with a small cupola at the intersection, on which are painted the Four Evangelists. The arch of the tribune is also finely painted. The church is dedicated to St. Anselmo, who is the patron saint of Mantua.

There are two churches in Mantua built from the designs of Alberti ; S. Sebastian, and St. Andrea. The former has little to recommend it to notice. The façade presents an arcade of five arches, with pilasters between, very small in proportion to the great square mass above. The interior is a Greek cross, with slight recesses : the details are not good, and the whole is whitewashed. St. Andrea, however, is a noble edifice, and may fairly be considered, Mr. Woods thinks, as one of the handsomest in Italy. The doorway is occupied the site. The present structure is a quadrangle, and consists of a ground-floor only.

mented with a well-executed imitation of the pilaster foliage in the Villa Medici at Rome, only with the substitution of a vase for the beautiful groupe of acanthus-leaves in the original. The nave is supported on pilasters alternately seven diameters and about half that width apart, the largest spaces being arched chapels. The pilasters are all panelled and filled with painted ornaments. The vault is unbroken, and has regular square panels. The principal light is from the drum of the cupola, but there are also semi-circular windows at the extremities of the side chapels, and small circular windows over the narrow inter-pilasters. The church is about 340 feet long, and the nave is about 60 feet wide and 90 feet high. It was begun in 1470, but the whole was not completed till so recently as 1782. In the subterranean chapel is an alabaster box supposed to contain some of Our Lord's blood, which is devoutly worshipped. Here are two fine statues of Faith and Hope by Canova.*

At the extremity of the upper bridge, there is a handsome gateway, attributed to Giulio Romano, who erected also the open arcade on the bridge over the Mincio, in the heart of the city. The dwelling of 'the painter-architect' is also shewn; a very whimsical composition nearly opposite the church of St. Barnabas, where he was buried. The ashes of Tasso rest in the church of St. Egida.

The Ducal palace within the city, is beautifully floored with the porcelain composition, and there

* Woods, vol. ii. pp. 116—120. Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 132. Pennington, vol. ii. p. 241. In this church is a bronze bust of Andrea Mantegna, the contemporary of Da Vinci, and the master of Correggio. He was born at Padua, and died in 1517.

is much Flemish and Mantuan tapestry ; but the greater part of the apartments have been sacked at different times, and present a melancholy scene of desolation. Were it perfect, Mr. Pennington says, this would be one of the finest palaces in Europe. One room only is left painted in fresco by Giulio Romano ; the subject, the Trojan war. Another room is adorned with the signs of the zodiac ; and some rich furniture is still left.

This city is stated to have contained 50,000 persons in the seventeenth century : its present population does not amount to half that number. ‘ An evident depopulation, a general stillness, sallow faces, and some grass-grown streets,’ formed, when Mr. Forsyth visited it, the characteristic features of its general appearance to a stranger, giving it ‘ a sad resemblance to Ferrara.’ Mr. Rose also speaks of its melancholy and deserted appearance, of the swamps which surround the city, and of the visible effects of the mephitic vapour they exhale, in the muddy complexions of its inhabitants. The Austrian Government has, however, been at considerable expense in rendering Mantua less insalubrious, by draining part of the marshes, and opening a passage for the stagnant waters.

The manufactures, though not so extensive as formerly, are still considerable, consisting of silks, woollens, and leather. The commerce of the town is entirely in the hands of the Jews,* who have here a synagogue. Mantua is indebted to the Austrian Government for an Imperial academy of arts and sciences. It has also a university and

* Malte Brun, vol. ii. p. 627. The number of Jews in the Lombard-Venetian States, in 1825, was 5600. Mantua at one time contained nearly that number.

public library, but they are of no consideration. In fact, Mantua, since it has ceased to be the capital of an independent principality,* has lost all its political importance, except as a garrison station. In 1797, it sustained a siege of eight months from the French, but at length surrendered. It was retaken by the Austro-Russian army in 1799. In 1801, it was ceded to France, and incorporated with the kingdom of Italy. It is now the head town of a delegation under the Government of Milan, comprising an area of 880 square miles, with about 240,000 inhabitants.

About three miles from Mantua, on the banks of the Mincio, is the little village of Pietola, to which tradition assigns the honour of representing the birth-place of Virgil. About half a mile southward of the village, near the river, stands a large farm, with two extensive gardens and offices well walled in, formerly belonging to the Imperial Government, who granted it to Count Giberti, a Mantuan citizen. The farm is called Virgiliana, and is believed to have belonged to the Poet himself. Mr. Eustace, however, disputes the propriety of fixing Virgil's farm at Pietola, or in the immediate vicinity of Mantua. It appears from the Poet's own representation, to have been at a greater distance from the city; and he would place it at the foot of the hills, not far from Valeggio, near

* The last Duke of Mantua, having taken up arms against the Austrian interest, was driven from his estates, and died an exile at Padua in 1708. Mr. Pennington says, the memory of the Gonzagas is still dear to the Mantuans, as identified with their independence. The first of this family who governed Milan, died in 1360; and the line comprised four captains-general, four marquesses, and ten dukes, extending through three centuries and a half.

which town they begin to subside and lose themselves in the immense plains of Mantua. ‘On no other part of the banks of the Mincius,’ he says, ‘are to be discovered either the bare rocks that disfigured the farm of Tityrus, or the towering crag that shaded the pruner as he sang, or the vine-clad grotto where the shepherd reclined, or the bushy cliff whence the browsing goats seemed as if suspended, or the lofty mountains which in the evening cast their protracted shadows over the plain. The spreading beech, indeed, and aerial elm still delight in the soil, and adorn the banks of the Mincius, in all its windings.’ It is, indeed, by no means necessary to suppose, (Mr. Cramer remarks,) that Virgil’s birth-place and his farm were one and the same place. According to Donatus, the great Poet was born at Andes near Mantua; and, except that there seems no relation between the ancient and the modern name, there is no solid argument that can be urged in disproof of the long-established tradition which identifies Andes with Pietola.*

The Mincio, which comes from the *Lago di Guarda*, falls into the Po, about twelve miles below Mantua. The country is so low, that the river is generally embanked like a canal, and frequently inundates the plain. Near its junction, a small village called Ostiglia, represents the ancient *Hostilia Vicus*. The sea-green waters of

* ‘*E quell’ ombra gentil per cui si noma
Pietola piu che villa Mantovana.*’

Dante Purg. xviii.

Maffei, however, has endeavoured to fix the birth-place of Virgil at Bades, on the brow of the Veronese hills, overlooking the Mantuan plain, not far from Peschiera.

the Mincio are described by Eustace as strikingly differing from the turbid and yellow Po, which here rolls a vast volume of waters, and, from its magnificent breadth, might seem almost to justify the pompous appellation of the king of rivers. Above Mantua, the banks of the Mincio are rather higher and a little more picturesque. Several large farms rise on its borders, and forests of reeds, as in the days of Virgil, wave over them.*

From Mantua, the traveller may either proceed to Parma, crossing the Po by a ferry; or may take the passage-boat to Ferrara; or may pursue the *Via Posthumia* to Verona. We have first, however, to trace the route to Verona from Milan by a branch of the Æmilian Way.

About twelve miles from Milan, this route crossed the Lambro (*Fluvium Frigidum*), and running through Gorgonzuola (*Argentiam*) and Pontiruolo (*Pontem Aureoli*), led to Bergamo (*Bergamum*). This town, which originally belonged to the same territory as Como, is very beautifully situated on the declivity of a steep hill, forming the first rise of the Alps; and the old castle which crowns the summit, looks proudly down upon the fertile plains stretching away southward to the far distant Apennines. Two small rivers, the Brembo and the Serio, flow to the east and west of the town, both tributaries of the Adda. The Brembo soon joins that river, while the Serio flows on to Crema on the Lodi road, and

* ' ——— *Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius, et tenerâ prætexit arundine ripas.*
Virg. Georg. iii. 13.

falls into the Adda some miles further southward.*

When Venice was in her splendour, Bergamo belonged to the territory of the Republic. It is now included in the Government of Milan, and is the head town of a delegation containing upwards of 300,000 inhabitants. The population of this little capital is rated at about 30,000. There are fourteen churches, twelve monasteries, ten nunneries, and seven hospitals. Its trade is considerable, chiefly in iron and silk; and a great fair is annually held here, which begins on the 24th of August, and lasts fourteen days: it is frequented by merchants from Italy, Switzerland, and Germany. The inhabitants have the reputation of being industrious and comparatively affluent. The town derives its chief importance from its manufactures. These are not so flourishing as formerly; and disaffection to the Austrian Government has naturally resulted from their decline. The Bergamasque dialect is peculiar, and one of the most corrupt forms of the Italian that is spoken in the country. The inhabitants of this border district differ also in their habits, and seem to partake of the character of mountaineers. Like the Comasques, they emigrate in great numbers; and they are the *Gallegos* of Genoa.† Bergamo

* Addison proceeded from Milan to Lodi, then the frontier town of the Spaniards; and thence to Crema, the first of the Venetian territory, a small fortified town, carrying on some trade in linen and Parmesan cheese. From Crema, it is 30 miles to Brescia. Evelyn returned from Venice by the same route.

† See page 253 of our first volume.

has given birth to some eminent men. It was the paternal country of Tasso, being the birth-place of his father; and the statue of the Poet adorns the *Piazza Grande*. Tiraboschi, Maffei, and the Abbé Serassi were also natives of Bergamo. It is an episcopal city, and its prelate had formerly the title of count. The cathedral is described as handsome, decorated with some paintings of the modern Venetian school; but the city contains nothing particularly deserving of notice.

From Bergamo, the road traverses a rich champaign country at the foot of the Alps; and in three posts and a half (about thirty miles), leads to Brescia, a neatly-built and handsome city, containing between 30,000 and 40,000 inhabitants. It is seated at the base of a mountain, between the rivers Mella and Naviglio, and has been strongly fortified. Like Bergamo, it is a place of considerable trade and manufacturing industry. Near it are large iron-works; and its fire-arms are esteemed the best that are made in Italy.* In its edifices, there is not much to attract or detain the traveller. The cathedral is a handsome modern structure of white marble,† and an elegant episcopal palace has been recently finished. There are eleven or twelve other churches and a number of convents, in some of which there are said to be fine pictures

* Brescia was famous for its fire-arms in the time of Evelyn. 'This city,' he says, 'consists most in artists, every shop abounding in guns, swords, armourers, &c. Most of the workmen come out of Germany.'—Evelyn's Mem. vol. i. p. 210.

† Among other venerated relics in this cathedral is (or was) the standard of Constantine, made immediately after the miraculous appearance of the Cross to that monarch.

of the Venetian school. The Palace of Justice, built on the site of an ancient temple, is curious as exhibiting that incongruous mixture of Gothic and Grecian architecture which is found in so many of the edifices of Northern Italy. There is a public library, with a collection of medals, which merits notice ; but the chief interest of the place is derived from its antiquities. Recent excavations (begun in 1820, and continued till 1826) have led to the discovery of a beautiful temple, dedicated to Hercules, constructed of white marble, and adorned with columns of the Corinthian order ; and under the pavement was found a bronze statue of Victory, between five and six feet high, which is represented as a very fine specimen of ancient art. Several bronze busts, a smaller bronze statue, a mosaic pavement, and numerous inscriptions, have also been brought to light.

Brixia, originally the capital of the *Cenomani*, is known to have become a Roman colony and municipal city ; and it appears to have ranked after Milan and Verona. It was a rich and flourishing place, till burned by the Goths in 412. It was entirely ruined by Attila, but revived under the German Emperors, and was declared by Otho I. a free city. It has been repeatedly visited with a destructive pestilence ; and in 1550, the small-pox carried off 12,000 of the inhabitants. The town and province have belonged at different periods to the Milanese and the Venetian territories.* They are now annexed to the Govern-

* ‘ The town and province of Brescia have freer access to the senate of Venice, and a quicker redress of injuries, than any other part of their dominions. For, as they were

ment of Milan, with a population of about 325,000 souls. The Bresciano extends eastward to the Lake of Guarda; northward to the territory of Trent and the Val Teline, or district of Bormio; and southward to the Cremonese and Mantua. Between Brescia and Bergamo is the *Lago d' Iseo* (*Lacus Sebinus*), formed by the river Oglio (*Ollius*), which, rising in the Alps, flows southward and south-eastward, dividing the Bergamasque territory from that of Brescia, and, after receiving the Chiese (*Cleusis*) from the Lake of Idro, separates the Cremonese from Mantua, and reaches the Po not far from Borgoforte.

From Milan to Brescia, the great plain of Lombardy is cultivated like a garden, and presents an uninterrupted scene of fertility, varied by artificial irrigation; but beyond Brescia, the mountains advance upon the plain. At Desenzano, the traveller finds himself on the margin of the *Lago di Guarda*, the stormy Benacus of the ancients, formed by the classic Mincio. This lake is reckoned about thirty-five miles in length by about twelve in breadth. In some places, however, it is much broader; and ancient authorities make its dimensions far more considerable.* It is almost

once a part of the Milanese, and are now on their frontiers, the Venetians dare not exasperate them by the loads they lay on other provinces, for fear of a revolt, and are forced to treat them with more indulgence than the Spaniards do their neighbours, that they may have no temptation to it.—Addison's Remarks, p. 43.

* The *Lacus Benacus* is stated by Strabo, on the authority of Polybius, to be 500 *stadia* long, and 150 broad; that is, 62 miles by 18; whereas, according to the best maps, its real dimensions do not appear to exceed 35 miles by 12.

surrounded with the Alps, except at the southern extremity, where the luxuriant plain presents a striking contrast to the mountain scenery which closes round the upper waters. The fortress of Peschiera, built on the southern margin of the lake, just where the Mincio flows out of it, deep and clear, represents the ancient Ardelica, the scene of the celebrated interview between Attila and St. Leo.* At this village, a boat may be procured by the traveller who is adventurous enough to tempt the dangers of the lake, which, when worked up by the storms to which it is liable, becomes as rough as the sea.

————— ‘*teque*

Fluctibus et fremitu assurgens, Benace, marino.’

‘*Virg. Georg. ii. 159.*

On the north-western shore of the lake, the peninsula of Sermione, celebrated as the favourite residence of Catullus, forms a beautiful feature of the scenery. At a distance, it looks like an island, being connected with the shore by only a very low tongue of land. On approaching it by water, the bold, broken rock, shaded with olive-trees, which forms its extremity, is seen finely rising above the village and picturesque Gothic fortress situated at its base. Some ruined walls upon the verge of the cliff are believed to mark the site of the Poet’s rural retreat; and through the ruined arches, a striking view is obtained of the lake upon which

Cramer, vol. i. p. 75. Bp. Burnet makes it 40 miles long, and, where it is broadest, 20 miles over. Addison says, it is 35 miles by 12.

* See Gibbon, c. 35.—By a remarkable blunder, the Historian makes the Mincius lose itself in the Lake, instead of describing it as its outlet.

he loved to gaze. From Riva, at the head of the lake, a road leads through Arco to Trent.*

On quitting the margin of the lake at Peschiera, the road enters the fertile territory of Verona, the first district under the Government of Venice, of which the Mincio now forms the western limit. This is the last river of Lombardy that falls into the Po. The more rapid Adige, bending sooner to the eastward, pours its waters into the Adriatic.†

* Among the obscure places on the shores of this lake, which have retained their ancient names, are, Tosculano (*Tusculanum*), Materno (*Maternum*), Sarca (*Sarraca*), Bren-
tino (*Bretina*), Non (*Anaunium*), Brentonico (*Brentoni-
cum*), and Maleto (*Maletum*). The *Valodi Steneco* has pre-
served the name of the *Stoni*; the *Val Trompia*, a few miles
N. of Brescia, that of the *Triumpilini*; and the *Val Ca-
monica*, near the source of the Oglio, that of the *Camuni*;
ancient Rhætian tribes.—Cramer, vol. i. pp. 71—76.

† Claudian has thus picturesquely characterized the rivers
of Lombardy:

— ‘ *Venetosque erectior omnes
Magnâ voce ciet. Frondentibus humida ripis
Colla levant pulcher Ticinus, et Addua visu
Cæruleus, velox Athesis, tardusque meatu
Mincius, inque novem consurgens ora Timavus.*

(Sext. Cons. Hon.)

Of the nine delegations of Western Lombardy, Milan and Pavia are geographically connected with the Ticino, which separates them from Piedmont; Sondrio, Como, Bergamo, and Lodi, belong to the basin of the Adda; Brescia and Cremona to the Oglio, which Claudian has slighted; and Mantua claims for her own the tardy Mincius.

CHAPTER II.

Verona—The Pass of the Brenner—Vicenza—Padua—
Baths of Abano—Arquà.

THE country now comprised under the government of Venice, extends eastward from the Minicio, which divides it from the Bresciano, to the western shores of the Adriatic, and round the head of the Gulf of Venice to the entrance of the Gulf of Trieste. Northward, the Tridentine and Tyrolean Alps, sweeping round in a semi-circular direction, separate it from the German states of the Austrian empire. It is divided into the eight delegations of Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Venice, Rovigo, Treviso, Belluno, and Udine. We are now bound toward Padua, from which city the traveller may either proceed to Venice, or, turning southward, pursue his route through Rovigo and Ferrara, to Florence and Rome.

Verona, the second city of Eastern Lombardy, in population and importance, is very finely situated at the foot of the Alps, on both banks of the Adige.* On the north, it is commanded by a

* Silius Italicus represents the river as encircling the ancient city :

‘ Verona Athesi circumflua.’

In fact, the whole of the ancient site, Eustace says, is within the peninsula formed by a bold curve of the river.

range of hills in fine cultivation ; and its ancient walls and towers, which enclose a vast area, have a noble appearance, sweeping across a hill surmounted by the Gothic turrets of the castle. The modern fortifications were esteemed very strong, till destroyed by the French, after the ineffectual rising of the inhabitants against that Government in 1797. The modern city is nearly six miles in circuit, and contains a population of about 60,000 souls.

There is, perhaps, no other city in Northern Italy, which, upon the whole, unites so much that is interesting in its situation, its antiquities, and the recollections associated with it, as Verona. The birth-place of Catullus,* of Vitruvius,† of Cornelius Nepos, of Pliny the Naturalist, of Paul Veronese, of Scaliger, of Maffei, of Pindemonte, and other illustrious men of ancient and modern days, it possesses a strong historic interest ; while our own Shakspeare has peopled it with imaginary beings, not less palpably defined to the fancy, than the shades of the historic dead. It is thus felt, at least by an Englishman, to be at once classic and romantic ground ; nor does the tomb of Pepin, nor even the arch of Gallienus, waken a stronger interest than the supposed tomb of

* ‘ *Mantua Virgilio gaudet, Verona Catullo.*’

Ovid. Amor. iii. el. 14.

‘ *Tantum magna suo debet Verona Catullo,
Quantum parva suo Mantua Virgilio.*’

Martial, xiv. 193.

† Whether Vitruvius was born at Verona, is questionable. *Formiæ* is supposed by Mr. Forsyth to have been more probably his birth-place.

Juliet. Evelyn was highly delighted with Verona ; and, in his opinion, the city deserves all the eulogies with which Scaliger has honoured it. ‘ The situation,’ he says, ‘ is the most delightful I ever saw ; it is so sweetly mixed with rising ground and valleys, so elegantly planted with trees, on which Bacchus seems riding as it were in triumph every autumn, for the vines reach from tree to tree. Here, of all places I have seen in Italy, would I fix a residence. Well has that learned man given it the name of the very eye of the world :—

“ *Ocelle mundi, Sidus Itali cœli,
Flos Urbium, flos corniculumq’ amœnum,
Quot sunt, eruntve, quot fuere Verona.*” *

The chief glory of Verona in the eyes of the antiquary, is its amphitheatre, which Eustace characterizes as one of the noblest monuments of Roman magnificence now existing. Bishop Burnet, on the contrary, styles it one of the smallest of all that the Romans built, but the best preserved. Neither representation is accurate. Although it does not approach, in its dimensions, to the grandeur of the Colosseum, it is larger than either the amphitheatre of Nismes, or that of Pola, and of course greatly exceeds the size of those of Pæstum and Pompeii.† As compared with that of

* Evelyn, vol. i. p. 209.

† The following are the dimensions as given by Mr. Woods :—

	Veronese Feet.	English.
Longitudinal axis	450	510
Do. of arena	218½	249
Conjugate axis	360	410
Do. of arena	129	146
Circumference	1290	1434
Height of what remains from the original pavement	88	100

Nismes, it is less interesting from the greater dilapidation of the outside, combined with the nearly entire state of the interior, which conceals from view the intricacies of its construction. Only four arches now remain of the seventy-two which originally composed the exterior circuit. The outer wall was built of large blocks of red marble. Its pilasters are of the Tuscan order; but the bad taste of the little ornament that remains, would seem to indicate, that the workmanship was not worthy of the magnificence of the design, or the richness of the materials. The marble coating having nearly all disappeared, an internal one, built mostly of brick, is exposed to view, pierced, in modern times, with numerous doors and windows, for the convenience of the poor families who have their tenements in the interior. The arches of the lower range have been converted into little shops, over which shed-roofs project from the upper tier; and from the windows ragged garments may be often seen hung out to dry.

‘Such is the meanness of the details,’ remarks Mr. Simond, ‘that this antique edifice is great without greatness. Our guide introduced us through an old clothes-shop into the interior, and bade us observe the narrow outlets through which

In this estimate, the Veronese foot is taken as equal to $13\frac{2}{3}$ inches English. Mr. Burton, adopting, probably, a different calculation, makes its extreme dimensions 464 feet by 367, and the arena 233 feet by 136. Mr. Cadell makes the long axis 522 English feet, and the height of the remains of the external wall, consisting of three tiers of rusticated arcades, 96 English feet.—Burton’s Rome, vol. ii. p. 52. Cadell, vol. i. p. 110.

gladiators and slaves entered the arena, and the wider ones for the beasts they were to encounter : other doors served to carry away the dead game. Sixty vomitories gave entrance, as strangers are told, to sixty thousand spectators, who were accommodated on the forty-five circular rows of seats ; but it does not appear that half that number could sit.* From the upper rows of seats, the arena, an oval space of 218 feet by 129, appeared very small ; but a modern theatre, which, in barbarous times, was built in the arena, and at this day disfigures it, serves at least as a scale by which to judge better of its size.† The stone seats of the theatre are modern, having been renewed since the middle of the sixteenth century, but are supplied only as high as forty-three tiers, the upper story all round the building being gone, with the exception of the fragment of the outer wall already mentioned. The seats continue nearly in one slope from top to bottom, without any appearance of their having been divided by *precincts* or *ambulatories*.‡

No record has been preserved of the time when this amphitheatre was built ; but Maffei conjectures that it was erected after the Colosseum, in

* The seats, as they now are, Mr. Cadell states, are capable of containing 22,000 persons. Other authorities say, 23,484.

† Simond, p. 25.

‡ ‘ On entering this arena,’ says Forsyth, ‘ I felt all the grandeur, and fitness, and show, and capacity of the elliptical form, where the *cunei* are divided vertically by *cardines*, and the upper range is separated from the lower by one narrow ambulatory.’

the reign of either Domitian or Nerva, or in the early part of that of Trajan ; that is, between A.D. 81 and 117. In the thirteenth century, it was used as a place of judicial combats.* As early as the beginning of that century, its preservation had become an object of public attention. In 1475, penalties were decreed against any one who should remove any of the stones. In 1545, a special officer was appointed to take care of it. In 1568, a voluntary contribution was raised for its restoration ; and in 1579, a tax was imposed for the same purpose. Other decrees in its favour have been since made, but, as regards the exterior, too late, or with small effect.† Addison, in 1700, speaks of the high wall and corridors as almost entirely ruined ; the seats, with a few modern reparations, were all entire, but the arena was then quite filled up to the lower seat.

At each end of the amphitheatre, is a gate, surmounted with a modern balustrade, on which is an inscription, recording two exhibitions of a somewhat different description, which took place here in recent days. The one was a bull-fight given in honour of the Emperor Joseph, on his visiting Verona, when, as Eustace has it, ‘ a Roman emperor was once more hailed in a Roman amphitheatre with the titles of Cæsar and Augustus, by spectators who pretend and almost deserve to be Romans ;’—almost, for a bull-fight is not quite so

* Some of the Visconti are recorded to have received 25 Venetian *lire* for every duel fought there, when Verona belonged to the Dukes of Milan.

† Woods, vol. i. p. 225.

barbarous as a combat of gladiators. The other was an ecclesiastical show ; the Pope, in his German excursion, passed through this city, and, at the request of the magistrates, exhibited himself to the prostrate multitude, collected from all the neighbouring provinces to receive his benediction. ‘ The French,’ exclaims this zealous anti-Gallican, ‘ applied the amphitheatre to a very different purpose ;’ and to them he ascribes the erection of the wooden theatre, in which, to the indignation of the Veronese, those modern Huns or Lombards caused farces and pantomimes to be acted for the amusement of the army. The French were not the masters of Verona, however, in 1820, when Mr. Pennington was present at a dramatic performance in this same wooden theatre, where, he tells us, plays are acted every evening. What is worse, Mr. Woods saw there, in 1816, an exhibition of horsemanship, of dancing on the tight-rope, and of dancing dogs ! Alas for the degeneracy of the modern Romans of Verona !

On the open space before the amphitheatre stand two magnificent edifices ; one of them, if not both, Mr. Simond says, designed by Michel Angelo, but left unfinished, probably because they were undertaken upon too large a scale. ‘ Time has already worn off the angles, and obscured the tints of these fabrics, sufficiently to make them harmonize with the amphitheatre. Thus, antiquity and modern times seem to have been brought face to face for the purpose of confronting their powers ; boldness and grace on one side, massy strength and immensity on the other. These three edifices do not stand symmetrically to

each other ; but this circumstance rather adds to the general effect.*

† The other Roman antiquities are not of particular interest. In the *Corso* is an ancient double gateway, called the Arch of Gallienus, on the strength of an inscription which shews that this part of the wall was built by order of that emperor ; but the Veronese antiquaries maintain, that the style of the architecture is too good for that period, and that there are traces of a more ancient inscription which has been erased to make room for that which now exists. Each arch has its own pediment, over which are two stories of building, with windows and pilasters whimsically disposed, without any correspondence to the gateways below. The arch of Flavius, or the *Foro Giudiziale*, as it is variously termed,† is in a somewhat better style. Only a fragment of the building, however, remains ; and this has been converted into a private dwelling. One large arch, with an inscription, and some small, broken, twisted columns above it, are all that remain in front ; but there is a Doric frieze in the interior, which is in a very chaste style, and has been imitated by Palladio in the ornaments of the Arcades near the modern theatre. A dilapidated remain of a triumphal, or perhaps sepulchral arch,

* Simond, p. 26.—It is singular, that, of the edifices referred to, we find no notice taken by any other traveller. We know not on what authority they are said to have been designed by Buonarrotti. It is doubtless a mistake of the name, Sanmicheli being taken for Michel Angelo.

† As its situation proves that it could not have formed an entrance into the city, it is supposed to have appertained to the forum. It is in the *Via de' Leoni*.

near the old castle, is called the arch of the *Gavii* ;* and there are some other fragments of the same sort, but so imperfect as scarcely to claim the attention of the stranger.†

One of the four bridges which bestride the Adige, still shews two Roman arches of the pure age of Roman architecture ; and there are remains of another, called *Ponte Emilio*. Mr. Pennington mentions also a Naumachia, which was 'filled from the river, and 'the walls of an ancient Roman theatre, one of the largest in Italy, which extended up the hill as far as the castle of S. Pietro, the venerable tower of which alone remains.' The *Ponte del Castel Vecchio*, built in 1354, is remarkable for a large arch, forming a portion of a circle whose chord is 161 feet. It appears firm, but is shut up for fear of accident.‡

* Mr. Pennington calls it 'the ancient monument of Gavius, proconsul of Verona, 200 years B.C.' Mr. Forsyth says: 'The arch of Gavi bears nothing of Vitruvius but his family name, and something like his scroll on the frieze.'

† Addison mentions as 'the principal ruin at Verona, next to the amphitheatre, the ruin of a triumphal arch erected to Flaminius, where one sees old Doric pillars without any pedestal or basis, as Vitruvius has described them.' Evelyn refers to the same remain. After giving the inscription, 'L. V. FLAMINIA CONSUL. ANO URB. CON. LIII,—he adds: 'This I esteem to be one of the noblest antiquities in Europe, it is so vast and entire, having escaped the ruins of so many other public buildings for above 1400 years. There are other arches, as that of the Victory of Marius ; temples, aqueducts, &c., shewing still considerable remains in several places of the town, and how magnificent it has formerly been.' (Evelyn's Mem., vol. i. p. 208.) It would seem that the antiquities of Verona have suffered considerably since the beginning of the last century.

‡ It is a bridge of three arches. The principal one is

The ecclesiastical architecture of Verona presents some highly interesting monuments of the middle ages. The *Duomo* is an edifice of the twelfth century. A council was held in it in 1185; and it was consecrated by Pope Urban in 1187. Four columns supporting two arches, one above the other, and the lower columns themselves resting on griffins, form the porch; and on the sides of the door are some curious bas-reliefs representing Orlando and Oliviere clad in armour, such as, according to Livy, was worn by the ancient Samnites. The interior consists of a nave with side-aisles. The piers, which are very slender, are clustered with fillets down the middle of the shafts. Adjoining to the cloister is a fragment of what is said to have been a church previously to the erection of the present cathedral: it is merely a rectangular room with a groined vault supported on columns. The cathedral itself contains nothing remarkable, except a painting by Titian, The Assumption, and the sepulchre of Pope Lucius III., who, when driven from Rome, obtained an asylum at Verona.

In architectural beauty, the cathedral is very inferior to the church of Santa Anastasia, built at the beginning of the thirteenth century, by the Dominicans: if the front were finished, this would be, Mr. Woods thinks, the most perfect specimen in existence of the style of architecture to which it belongs. 'The front was to have been enriched with bas-reliefs, but this work has been

142 Veronese feet (about 157 English) in span. It is narrow, and was connected with the old fortifications, communicating with the castle.

only begun. The inside consists of a nave of six arches with side-aisles. The transept is scarcely wider than one division of the vault, and consequently does not strikingly interrupt the series of arches; and beyond this is a choir, consisting only of one bay, without aisles, and a semi-circular recess. The transept is short; and in the angle between that and the choir is a square tower terminating in an octagonal spire. All the arches and vaultings are obtusely pointed. The springing of the middle vault hardly exceeds the points of the arches into the aisles; and the windows of the clerestory are circular and very small. The width from centre to centre of each pier, measured along the church, is seven-eighths of the width of the nave.* This (unusual) circumstance, in connexion with the little windows of the clerestory and the want of height above the side arches, impresses upon the structure a character totally different from any thing we have; but it forms a very fine composition, and one which makes the building appear larger than it is, though it is by no means a small church, being about 75 feet wide, and 300 feet long.†

To the antiquary, the most interesting specimen of the architecture of the middle ages, is the church of S. Zeno. We again avail ourselves of Mr. Woods's distinct and scientific description. 'It is

* In the cathedral of Milan, the width of the side arch is just half the width of the nave, measured from centre to centre, which is the general arrangement of a Gothic building; but in some of our own churches, the proportional width of the side arch is still less.

† Woods, vol. i. p. 227, 8.

a most curious edifice, both externally and internally. Tradition assigns the erection of it to Pepin, father of Charlemagne; but, if he began it, he did not terminate it; for we find that, in the tenth century, an emperor, (perhaps Otho II.,) on leaving Verona, left a sum of money for its completion. In 1045, the Abbot Alberigo began the tower, which was finished in 1178; and meanwhile (in 1138), the church itself was restored and aggrandized. The front may be cited as a good example of the early architecture of this part of Italy. The general idea is that of a lofty gable, with a lean-to on each side, which, being the natural result of the construction, is, if well proportioned, a pleasing form. The entrance is flanked on each side by a column resting on the back of a lion; and these columns support an arch, which springs some feet above the top of the capitals. There are sculptures on each side, as there are in the cathedral, but these are principally taken from Bible histories. Six of those on the left hand represent the creation and the fall of man. On the two lower, a chase is sculptured. The feet of the hunter are placed in stirrups; and this, according to Maffei, is the most ancient piece of sculpture in which they are exhibited. Some lines underneath designate him as Theodoric, and, according to the vulgar notion, the infernal spirits furnished him with dogs and horses. On the other side are eight bas-reliefs from the New Testament; and over the doorway, there are others, which seem to relate to St. Zeno. Besides these, the twelve months of the year are represented, beginning with March. All the figures are rudely

sculptured ; but the arabesques which enrich the divisions of the different compartments, are beautifully designed, and not ill executed. The merit of the design is probably to be attributed to the artist having copied from some ancient specimens. The doors also are covered with scripture histories in bronze, i. e. forty-eight pannels, curious as specimens of art, but not pretending to any beauty. Immediately above the arch of the porch is a hand with the fore and middle fingers extended, and the two others bent, in the act of the Latin benediction. It is said, that, in the early ages, before the artists thought of making the Almighty an old man supported on cherubims, the Deity was always indicated in this way. Above the porch, is a wheel window, which interrupts the lines of the rest of the architecture ; but, from the simplicity of its ornaments, I am inclined to believe it part of the original structure. It is a wheel of Fortune, with ascending and descending figures. Maffei gives the inscription :—

*En ego fortuna moderor mortalibus una :
Elevo, depono ; bona cunctis vel mala dono.*

This is on the external circumference : within is—

*Induo nudatos : denudo veste paratos.
In me confidit si quis derisus abibit.*

The whole façade, when free from other decorations, has slender upright ribs. In the middle, these are divided into several stories : those on the sides continue from near the ground to the slope of the roof.

‘ On entering the building, we descend by a flight of ten steps into the nave, to ascend again

to the choir, or rather presbytery,—for there is no transept to divide it from the nave, and the proper choir is merely a deep, vaulted recess at the end of the building. The nave is high, with low side-aisles, the arches of which are semi-circular. They are in pairs, being supported alternately on columns and piers, from the latter of which, ribs ascend to support the roof of the nave. In other respects, the roof is of wood, as it probably always was, for the arrangement is not calculated to support any vaulting. The recess forming the choir, is vaulted with a pointed arch. Under the elevated part of the building, is a subterraneous church; and my first idea was, that the pavement had been elevated after the building was completed, in order to form this crypt. On descending into it, however, this opinion was very much shaken.* Like the old church by the cathedral, it is covered with semi-circular, groined arches, resting on columns disposed at equal distances from each other.

‘At one of the altars in the church, you are called upon to admire a groupe of four columns of red marble, with their bases and capitals all formed out of a single stone; and in a little chamber, near the entrance, is a great vase of porphyry, also from a single stone, the external diameter of which is thirteen feet four inches, the internal, eight feet eight inches; and the pedestal is formed out of another block of the same material. This

* On examining the subterranean building, the Author found seeming proof, which he explains in detail, that it was neither prior, coetaneous, nor posterior to the other; a difficulty of which he is unable to offer any solution.

stood originally on the outside of the church,* and Maffei supposes it to have been intended for washing the feet of pilgrims, before entering the sacred edifice. If so, it would hardly have been elevated on a pedestal.

‘ The cloisters of S. Zeno consist of arches supported on little coupled columns of red marble, united by a little appendage of the same substance, at the necking of the column, and at the upper torus of the base. On one side is a projecting edifice, sustained by columns of different sizes, which formerly contained a large basin for the monks to wash themselves before entering the refectory; but it is now in ruins. Adjoining the cloisters, we find here also an old church, built in the same manner as the one which stands close by the cathedral, with groined semi-circular arches supported on four pillars, all unlike, dividing it into nine equal squares. It is possible that this may have been the original edifice of Pepin; but the want of a transept in a work of this size, and other particulars of the architecture, induce me to think the larger church erected before the year 1000, while the front is doubtless of the twelfth century. The tower is panelled on the lower stories, and each panel is surmounted with

Mr. Pennington says, this vase was brought from the neighbouring church of S. Procolo, which was almost destroyed by the French, and is now a *remise*. ‘ Here also is an old picture of the Madonna, by Mantegna, brought back from Paris.’ This Traveller mentions also a colossal statue of S. Zeno, seated in great state, and looking round his church with a complacent smile. Saint and chair are of Verona marble, as well as the pillars of this venerable edifice.—Pennington, vol. ii. p. 235.

rows of little ornamental arches; but the two upper stories have each a triple semi-circular-headed opening on each face. Above these is a cornice with intersecting ornamental arches. The lower part is probably of the time of the Abbot Alberigi, that is, 1045; the second may be of 1178, or of some period between the two; but there is nothing very decisive in windows of this sort, which were certainly sometimes used much earlier, and continued in use as low as the thirteenth, and perhaps even in the fourteenth century. The upright styles of the panelling are continued, to form a turret at each angle, which is surmounted with a pinnacle, and the work is crowned with a square spire.

‘ In a little court close by this church, is a vault honoured with the name of the Tomb of Pepin, and in it is an empty sarcophagus; the body, as it is said, having been carried to Paris. Pepin, however, died at St. Denis, and there is no probability that his bones were ever here. The sarcophagus is singular in having three strong ribs on one side of the lid, and none on the other.

‘ Near the church of S. Zeno, are a tower and some portions of wall, said to be the remains of the bishop’s palace, in which the German Emperors several times resided, during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries.’*

The church of S. Fermo, though it cannot boast of so high antiquity, is another interesting specimen of the architecture of the middle ages, having been built in 1313. It is of brick, with a

* Woods, vol. i. pp. 229–232.

great deal of ornament, and the rows of little arches are some of them trefoil-headed. The door of the façade is round-headed, with a profusion of ornamental mouldings. Instead of a rose window, it has in front, four lancet windows with trefoil heads; over which is a smaller window divided into three parts by little shafts, with a small circular opening on each side. There is no tracery. The building ends in a gable, the cornice of which is loaded with ornament, and three pinnacles rise above it. Internally, the ceiling is of wood, and is not handsome.

The little church of S. Giovanni in Valle, has an antique subterranean chapel, in which is an ancient sarcophagus, discovered in the fourteenth century (1395), containing, as the current legend goes, the bodies of St. Simon and St. Jude; which bodies are also, and at the same time, in the church of St. Peter at Rome.* The top of the sarcophagus is comparatively modern, and represents two men in monkish habits, one older and bearded, the other beardless, with a child behind them.

The church of S. Giorgio claims attention as containing a fine picture of the martyrdom of the

* According to the learned Fra Filippo Ferrario Alessandrio, the author of a 'Catalogue of Italian Saints' (Milan, 1613), it may be justly said, 'that the bodies of saints are in different places at the same time, when there exists a holy belief that they are in one place, while they really exist at the other, having been secretly stolen from the first, and carried to the latter.' It is pretended that these bones were stolen from Rome about the end of the twelfth century.

Saint, by Paul Veronese. This church is not noticed by Mr. Woods, nor described by any other Traveller ; it might therefore be inferred, that it has nothing else to recommend it. Yet, Addison calls it the handsomest in Verona. The cupola is ascribed to Sanmicheli.

In the church of S. Bernardino, there is a beautiful little circular chapel of the Pellegrini family, with a cupola, from the designs of this great architect.* The interior is of polished white marble, of the species called *bronzino*, on account of the sound it gives on being struck, and is richly ornamented in bas-relief. The chapel is too high, Mr. Woods remarks, in proportion to its size ; it has spirally fluted columns ; and other defects might be detected in the details, for which the original architect is probably not responsible. Sanmicheli is said, indeed, to have been very much dissatisfied with the execution. ‘Such as it is, however, every body admires it ; it speaks to our feelings, rather than to our judgment, a language of which it is very difficult to be master. The arabesques with which the pilasters are adorned, are very elegant.’†

The tombs of the Scaligers, once sovereign lords of Verona, which stand in a small inclosure in one of the public streets, form a highly picturesque

* Michel Sanmicheli was born in 1484, thirty-four years before Palladio, and died in 1559. His fame is still greater as a military engineer, than as an architect, since to him we owe the invention of the modern system of fortification, where every part is flanked by some other. He constructed the fortifications of Candia for the Venetians.

† Woods, vol. i. p. 232.

object. They are six in number, each bearing the scaling ladder (*scala*) and eagle, the remarkable device of the family.* Three only, however, are striking from their Gothic architecture. That of Can Grande (the second *dog* of the race) is not a very sumptuous monument. Two square pilasters against the wall of a church, with foliage on the capitals, support a platform, over which is a Gothic canopy with trefoil heads, but with little other ornament; and above the canopy is a pyramid crowned with an equestrian figure,—probably Can Grande himself, who is also seen reclining below under the canopy. The second tomb, containing the remains of Mastino II. (the Mastiff), is entirely detached, with precisely the same arrangement, but with more ornament and more graceful proportion. The third, that of Can Signorio, is still more highly ornamented, but the disposition is the same, except that it forms a hexagon on the plan.† The pyramid is disagreeably truncated in all, in order to admit the equestrian statue on the

* The eagle was added to the more ancient device of the family, by the first Scaliger, who obtained of the Pope the title and office of Imperial Vicar, in addition to that of *capitano del popolo*. Dante, as a furious Ghibelline, calls the eagle a holy bird:

——— ‘*del gran Lombardo*
Che porta in su la scala il santo augello.’

† Mastino I., surnamed *Della Scala*, was elected captain-general of Verona in 1261. Can Grande I. was lord of Verona, and conquered Brescia, Padua, and Friuli: he died in 1328. Mastino II. died in 1350; Cansignorio Scaliger in 1375. The learned Julius Cæsar Scaliger claimed to be descended from this princely house, but his real name was Giulio Cesare Bordone.

summit. ‘The desire of the Italian artists to introduce something resembling the columns and entablatures of the Roman architecture, renders these monuments much inferior to our own Gothic crosses.’ Such is the criticism of Mr. Woods. Mr. Forsyth, who viewed them, perhaps, more with the eye of poetic taste, describes these tombs as ‘models of the most elegant Gothic,—light, open, spiry, full of statues caged in their fretted niches. Yet, slender as they seem,’ he adds, ‘these tombs have stood entire for five hundred years in a public street, the frequent theatre of sedition,

“Which made Verona’s ancient citizens
Cast by their grave, beseeeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans in hands as old.”*

The description of these tombs, and still more these well-known lines, will recall to the reader the monument of the Capulets. ‘There is a coffin preserved near this city, which you wander forth to see. In an old out-house near a garden, once the cemetery of a convent, amid reeds, straw, the wine-vessel, the basket, and the gardener’s tools, you are shewn a rude sarcophagus of common marble; you see the raised part which pillowed the corpse’s head, and the sockets which burned the holy candles to scare foul fiends. In this narrow bed of stone, there once lay a sweet sufferer,—*living*, loving, fearless, and confiding,—a girl who dared this gloomy passage to the bridal bed of her first fond choice. She lived and died here in Verona. She lives for us in Shakspeare’s page.

* Forsyth, vol ii. p. 131.

It is *Juliet's tomb*.*—So the traveller is told ; and who would divorce this ' scene ' from this ' impression ? ' The old woman who has the care of it, (descended, possibly, from Juliet's nurse,) tells the tale of Juliet's death as it is related in the Italian novel from which Shakspeare drew the materials of his matchless drama. Every English visiter, she says, carries away a bit of the marble ; a circumstance she greatly deplores, and her telling it serves to perpetuate the custom. Can she think that the English have no reverence for relics,—have no saints that they worship ? Most excellent Fra Filippo Ferrario, we can no longer withstand thy powerful reasonings, or refuse credence to the

* Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy, p. 430.—' For the sake of English travellers, the shewers of curiosities gave the name of Juliet's Tomb to a fabric which has now disappeared, in consequence of the demolition of the adjacent buildings.'—Cadell's Journey (in 1817), vol. i. p. 116. This Traveller was not, it seems, diligent enough in his inquiries, since the Author of Sketches in Italy, who was at Verona in the same year, tells us : ' The garden in which it now stands, occupies the site of a church belonging to an old monastery, which was destroyed by the explosion of a powder-mill moored in the neighbouring Adige. Did it not possess an extensive claim on the notice of strangers, this tomb would certainly be mistaken for a common water-trough ; for it is formed of the coarsest red marble, and has no ornament whatever. *If*, therefore, it had any connexion with Juliet, it was, *most probably*, her coffin.'—Sketches, &c. vol. iv. p. 199. Mr. Woods says, that what every Englishman is shewn as the tomb of Juliet, is a plain sarcophagus without a cover, which has been made use of as a cistern, and now lies neglected in a garden ! Juliet is supposed to have died in the year 1303, when Bartolomeo della Scala (transformed by Shakspeare's authority into Escalus) was lord of Verona. The names of the rival families were Capello and Montecchio.

venerable and well-attested legend touching the marble chest which contains the fraternal remains of St. Simon and St. Jude.

‘Sanmicheli,’ says Mr. Forsyth, ‘has rivalled Palladio in some of the palaces of Verona. He has caught the true character of a fortified gate, and given to the *Porta Stupa* (*Stoppia*?) an air of gloomy strength and severity.’ Mr. Woods speaks of this gate, under the name of the *Porta del Palio*, as the most beautiful piece of architecture by this artist. It presents internally a range of arches between doubled Doric columns; but was left unfinished at his death, nor has it ever been completed. The *Porta Nuova*, also by Sanmicheli, is a fine building, though not so good; nor do any of his palaces, in this writer’s opinion, equal the *Porta del Palio* in grace and purity of design.* The fortifications present a specimen of his military architecture. The works executed prior to his time, have round towers instead of bastions: the last of the ancient style are the bastion and gate of St. George, built in 1523-5. The bastion of the Magdalen was the first erected by Sanmicheli, in 1527, and has more the character of a tower than those which he subsequently erected.

Among the other public buildings which claim notice, may be mentioned, the *Sala di Consiglio*, or Town-hall, which is adorned externally with

* ‘His usual defect seems to be in not putting his stories well together, generally making the lower too high in relation to the upper, or else putting under the second order a double pedestal. Taking each order singly, the proportions are beautiful.’—Woods, vol. i. p. 237.

busts of the most celebrated natives of the city, and contains some fine paintings rescued from the convents; the *Sala di Commercio*; the *Accademia Philharmonica*, founded by the celebrated Marquis Maffei; and the *Philoli*, both containing an extensive collection of ancient monuments, bas-reliefs, broken statues, and inscribed marbles. The fine Ionic portico of the theatre forms, with the arcades of the Museum, three sides of a handsome square. A noble palace has been erected recently for the Imperial viceroy. The *Palazzo Bevilacqua* in the Corso, is a stately structure, and one of the oldest in Verona, but is fast falling to decay: it is by Sanmicheli. Opposite to it is the *Palazzo Cannosia*, which is admired for its façade, and for the prospect it commands. Verona contains several private collections of paintings and antiquities; and Count Gazzola has a fine collection of fossils. There are also a lyceum, a public library, several hospitals and other sights and curiosities, for a full description of which the traveller must be referred to the *Compendio della Verona*.*

From the high tower over the gaol, an extensive prospect is obtained, together with a curious bird's-eye view over the city, its dingy roofs and maze of narrow streets, its palaces and antiquities. Yet, the gaol itself, says Mr. Simond, 'over which we stood, occupied most of our thoughts, when we

* This work, in four very thin octavo volumes, with prints, is an abridgement of the *Verona Illustrata* of Maffei. Mr. Eustace pronounces it to be the best guide, but seems to have made but little use of it. The paintings in the churches, we are told in Malte Brun's Geography, plainly indicate that this was the native town of Paul Veronese; but even Mrs. Starke is silent respecting them

heard, that one thousand miserable beings were at that moment confined within its walls, six of whom were to be hanged (*appiccati*) the day after; and many were under sentence to hard labour in irons for a number of years.' Famine and politics, it seems, had much increased the average number of prisoners.

Verona is the capital of a delegation containing less than 280,000 inhabitants, which is about 4090 to every square German mile. This is a much smaller population in relation to its area, than any of the adjacent provinces.* The wines of Verona were celebrated in ancient times; (as appears from Virgil's apostrophe to the produce of the Rhætic grape;†) but their reputation at present is very low, as is that of almost all the wines produced on the northern side of the Apennines. The other chief productions are silk and oil.

Verona has acquired in recent times a political notoriety as the seat of the high congress which was held there in 1822, for the purpose of completing the adjustment of the affairs of Europe. Upon the wisdom and efficiency of the united councils of the sovereign despots, the present state of public feeling on the Continent supplies an emphatic comment.

The Adige (called by the Germans *Etsch*), the ancient *Athesis*, has its rise in the Tridentine Alps, being formed by several streams which descend

* That of Mantua is more than double in proportion to its territory. The territories of Vicenza and Padua contain nearly twice as dense a population. That of Brescia also exceeds the Veronese in actual and relative numbers.

† ' ——— *et quo te carmine dicam*
Rhætica? ne cellis ideo contende Falernis.—

Virg. Georg. ii. 94.

from Mont Brenner, and unite near Botzen.* Flowing southward, it traverses the beautiful plain of Trent (*Tridentum*, Trento), and washes the walls of that ancient city. To the south of Trent, the German language gives place to the Italian; and at Roveredo,† the next town, the traveller is made sensible of the difference between the cleanliness of the German inns, and the dirt and discomfort of those of Lombardy. Between Roveredo and Ala, the next post-town, the road passes through scenes extremely savage and dreary, occasioned by an *éboulement* from the *Monte Marco*, which has strewn the valley with enormous rocks and stones‡. The next stage, to Peri, is wholly without interest; but at Chiusa, the river has forced its way through a remarkable, though un-

* By the Italians called Balsano; the ancient *Balzanum*.

The actual summit of the pass of the Brenner, is singularly marked by the division of a stream which, dashing on a rock, is separated, one part flowing into the Eisach, the Adige, and the Adriatic; the other reaching the Black Sea by the Sill, the Inn, and the Danube.—Brockedon's Illustrations, No. x. p. 3.

† 'Rovoredo, anciently *Roboretum*, is a neat little town in the defiles of the Alps, situated, geographically speaking, in the German territory, but, in language, manners, and appearance, Italian. Roveredo is situated in the beautiful valley of Lagarina, and has long possessed an academy whose members have been neither inactive nor inglorious.'—Eustace, vol. i. pp. 107, 108. This Traveller entered Italy by this route.

‡ The *Slavini di Marco*, as this scene of ruin is called, has been alluded to by Dante in the twelfth canto of his *Inferno*, in order to illustrate one of his infernal ramparts:—

'Qual' e quella ruina che nel fianco

De qua da Trento l'Adice percosse, &c.

Ala, an insignificant little town (answering to the *Ad. Palatium* of the Itinerary,) is the frontier town of Lombardy

picturesque defile, leaving no space for a road, except what has been obtained by cutting away the rock, which overhangs the pass. Here is a dismantled fort, which formerly defended the Venetian frontier. After passing a short way beneath lofty, perpendicular rocks, the traveller leaves behind him all semblance of hills, and proceeds through Volargno and the plains of Lombardy, to Verona.

The road which leads from Germany into Italy by the Pass of the Brenner, is the lowest of all that traverse the great chain of the Alps, having an elevation of only 4700 feet above the sea. Before the formation of the route of the Tende, it was the only pass by which travellers could cross the Alps without dismounting their carriages; and although the new routes of the Bernardin, the Splugen, and the Stelvio, offer to the western states of Germany a more direct communication with the Milanese, the route from Inspruck to Verona by the Brenner, is still very great. The earliest mention of this pass in authentic history,* is about 13 years B.C., when a Roman army sent by Augustus, succeeded in penetrating beyond the Rhætian and Noric Alps, and completely subdued the tribes of the Tyrol.† In the third and fourth centuries, the Allemanni and the Goths penetrated by the Tyrolese Alps into Italy. In the year 452, Attila descended by the Brenner upon Trent,

* It is a conjecture resting solely upon the coincidence of names, that Brennus, with his Gauls, descended by this pass, B.C. 388. According to Lucius Florus, the *Cimbri* also descended by the Rhætian and Tridentine Alps; but Denina attempts to prove that it was by the St. Gothard.

† This expedition forms the subject of one of Horace's most spirited odes, *lib. iv. 4.*

and after ravaging the southern Tyrol, overwhelmed with his barbarous hordes the Western Empire. Odoacer, in 476, also invaded Italy by this pass, at the head of the *Heruli* and *Rugii*; and so completely established himself, that he was crowned king at Pavia. Thirteen years afterwards, Theodoric entered Italy with his Ostro-Goths by the Brenner, and expelling Odoacer, founded an empire which extended from Mont St. Gothard to the Black Sea. This empire, in half a century, was dissolved by intestine dissensions, and the Italian portion became the kingdom of the Lombards, which, in its turn, fell before the arms of Charlemagne.

From Trent, a road to Venice, shorter by thirty miles, leads over the ridge of Monte Porgine on the eastern side of the plain, and skirting the sequestered lakes of Coldonazzo and Levico, formed by the Brenta, descends the singularly wild and beautiful valley watered by that river, to Bassano. Mr. Brockedon speaks in high terms of the general beauty of this route and the wildness of some parts of it. Numerous old castles enrich the scenery of the Val Sugana, the inhabitants of which are a remarkably fine race, having a peculiar costume, and speaking a *patois* which has a strong infusion of Teutonic, and has been thought to countenance the supposition of their being descended from the ancient *Cimbri*.* The Val

* Near Verona, is a small district in the hills, called the *Tredici Comuni*, inhabited by a Teutonic colony, who retain their native language, which resembles the German spoken in the bishopric of Trent. They are doubtless a colony of the same description as the *Sette Comuni* of the Vicentine territory, who will be noticed hereafter.

Sugana was the scene of some of Napoleon's most astonishing exploits in the campaign of 1796, when he was engaged against the imperial army under General Wurmser; and the battles of Roveredo and Bassano, fought within four days of each other, completed the destruction of the Austrian divisions. Soon after leaving the frontier of the Tyrol, the road enters a defile of a most magnificent character, about a league in length, where the rocks, towering up to a vast height, frequently overhang the road. At one of the abrupt turns in this defile, in the face of the mountain which commands the approach, a gallery is cut out of the solid rock, and a battery has been constructed, about 100 feet above the road. Beyond this defile, the character of the valley continues very dreary and savage, till the traveller arrives in sight of the beautiful town of Vastagno, on the right bank of the Brenta, which derives considerable wealth from its silk-works. Below this place, the course of the Brenta is less violent, the road declines more gradually, and the traveller, leaving the Alps, enters upon the rich plain of the Vicentine. From Bassano, the distance to Venice, by Treviso, is not quite six posts.*

About fifteen miles from Verona, on the confines of the Vicentine territory, is a very remarkable mountain, called *Monte Bolca*, which presents the best specimen of animal petrifications any where to be found. They consist chiefly of fish of different species, in astonishing abundance, and most perfect preservation, chiefly in the upper part of the mountain, which is about five thousand feet high. They are imbedded between the layers of a whitish

* Brockedon's Illustrations, No. x.

shale, as between the leaves of a book. ‘Lava in fusion appears to have subsequently broken among these wonders of water-formation, and disturbed their strata; but no crater is to be seen, and the supposed lava has assumed, in cooling, the primitive form which characterizes basalt.’*

Count Gazzola, the proprietor of the mountain, has a very large collection of these fossil fish in his museum at Verona; and another extensive collection was sold to the French Government, and is now in the museum of the *Jardin des Plantes* at Paris.

In the mountainous part of the Veronese territory, there grow Scotch fir, silver fir, and larix. The cypress, the usual ornament of the Veronese villas, is not indigenous, but is planted. Many woods of different kinds in the Veronese, were destroyed at the beginning of the last century, in order to bring under cultivation ground which was found better suited for wood.† Indian corn, here called *formentone*,‡ is grown in considerable quantities near Verona. where it was introduced about 200 years ago: it is also cultivated in Carniola and Styria, and in small quantities as far north as Prague. Olives are a good deal cultivated; and the oil that is made from the pulp alone, is esteemed nearly as good as the oil of Lucca. That which is made by bruising the kernels along with the pulp, is less agreeable, and sells at an inferior price. Peaches, melons, apples, pears, strawberries, and other fruits are abundant and of excellent

* Simond, p. 27. Cadell, vol. i. p. 118.

† Maffei *ap.* Cadell.

‡ It is called at Milan, *melgone*; in Piedmont, *granone*; in Tuscany, *gran-turco*; and is the *zea maiz* of Linnæus.

quality; and the white mulberry-tree is much cultivated between Verona and Mantua, and towards Vicenza. Mr. Simond describes the rows of mulberry-trees with vines trained over them, as appearing black with grapes. Being planted at wide intervals north and south, they do not injure by their shade the maize growing between; and three crops are thus annually obtained, silk, wine, and grain. In some places, five crops, simultaneous or successive, have been obtained in the same year.*

From Verona to Vicenza, the soil is gravelly, and the roads are excellent. The meadows are irrigated with great care as well as facility, by means of the numberless streams that flow into the Adige or towards the Gulf of Venice; the beds of which, being continually raised by the gravel they bring down, and artificially embanked, are for the most part above the general level of the plain. The fertility of the soil forms, however, a remarkable contrast with the general poverty of the inhabitants. Several large farming establishments may be seen, but no comfortable cottages or signs of wealth among the peasantry, who bear a very indifferent character. In travelling from Verona to Venice, nobody thinks of sleeping any where but at Vicenza or Padua; as a village in this part of Lombardy is thought to be little better than a

* In Lombardy, the hay harvest is in April; the corn-harvest, in June; the second crop, millet or green vegetables, in August; the vintage occupies September and October; and the olives are gathered about Christmas. The only good wine is the produce of the hills, the alluvial plains being much too rich and well-watered for the vine, which requires a dry soil, and affects declivities. Hence, '*Bacchus amat colles.*'

den of thieves, where the stranger would run no small risk of never rising from the bed in which he went to rest at night.

Vicenza (*Vicentia*) is about 30 miles from Verona. It is situated on the Bacchiglione, the *Meduacus Minor* of ancient geography, which flows on to Padua. It appears to have been, in the time of the Romans, a municipal town of little importance. It is now an episcopal city containing about 30,000 inhabitants; but all its interest and attraction are comprised in its splendid architecture. It is the birth-place, and might almost be termed the mausoleum of Palladio.

Verona is a handsome city, cheerful and full of interest: Vicenza with all its palaces looks miserable. There is an astonishing number of well-designed houses, many of which are of very fine architecture; and even those which do not deserve that praise, would, from their number and the richness of their ornaments, contribute to produce a great appearance of magnificence, if they were well kept up. But they are forlorn, neglected, and half uninhabited. 'If you ask your way in the streets, you are answered with the greatest civility, but your informant expects a few *centimes* for his trouble; and you are surprised to find yourself addressed by people of polished manners, and who, though not well-dressed, have all the appearance of having seen better days, asking if they can do any thing for you, and proffering their services to shew you the remarkable things in the city, in the hopes of obtaining a piece of one *lira*.*' Such

* Woods, vol. i. p. 238. The close of that year was a

was at least the state of things in 1816 ; and what can give a more melancholy picture of general depression and decay, than a people reduced to court the liberality of strangers, by shewing them the forlorn and mouldering edifices which, by their architectural magnificence, almost mock their present condition ? The Vicentines boast with enthusiasm of their Palladio, whose name is held in the highest veneration throughout Italy ; forgetting that his almost solitary name reproaches the poverty of modern genius.

Palladio was born at Vicenza in 1518, and died at the age of sixty-two, in 1580. Of a genius less bold and masculine than Sanmicheli, he is generally admitted to have excelled all his rivals in the elegance of his taste ; and many of his unexecuted designs are said to exhibit a higher degree of purity, simplicity, and correctness, than his existing works, in which he had, probably, to bend to the caprice of his patrons, or to submit to tasteless deviations from his designs. This appears to have been the case in the instance of the *Palazzo Chiericati* in this city, a very magnificent design in its greater parts, and in very pure taste, but much injured by ugly stucco ornaments over the windows, and wretched statues and pinnacles on

period of great distress in Italy. Mr. Rose, in a letter dated Sept. 1817, says : ‘ I have always revisited Vicenza with pleasure. Among the causes of satisfaction I had formerly found in it, was the comparative absence of that general misery which haunts one’s every step in Italy. I, this time, however, saw things sadly changed ; and Vicenza may now rank with the other cities of Lombardy, in the great and well-balanced scale of universal wretchedness.’—*Letters*, vol. i. p. 128.

the roof, which do not appear in the engraving in Palladio's works.* This palace is of two stories of unfluted columns, Doric below, and Ionic above. The lower columns are detached, and the Doric frieze, which is unbroken, is very beautiful, ornamented with shields and bulls'-heads in the metopes. The side columns of the upper range are detached, but the central columns are only three-quarters, the effect of which is very unpleasing.†

Palladio was not in fact the architect of all that is ascribed to him in Vicenza. Several of the palaces are the work of Vincenzo Scamozzi, who was born at Vicenza in 1550, and survived Palladio nearly thirty years. The *Palazzo Trissino* (or *Fressini*), one of the best works of this artist, is a noble edifice, though deficient, Mr. Woods thinks, in that undefinable grace of proportion

* See an article on the Palladian Architecture in Quart. Review, No. lxiii. (June 1825.) The writer states, that Signore Pinale of Verona is the fortunate possessor of some very valuable original designs of Palladio, which were never executed, and which perhaps do him more credit than any of his existing edifices.

† Mr. Woods thought the solidity occasioned by filling up the central spaces so offensive, where all the rest is open, that no pleasing impression can be produced by the building. The inosculating columns at the angles of the centre, he says too, displease every body. Mr. Forsyth was delighted with the 'harmonious distribution of *solid* and *void*, the happy something between flat and prominent,' in the elevation of the Palladian palaces, which 'charms both in front and in profile;' and he eulogises 'that *maestria* which calls in columnus, not to encumber, but to support, and reproduces ancient beauty in combinations unknown to the ancients themselves.' Mr Forsyth's taste was generally correct, but more poetical, perhaps, than scientific.

which constitutes the marking beauty of Palladio's architecture. It is a building of two stories. The basement is supported by Ionic columns, the upper by Corinthian, both unfluted. The upper entablature is unhappily broken, and the high, unmeaning arch in the centre, and the double pilasters which separate the centre from the wings, are objected to as great defects.

Among the other palaces which may be pointed out as the most remarkable, are, the *Palazzo Barbarani*, which, with exceptions, in the decorative parts, is of excellent composition, and presents in its unbroken entablatures, a simplicity not usual in the Palladian architecture; the *Palazzo del Conte Orazio da Porta*, one of the most correct of Palladio's designs, and in the highest degree graceful and pleasing, though never completed; the *Palazzo Valmarana*,—the proportions, except some of the subordinate parts, excellent, and the distribution at once beautiful and uncommon; the *Palazzo Tiene al Castello*, of which Count Marc Antonio Tiene, the friend of Palladio, is said to have been the architect,—it consists of two orders, Corinthian and Composite, with an attic, and is pronounced by Mr. Woods to be, though not faultless, altogether very beautiful; and the *Palazzo Capitanale*, by Scamozzi,—a magnificent composition, had it been completed, but the brick columns, with the stucco half peeled off, have a most forlorn appearance.

The house said to have been that of Palladio, is not very pleasing, and it is doubtful whether he was the architect. The *Fabbrica Conte Porto al Castello*, is a fragment attributed by some persons

to Palladio, by others to Scamozzi, who disclaimed it. 'Whoever was the architect,' says Mr. Woods, 'we may certainly pronounce it a noble design, although a very small part has been executed, and that fragment is nearly in ruins. It would have consisted of a range of Composite columns placed on high detached pedestals, and these on high double plinths.' In all these buildings, the fronts, and even the columns, are of brick, the entablatures of wood; and the stucco with which both have been covered, is peeling off. The meanness of the materials thus exposed, detracts of course very much from the magnificence of the city, but leaves undiminished the merit of the architect.

The Basilica, or *Palazzo della Ragione*, as the town-hall is called, is an example, in the restoration and adaptation of an old Gothic building, of the characteristic merits and defects of this great architect. The result, Mr. Woods says, is rich and harmonious, although, without the greatest nicety of tact, the composition would have been displeasing, as it is not in agreement with the arrangement of the anterior building, and the columns are independent of the apparent strength of the edifice, with broken entablatures.* The great roof, which is too high for the building, is

* 'Even when obliged to contend with the coarsest Gothic at *La Ragione*, how skilfully has Palladio screened the external barbarisms of that reversed hulk, by a Greek elevation as pure as the original would admit!' Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 129. It consists of two orders, Doric, surmounted with Ionic. The whole building is 217 feet by 124. The Last Judgement, by Titian, in this hall, 'is said to contain 13,000 visible heads, besides a multitude of invisible ones!'—Woods, vol. i. p. 249.

not the fault of Palladio. Internally, the lower part is a market; the upper, a great hall, which is not handsome. In the piazza in front of this building, stand two large marble columns, which were erected here when the Venetian Republic became mistress of Vicenza. One of them is surmounted with the statue of St. John the Baptist: the other bore a winged lion.

A triumphal arch leading to the *Campo Marzo*, is another Palladian structure. But the boast of Palladio and of Vicenza, is the theatre of the Olympic Academy, in which, to use the words of Forsyth, 'we see this great practical antiquary restoring what, in his time, was lost to the world, the interior of an ancient theatre.' The proscenium, which is of wood, represents a magnificent arch looking down diverging streets, which are formed of wood on the principles of perspective. In the middle avenue, a very considerable effect of distance is obtained; those on each side, opening into the middle, are nearly lost; those of the second openings on the right and left, look pretty well from certain points of view; the end ones are failures. The proscenium is, in its architecture, very rich, but is miserably broken into small parts. It consists of two orders and an attic, has clustered columns and pilasters, with breaks upon breaks, and abounds with figures and bas-reliefs, while the legitimate richness arising from fluting the columns and ornamenting the friezes, has been neglected.* The seats of the spectators are incon-

* Critics differ respecting this theatre. Mr. Woods thinks that the scene, the part most admired, borders upon trumpery. Mr. Forsyth finds fault with the wood and

veniently narrow, and nearly as high as they are wide, rising above each other in a semi-circle, and finished at top with a Corinthian colonnade of beautiful proportions. A profusion of statues ornaments the building, but the roof has hitherto been only a temporary covering of wood, the funds of the theatre not having allowed of the completion of the design. A Vicentine noble has, however, left a sum for the purpose of adding a vaulted roof, according to the plan of the architect, which will very greatly improve the effect, and render it one of the most beautiful of modern theatres. It is now seldom used for public performances; but in 1816, a concert was given in it, when the Emperor Francis honoured this city with his presence. There is a smaller theatre, but it will not contain above 500 persons.

The Gothic architecture of Vicenza is of little

stucco. 'The wooden streets of Scamozzi,' he says, 'should be swept away, and all the decorations of the scene, as well as the columns of the precinction, be converted into the finest marble.' Mr. Galiffé admits, that the scene produces a very good effect as mere decoration, without reference to the actors; but, as their length is scarcely more than twenty feet, (exaggerated to the eye by the illusion of perspective,) a person who comes up from the furthest end, must appear quite gigantic and extravagantly out of proportion to the scene. Even the pleasure of the optical illusion is imperfect; for there is but one part of the theatre from which it produces its full effect, namely, the middle of the fourth row; but of these rows there are fourteen. . . . There may be room in all for about 1000 spectators. To these objections is added the obvious remark, that there are very few plays which this scene of action would suit; and the discovery of the ancient theatres at Herculaneum and Pompeii, proves that, with regard to the stage, Palladio was mistaken in his plan of fixed scenery.—Galiffé, vol. i. pp. 102—4.

value. The Duomo has a façade which exhibits an ugly mixture of different styles : the interior is a single nave nearly sixty feet in width, to which neither the height nor the length is in proportion. The pillars, which are placed against the wall, belong to the pointed architecture which prevailed in this part of Italy during the thirteenth century. The church of Sta. Corona is the best edifice of the middle ages in this city, and contains a fine picture, The Adoration of the Magi, by Paul Veronese. S. Lorenzo is now converted into a barn. The original church of Sta. Maria del Monte (or the Madonna di Monte Berico), situated on a hill two miles from the town, was small and of pointed architecture ; but a large new part has been added, in the form of a Greek cross, which internally is very beautiful. What was the length of the old church, is the breadth of the present building. It has a cupola ; and the general effect resembles that of Sir Christopher Wren's church of St. Stephen, Walbrook.

A portico or covered gallery, 820 yards in length, leads up from a triumphal arch to this church.* The arch is simple and elegant, imitated in some degree from that of Titus, but is surmounted with a ridiculous little lion, and angels are represented on the spandrels. Another approach to the church is by a stair of 194 steps.

* Mr. Pennington describes this noble covered way as 'cut out of the solid rock.' One of the same sort, at Bologna, leads to the Madonna di San Luca. Mr. Woods represents it as remarkable for nothing but its length, no ingenuity being displayed in overcoming the ill effects of sloping architecture.

The hill on which it stands, commands a prospect which of itself repays the toil of the ascent. An immense tract of unbroken level surface, rich with wood and cultivation, and diversified by the windings of the little river Bacchiglione, is seen to the southward; and the distant spires of Padua, and even of Venice, may be descried. On the western side, you look down on the city of Vicenza with its Palladian palaces. Northward, the mountains of Bassano, commencing at this point, sweep boldly round towards the head of the Adriatic, backed by the peaked summits of the more distant Alps, spotted or capped with snow, and clothed with mists and vapours.

A fine natural terrace, forming part of this hill, leads down to the Rotunda, a villa belonging to the Capra family. 'This,' says Mr. Woods, 'is certainly Palladio's design, and must have been nearly completed by him, although Scamozzi lays claim to the honour of terminating it, with some alteration.* Externally, it partakes of the desolate condition of everything at Vicenza; but still, it is exquisitely beautiful; and the situation, at the extremity of a point of hill advancing from the general line, is not less delightful. No other position would have suited the house so well, and no other house, either larger or smaller, or with any other arrangement, would have been so well adapted to the situation.' The plan is a square,

* Mr. Woods is willing to attribute to Scamozzi, the heavy and inharmonious cornices of the doors, &c. The too frightful oval holes for windows in each pediment, are not in the original design; and the entablature over the column is strangely broken, for the purpose of placing an inscription over the middle intercolumniation.

with four fronts, each having an Ionic portico. In the centre is a circular saloon, lighted from the cupola, of which, however, there is no external appearance. From this, the building takes its name. Internally, it is equally admirable. It looks smaller than it really is, owing to the preposterously massive ornaments about the doors. The rooms form one suite of apartments. Four of these are intended for bed-rooms; but this, according to the system of Italian manners, would be no objection to their being thrown open to receive company; and here, at whatever hour of the day, you are sure of shade, air, and beautiful scenery,—luxuries which, under an Italian climate, may compensate for the absence of the comforts and conveniences of an English mansion. ‘It would be difficult,’ Mr. Woods remarks, ‘to accommodate the design to our climate and manners, without spoiling it, even if a suitable situation could be found. In this essential particular, the three imitations we have, are all remarkably deficient.’* The *Monte* is the favourite residence of the Vicentine gentry, and is covered with their seats and *casinos*.

Few antiquities are contained within the walls of Vicenza. Some ruins of a Roman theatre, the remains of an imperial palace, and a statue of Iphigenia, preserved by the Dominicans, are all

* One of these imitations is the Duke of Devonshire’s villa at Chiswick: we do not know the other two. Mr. Forsyth considers the Vicentine villas as ‘models more adapted to resist both our climate and our reasoning taste, than the airy, extravagant structures of the South.’ Palladio is said to have taken the idea of the Rotonda from a small structure near Padua.

that have escaped the ravages of time and the devastation of barbarians. In the palace of the Countess Vecchia, there are said to be some fine paintings by Luca Giordano and Tiepolo; but almost all the valuable pictures in the city, were carried off by the French.

Vicenza has manufactures of silk, woollen, and leather; and the Austrian Government has endeavoured to encourage them, by prohibiting the introduction of all foreign manufactures, but with little success. The principal clothing towns in the Vicentine are those of Tiente, Arzignano, and Valdagno. The natives of this province, generally, discover an ingenuity, a shrewdness, and a genius as well as turn for manufactures, which distinguish them remarkably from the Paduans and the inhabitants of the other parts of the Venetian Government. Mr. Stewart Rose, who resided for some time at Vicenza and in its neighbourhood, represents the difference as most striking to a traveller coming from the south. ‘As you enter the Vicentine state, you may observe a visible improvement in the mode of cultivation. The fields are kept cleaner, and every thing indicates superior industry and exactness...’* If we except the resemblance of dialect, and some community of trifling customs, Calais and Dover are not more unlike, than these two towns (Padua and Vicenza),

* This appearance of superior industry extends to the Veronese;—on leaving which, Mr. Rose says, ‘you perceive that, though you have turned your back upon Padua, you are approaching *alios elephantes*—the lumbering Lombard inhabitants of the Milanese.’ But this Traveller is too fond of abusing the Lombards.

long subjected to the same Government, and connected by facilities of communication both by land and water. To say nothing of the *exteriorities* of the two cities, which present a most remarkable contrast, it would seem as if the inhabitants were of different blood,—as if a colony of Venetians, making a knight's move, had leaped over Padua, and established themselves at Vicenza, taking, perhaps, something of a new colouring from the change.*

More than half of the Vicentine gentry are counts; and this designation is so common, that the beggar almost always accosts the stranger as *Sior Conte benedeto*. The appellation of countess is still more liberally applied to women of a genteel appearance, and stands in place of madam, as *sposa* does among the lower orders of some parts of Piedmont, and *padrona* among those of Mantua. In urbanity and love of gossip, Mr. Rose says, the citizens of Vicenza resemble and rival those of Florence; and their curiosity is proverbial throughout the North of Italy. About a century ago, the lower classes were notorious for engaging themselves as assassins; and a proverb is not yet out of date, which seems to authenticate the reproach: '*I Vicentini ladri e assassini.*' But the equal and rigorous administration of justice which the French introduced, is stated to have put a stop to this enormity; and assassination, except in cases of highway robbery, is now unknown.

Vicenza, in common with other parts of the

* Rose, vol. i. p. 154.

Venetian territory, is very liable to intermittent fevers; and Mr. Rose was led to make a curious calculation of the quantity of bark disposed of by 'the four considerable apothecaries and about a dozen inferior ones' in the city, during the summer and autumn, which, supposing his data to be correct, would make it amount to 3000*lb.* of bark; and this he computes to be more than sufficient to cure 24,000 agues. Yet, the city itself is comparatively salubrious.

In the mountains to the north of Vicenza, is the little district of Asiago, inhabited by a Teutonic colony known under the name of the *Sieben Perghe* or *Sette Comuni*. The district which they occupy, is an area of eighty-six square Italian miles; containing, in addition to the seven burghs, twenty-four villages, and a population of about 25,000 souls.* It is almost entirely mountainous, and the site of the capital is 800 toises above the level of the sea. Its most precise limits are, the Brenta, on the east; the Astico (a branch of the Bacchiglione), on the west; the Tyrolian Alps form its northern boundary, and to the south, it has the volcanic hills extending from Marostria to Caltrano. The tract of the Seven Commons is itself calcareous.

'The moral character of this people,' Mr. Rose informs us, 'who till lately enjoyed a comparatively free government, is, like that of most free men, and more especially of free mountaineers, simple, frank, and good. For the rest, their cus-

* The dreadful year of pestilence and famine (1816) had reduced them from 30,000 to 25,000 souls

toms savour of a race long insulated from their neighbours. Some of these (but such are principally confined to the less civilized villages) remind one of some of the Celtic usages. Thus, they *wake* their dead the night before interment, performing certain games about the bier. If a traveller dies by the way, they plant a cross upon the spot, and all who pass, cast a stone upon his cairn. Some go, on certain seasons of the year, to the high places and woods, where it is supposed they worshipped their divinities ; but the origin of the custom is forgotten among themselves, they alleging no better reason for the practice, than that their fathers did so before them. If a man dies by violence, instead of clothing him as the dead are usually clothed, they lay him out with a hat upon his head and shoes upon his feet, seeking to give him the appearance of a way-faring man, perhaps as symbolizing one surprised in the great journey of life. If a woman dies in child-birth, they lay her out, set off with all her bridal ornaments. Such are some of the most remarkable of their customs and observances.

‘ This people, in the simplicity of their modes of life, are sufficient to themselves, cultivating all the productions of agriculture, except the vine, which their mountains are too cold to produce, and manufacturing all necessary articles, in some of which they even drive an export trade to Venice and the circumjacent cities. But the general mode of life is pastoral and migratory. When their mountains are covered with snow,’ (early in October,) ‘ they descend, in search of warmth and herbage, to the plains ; and you may see their beasts feeding on the ramparts of Padua, and the masters huddled

under the walls. The same may be observed of them in all the odd corners and suburbs of Vicenza, and various other lowland towns.

‘ There is something very remarkable in the physiognomy of this people, who bear about them evident marks of a Teutonic origin. This is a wide word ; and there are those who trace them up to a more certain stem, and will have them to be the remains of the wreck of the Cimbri, defeated by Marius and Catulus. This opinion derives some countenance from Strabo, who, in his fifth book, among other races whom he plants in this tract of country, specifies the “ *Simbri, è quibus nomini Romano hostes extiterunt aliqui.*” But it is always to be remembered, that he speaks of different nations occupying the country I am describing, and of the scattered *Simbri*, or *Cimbri*, as only one among several. But, if the region was occupied at the first, as it should appear, by various tribes, these mongrel mountaineers mixed their blood, in after times, with several other swarms, issuing out of what has been called the great northern hive. Ancient historians have recorded many such local irruptions, and, above all, *that* in the time of Theodoric, who assigned to a quantity of Northern men, habitations and lands among these mountains. Instead, therefore, of considering these people as legitimate sons of the *Cimbri*, it is surely more consonant to all the evidence of history, to say, that the flux and reflux of Teutonic invaders at different periods, deposited this back-water of barbarians, who have no better title to the denomination they have assumed, than

the inhabitants of Kent and Sussex have to a Belgic, or those of Suffolk to a Danish origin.*

‘ It should seem that the fidelity with which they served the lords to whom they became subject, had won from those petty tyrants many privileges at an early period of modern Italian story; and there exist authentic monuments of those accorded them by the Viscontis and the Scaligers. They did not experience less indulgence from the Venetian Republic on falling under her dominion; for though they were subjected, as to many points, to the provincial government of the circle in which they lay, they, in many other respects, legislated for themselves, and may be said to have had a parliament of their own, whose place of sittings is still to be seen in the town of Asiago. It will, however, be scarcely necessary to add, that the *Sette Comuni* lost their privileges on being subjected to the yoke of Austria. They are now entirely subjected to the provincial government of Vicenza.†

From Vicenza to Padua (properly Padova), a distance of eighteen miles, a well-made road, higher than the level of the fields, runs between ditches, over the low and fertile plain. All beauty of scenery

* Mr. Rose has given a brief specimen of the language of the *Sette Comuni*. A complete vocabulary has been furnished by Marco Pezzi, in his work *Dei Cimbri Veronesi e Vicentini*. Veron. 1763. It comes so near to the modern German, that there would seem to be little room to doubt their being a comparatively recent colony. Panvinus* is the earliest author who notices the tradition respecting these Italian *Cimbri*.—Cramer’s Italy, vol. i. p. 125.

† Rose’s Letters, vol. i. pp. 247–252; 256.

now disappears. Willows in all their pollard ugliness, and long, lank poplars, trimmed up to the top, afford a yearly crop of faggots, the only fuel of the country, and contribute their full share of deformity towards its general appearance. The tops of the pollarded trees, near Vicenza, may be seen cut almost in the shape of goblets, for the sake of holding what are called *scartoffi*,—the leaves of the maize, placed there for drying. Potatoes are often cultivated amidst the corn. On the road may be seen immense butts full of grapes, mounted upon clumsy waggons, to which they are secured by such iron rings and chains as would hold a frigate at her moorings, dragged along by four, six, or eight oxen, when a proper vehicle would not require more than a pair. These oxen are very fine animals, of a large breed, of an ashy-grey colour, but almost white on the back, and with immensely large horns, which are often tipped with steel. Such is the care taken to keep them clean, that, to prevent the long tufty tail from gathering dirt, it is fastened to their side by a girth fantastically bedecked with artificial flowers and knots of ribbons. Ladies and gentlemen are also met driving about in shabby little carriages on two high wheels, drawn by a poor jade of a horse harnessed with ropes. Mounted behind the vehicle is seen the driver,—an ill-looking boy with uncombed locks and naked legs, of the colour of red ink up to the knees from having been in the wine tub, treading grapes,*— who brandishes

* ‘The process of refining wine, more necessary here than elsewhere, though used in every other country of Europe,

his whip over the heads of his master and mistress, vociferating encouragement and threats to the poor beast with all his might. In contrast to this 'gig-horse,' may be seen, however, a breed of stout carriage horses, bull-necked and muscular, generally black, with flowing manes and tails, and trotting high; the living models of antique horses, but a totally different animal from the Arabian. The flocks of sheep exhibit too, Mr. Simond says, 'a sort of antique make and cast of countenance, such as is seen in ancient bas-reliefs, with aquiline noses, pendulous ears, and long legs.' The shepherds still wear their long brown cloaks thrown over one shoulder *à l'antique*. The breed of hogs, for which the swampy forests of Lombardy were famous in ancient times, struck this Traveller as superior to that of the sheep.*

'Padua,' says Mr. Rose, 'is a city which, beyond all other unhappy towns, disappoints the expectations of the traveller. Its streets, flanked on both sides with arcades, present such an appearance of melancholy monotony as leaves no room for regret that Nero did not realize, as he intended, the same design at Rome, though it is true that these afford a great convenience in the hot, and in the rainy season. Add dirt to dulness, and to that an air little superior to what is breathed by a cat in an air-pump, and you will have an adequate idea of Padua. The ugliness, however,

is unknown in Italy, where people drink their wine, dregs, dirt, and all.'—Rose's Letters, vol. i. p. 194.

* Simond, pp. 31, 2.—Bishop Burnet remarks, that all the cattle of Italy are grey and white, and all their hogs black, except in the Bolognese, where they are red.

of an Italian city is never unredeemed deformity; and even Padua has one pleasing and interesting feature in the *Prà dela Vale*

‘The *Prà dela Vale*, formerly a marsh, (as its name implies,) bears some resemblance to a London square; but the interior, the principal point of likeness, is inclosed and ornamented in a very different style. This is shut off by a circular branch of running water, brought from the Brenta, the banks of which are fringed with a double rank of statues, the exterior facing outwards, and the interior, inwards. These are all worthies of the place; and it may be remarked, that this sort of apotheosis of their citizens (as here and at Verona) is peculiar to Venetian towns.

‘Still, this is the only local beauty in Padua; yet is this city the favourite summer residence of the Venetians, who here re-enact the same round of life which they live in the place of St. Mark. One would imagine, that if he had no taste for rural beauties, the Venetian might choose a more salutary air; and that he had had enough of mosquitoes, not to seek a place where they may be said to have established their head-quarters, and only to divide their power with the flies and fleas.’*

In this account of the place will easily be detected something of the spirit of caricature, as the spirit of romance characterizes the following very slight but lively sketch, which may serve as an agreeable preface to more detailed description.

‘I spent two days in Old Padua. It is a place where I could for many weeks have lingered. I think it suited to a reading, sauntering man.†

* Rose, vol. i. pp. 51—3.

† ‘Padua,’ says Forsyth, ‘has contracted from its long,

There are long arcades, and there are old-fashioned houses, and old-fashioned furniture, and book-stalls at the street-corners. There is a pleasant river, and there are green gardens, and turf ramparts, and the snowy Alps are to be seen from them. The building of the University is very small: it has a court with a cloister below and galleries above; on the walls are many coats of arms of those who have studied at "learned Padua." You may look into the bare and empty schools. At the time I was there, it was a season of vacation, and very few students were to be seen in the city.

' In the centre of a large open space, or square, there is an adorned spot, called *Prato della Valle*. It is a circular meadow, with flagged walks, with a small canal round it. On either bank of this canal are placed the statues of all the famous men who were taught at Padua. This island promenade, having seats, and shrubs, and ornamental monuments, and vases, and magically guarded all round by these silent protectors of the fame of Old Padua, is a pleasant place to stroll in. You will meet no one, and may talk to yourself unobserved: indeed, you may do *that* anywhere in Italy; for moving lips and the gestures of delight or disappointment, as men walking alone express those feelings, excite no astonishment in Italy. The church of *Santa Giustina*, in a corner of this square, is a noble building, and the interior light and grand. As you look at four large and four smaller cupolas from without, it is mosque-like. The church of *S. Antonio*, the tutelar saint, is a low porticoes and its gloomy churches, a grave, old vacancy of aspect.'

curious old Gothic edifice, with pictures, tombs, shrines, four organs, and, when I was in it, a most numerous congregation. After mass, the crowd of country devotees came flocking to the chapel of the sanctuary, where the relics of St. Anthony are preserved, and kissed every statue and small relief around. There is, near this church, an equestrian statue, in bronze, of a Venetian general;* and there is a college near, with fresco paintings by Titian and his school, representing the life and miracles of St. Anthony.

‘ They shew you a curious old house, which they call that of the great Livy. This can no more be swallowed by the greediest hunter after recollections and sensations, than the tomb of Antenor in another street. Livy’s house is, however, just such a one as an old lover of black-letter books would like for his dwelling.† One of the finest and most singular buildings here, is the large hall in the Palace of Justice. It is 300 feet long and 100 feet broad, and very lofty; yet is there no pillar or column to support the roof. The walls are painted in small compartments, with curious scenes and symbols. There is a monument here to the memory of Livy; and one to a chaste matron who defended her honour to the death about two centuries ago. At the bottom of the hall are two Egyptian statues, black and lion-headed, the gifts of Belzoni to his native city. But for the bold impulses of his nature, and his fearless following of them, Belzoni might have lived and died shaving beards in Padua.

* The Captain-General Gatta Melata.

† Mr. Woods inquired for the house of Livy in 1816, but, was told that it is destroyed.

‘ There are many other things to see here. Two rivers flow through the town. There are squares with porticoes ; there are the remains of the ancient city’s walls ; there are some handsome gates ; and as the space within the later fortifications (now all neglected) is large, you find gardens, and almost country houses, within the gates. Everything a man might require to make life easy, would be procurable at Padua ; and such men as love that old book, Burton’s *Anatomy of Melancholy*, might carry it with them to a quiet lodging in Padua, and sit in the shade and eat grapes in the summer, and pile up a wood-fire and drink good wine in the winter, and live in peace. I am speaking only to college-hermits, or antiquaries, or weavers of old tales ; solitary, forlorn men, unwedded, and without professions, or health for active life : such, I am sure I do not err, such men would like Padua.’*

Now let us hear what the architect has to say of Padua.

To begin with the church of St. Anthony of Padua, ‘ the most powerful of miracle-workers,’ who has been allowed, it seems, to take usurped possession of an edifice originally consecrated to the Madonna. Mr. Woods describes it as ‘ a vast pile of uncommon ugliness in every part ; exhibiting seven domes, with a small octagonal tower above the gable of the front, two high octagonal towers near the choir, and a lofty cone in the centre, surmounted by an angel.’ The architect of the façade, which is 128 feet long and 93 feet high, is said to have been Niccola da Pisa, to

* *Scenes and Impressions, &c., pp. 402—7.*

whom is also attributed the design of the whole edifice. According to the current account, preparations were made almost immediately after the death and canonization of the *Gran Taumaturgo*, for erecting an immense church in his honour ; but political disorders suspended the execution, so that no material progress was made till 1259. In 1307, the whole was finished, except one cupola and the internal work of the choir, which was not perfected till 1424. The church is 326 feet in length, 160 feet wide in the transept, and 128 feet high in the domes. The internal architecture is so odd and complicated, that it would require a very long description to make the arrangement understood, and would not repay the trouble. The doubt suggests itself, however, whether this strange piece of architecture is not, in part at least, a *rifacimento*,—whether the cupolas and the façade have not been grafted upon the original edifice, and the awkwardness and complication of the plan may not be the result of incongruous adaptation.* A circular sanctuary behind the choir, forms evidently no part of the original structure.

The shrine of the saint is as splendid as gold and marble can make it ; and the lower part, which is a range of five arches on columns, is good ; the top is overloaded with a double attic. Round about it are representations, in *mezzo relievo*,

* It is Addison who states, that the church was formerly consecrated to the Blessed Virgin ; we know not on what authority. Evelyn describes the church, in 1645, as consisting of only *five* handsome cupolas leaded, and styles it '*a la Greca*.' He was possibly mistaken in the number of domes ; otherwise two must since have been added.

of the miracles ascribed to St. Anthony, 'exquisitely wrought in white marble' (as Evelyn has it) 'by the three famous sculptors, Tullius Lombardus, Jacobus Sansovinus, and Hieronymo Compagno. A little higher is the quire, walled, parapet fashion, with sundry coloured stone, half-*relievo*, the work of Andrea Riccii.* The wainscot of the quire is rarely inlaid and carved. Here are the sepulchres of many famous persons, as of Rodolphus Fulgosi, &c.; and among the rest, one that for an exploit at sea has a galley exquisitely carved thereon.†

The body of the Saint is said to be inclosed in a sarcophagus under the altar. 'There are narrow clefts,' says Addison, 'in the monument that stands over him, where good Catholics rub their beads, and smell his bones, which, they say, have in them a natural perfume, though very like apoplectic balsam; and what would make one suspect that they rub the marble with it, it is observed that the scent is stronger in the morning than at night.‡ There are abundance of inscriptions and pictures hung up

* Andrea Crispo Briosio, surnamed Il Riccio. Mr. Woods mentions two bronze pannels by this artist as very fine. 'The figures are numerous, and there is a good deal of character and variety in the heads both of men and horses. There is also a magnificent bronze candelabrum, fifteen feet high, by the same artist.'

† Evelyn's Mem. vol. i. p. 193.

‡ Eustace says, that when *he* visited the *Santo*, the source of ointment had long been dried, the perfumes had evaporated, the crowds of votaries had disappeared; and he somewhat indistinctly intimates a doubt of the veracity of our 'illustrious Traveller,' which reflects only discredit upon himself.

by his votaries in several parts of the church ; for it is the way of those that are in any signal danger, to implore his aid ; and if they come off safe, they call their deliverance a miracle, and perhaps hang up the picture or description of it in the church.* The blaze of tapers and the smoke of incense still surround the gorgeous shrine of the wonder-working saint, but his remains have lost the power of emitting celestial odours. His chin and tongue—that tongue which uttered the edifying sermon to the fishes of the Adriatic, that drew from them the mute shew of gratitude and profound humility†—are preserved in a separate chapel, in a crystal vessel ; and the precious relic is shewn to all who have the curiosity to see it. The portrait of St. Anthony, in fresco, by Giotto, adorns the walls of the choir. It represents a fat, contented-looking personage, with an intelligent, good-humoured countenance, and nothing about him of the ascetic. Bishop Burnet speaks of the devotion that was paid to this saint all over Lombardy in his time, as amazing. ‘ He is called, by way of excellence, *Il Santo*, and the beggars generally ask alms for his sake.’ This is in character, for he was a Franciscan. Though he takes his name from this city, where he died in 1230, he

* Addison’s Remarks, p. 47.—This custom of hanging up votive pictures, limbs in wax, &c., which often sadly disfigures the Roman churches, is ‘ certainly derived,’ as Addison remarks, ‘ from the old heathen, who used, upon their recovery, to make an offering in wood, metal, or clay, of the part that had been afflicted with distemper to the deity that delivered them.’

† The legend is given at length by Addison in Italian and English.

was born at Lisbon. So great was the odour of his sanctity or the fame of his miracles, that he was canonized within a year of his death by Pope Gregory IX.

The church of *Sta. Giustina*, attached to a magnificent Benedictine abbey, is mentioned by Evelyn as an 'excellent piece of architecture of Andrea Palladio.' Bishop Burnet describes it as 'a church so well ordered within, the architecture is so beautiful, and it is so well enlightened, that, if the outside answered to the inside, it would be one of the best churches of Italy;* but the building is of brick, and it hath no frontispiece. There are many new altars, made as fine as they are idolatrous, all full of statues of marble. This abbey hath 100,000 ducats of revenue, and so by its wealth one may conclude that it belonged to the Benedictine order.' Addison speaks of this church in terms of similar admiration, describing it as the most handsome, luminous, disencumbered building in the inside, that he had ever seen, and as esteemed by many artists one of the finest works in Italy.

The nave of this church is covered with a line of five cupolas, and the transept has on each side a single cupola deeper and broader than the others. Although these produce a good effect in the interior, they give to the outside of the church a resemblance to a mosque, and, with one high

* The external stone casing has never been executed, for a very sufficient reason, Mr. Forsyth says; 'not the want of money, but the possession of it. Some pious simpleton, as they represented to me, ambitious to figure on so grand an edifice, left a large sum which the monks were to enjoy until they completed the front!'

tower, render it almost as ugly, Mr. Woods says, as that of St. Anthony. The first thing that struck this Traveller in the interior, was the whitewash with which walls, columns, and arches, are covered. 'It is wonderful,' he remarks, 'how much this empty glare can spoil the effect of the finest building. After the first impression of this had passed off, I admired with the rest of the world. The excellence of the building consists in the great space between the piers, equal to the width of the nave, and the loftiness of the side arches. The nave is 182 feet long, 35 feet wide, and 82 feet high; the aisles are 19 feet wide, and 41 feet high. The transept is 252 feet long, 39 wide, and 82 high. The piers of the nave are twelve feet square. Two little chapels open into each of the recesses forming the side-aisle. These are badly managed, and the details are execrable; but the general disposition has an appearance of space and airiness which is very magnificent.'

Mr. Forsyth seems to have been equally impressed with the grandeur of the architecture of *Santa Giustina*. The Ionic aisles, he says, 'stand in that middle sphere between the elegant and the sublime, which may be called the noble.' 'This church,' he adds, 'like a true Benedictine, is rich in the spiritual and the temporal, in sculpture and painting, in the bones of three thousand saints, and the disputed bodies of two apostles.* Paul Veronese's Martyrdom of St.

* After mentioning a stone on which divers primitive Christians are said to have been decapitated, Evelyn adds: 'In another place, to which leads a cloister well painted, is a dry well, covered with a brass-work grate, wherein are the

Justina still remains here. Periodi's Dead Christ is a grand composition in statuary, without one particle of the sublime.'

The Abbey itself deserves attention. Evelyn mentions the dormitory as exceedingly commodious and stately; but what pleased him most was 'the old cloister, so well painted with the legendary saints, mingled with many ancient inscriptions and pieces of urns, dug up, it seems, at the foundation of the church.'

The foundations of *Sta. Giustina* are said to have been begun in 1502; but the soil was found so loose and marshy, that little progress could be made: one hole was so large and deep, that it swallowed up all the materials prepared for the whole edifice. The work was therefore suspended till 1521, when it was resumed on a different design, but so as to make use of the old foundations. This was the work of Andrea Crispo (Il Riccio); and the building was finished in seventy years. The design, however, is said to have been furnished by Palladio.†

bones of divers martyrs. They shew also the bones of St. Luke in an old alabaster coffin; three of the Holy Innocents; and the bodies of St. Maximus and Prosdocius (St. Peter's disciple, first bishop of Padua). — Evelyn's Mem. vol. i. p. 194. We know not to what two apostles Mr. Forsyth refers; but he has apparently mistaken the names of the saints.

† Woods, vol. i. p. 248. Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 125. The first architect is said to have been P. Girolamo di Brescia. If Bishop Burnet had not mentioned the cupolas, we should have been led to suspect that they were added since Evelyn's time, as he speaks only of 'a stately cupola covering the high altar,' which, he says, 'is of *pietra commessa*, consisting of flowers very naturally done;' and 'the quire is inlaid

The Cathedral is a large church of Grecian architecture, built of brick, but intended to receive a stone front, which has not been executed. The plan seems to consist of two Greek crosses, one beyond the other, of which the further one is the larger. This church contains nothing curious or remarkable, except a miraculous Madonna, painted by Giotto in the style of the Greek image-makers, and sparingly exhibited under a gauze veil; a modern monument to Petrarch, who was a canon of this cathedral; and his portrait, in the sacristy; in which also there is a Madonna and Child, by Titian.*

One of the Gothic buildings which appeared to Mr. Woods the most striking, is the church of the *Eremitani*; not so much from any architectural beauty as for the effect of light. It is a simple room, without columns or pilasters, and with a wooden roof of no merit. The original light seems to have been a small circular window at the western end; but two side windows have been added. The walls are adorned with altars, though without recesses; but at the end is an *apsis* or recess for the high altar, which has three very small windows of its own, and, together with the altar itself, is rich with painting and gilding. In this church

with several sorts of wood, representing the holy history, finished with exceeding industry.'

* 'Another of Palladio's fine conceptions is the cathedral of Padua; slightly disfigured, however, by its seven cupolas, as *Sta. Justina* is by its eight.'—Simond, p. 65. This Traveller must refer to *S. Antonio* as the cathedral. Bishop Burnet says: 'The dome (*duomo*) is an ancient and mean building.'

there is a beautiful John the Baptist, by Guido, which seems almost to stand out in relief.

‘In the Baptistery, and in the church of the *Arena*, the principal objects are the paintings of Giotto and Giusto: in the productions of the latter, the relief is very perfect, in spite of the gilding with which, as usual in that age, the pictures abound.’

In the church of S. Rocco, there is a Madonna and Child behind the altar, which Mr. Woods mistook at first for one of those painted figures so common in Italian churches; and it was not till he revisited the church, that he discovered it to be an early painting by Bonconsigli.*

La Madre Dolente is mentioned by this Traveller as curious from its singular architecture. An oblong room, with a small cupola rising on four columns in the centre, leads to a circular structure covered with a larger dome, in which the groins are made to unite with the arch of entrance, and with those of four semi-circular side chapels: eight columns support a circular lantern above the dome, the altar standing in the centre.†

S. *Gaetano* is a small church, ‘only a dome and chapel, but a rich and splendid mass of beautiful marble, paintings, and sculpture.’‡ A fine picture by Titian, representing the Doge of Venice taking possession of Padua; a beautiful monument, by Canova, to the memory of Frederic William George, Prince of Orange Nassau, a general in the Austrian service, who died of a wound at Padua at the

* Woods, vol. i. pp. 247, 250.

† Ib. p. 249.

‡ Pennington, vol. ii. p. 204.

age of twenty-five; and two ancient tombs of the Carrara family; are to be seen in another church, of which we are unable to give the dedicatory name.*

Of the ninety-five churches which Padua is said to contain, we have now noticed all that we find described or even referred to by any of our travellers; probably all that are very remarkable. Among the other public buildings, the Town Hall, commonly called *Il Salone*, (otherwise the *Palazzo di Ragione* or *di Giustizia*,) has already been slightly mentioned, but it claims a further description. The building was commenced in 1172, but was not completed till 1306. It is boasted of as the largest room in Europe without columns; but the measurements are variously stated. According to Mr. Woods, it is not above 240 feet in length and 80 feet in breadth, while the usual statements make its length 300 feet, and the width, 100.† What is very singular, it is not

* Sketches of Italy, &c. vol. iv. p. 134. The Writer had forgotten the name of the church, and we find no mention of these tombs elsewhere. Mr. Simond says: 'All the churches of Padua were stripped of their gold and silver ornaments by the French, whose plunder was carried on systematically by commissioners; viz. Sibò, an Italian priest, who knew best where to lay his hands, and Fortis, a Frenchman.' Some of the treasures, however, appear to have escaped, and some were ransomed.

† The Author of Sketches in Italy exaggerates the width to 150 feet! Mr. Simond says: 'Its four insulated walls, not strengthened by abutments or mutual binding of any sort, have, for six hundred years and upwards, borne the weight of a cumbrous roof, and withstood unmoved the shocks of several earthquakes. Westminster Hall, 275 feet by 75, and supported every way, is nothing to this.' Clearly

rectangular. The roof is of dark, carved wood, shaped like a reversed keel, and is sustained by multitudes of iron ties (*chiave*). The walls were originally painted in fresco by Giotto and his scholars, but were 'retouched' in 1762, by Zannoni. In addition to the curiosities already referred to as contained in this Hall, may be mentioned the elevated stone, inscribed with the words *Lapis Vituperii*, which formerly served, by a simple process, all the purpose of our insolvent courts. Any unfortunate citizen who found himself unable to pay his debts, and was willing to swear that he was not worth five pounds, was thrice seated by the bailiffs upon this stone, bare, and in full hall, each time repeating the words *Cedo bonis*, and was by this ordeal cleared from liability to any further prosecution. 'But this is a punishment,' says Addison, 'that nobody has submitted to these four-and-twenty years.'*

Externally, this Hall is splendid in its own style, but that style is not beautiful. Its two fronts are ornamented with double open galleries; the lower story supported on low, massy columns, now

not, if this statement were in any respect accurate. Mrs. Starke, on the other hand, tells us, that the original ceiling, painted by Giotto, was destroyed in consequence of the roof *blowing off*! Evelyn describes the hall as 'all covered with lead.' The internal dimensions of King's College, Cambridge, are 291 feet by $45\frac{1}{2}$ and 78 in height.

* 'None of the confined debtors,' says Mr. Howard, in his *Observations on the Prisons of Padua*, 'would sit on the elevated stone in the great hall; and I was informed, that not one had submitted to this ignominy these ten years.' The same custom is said to have been formerly prevalent in other cities of Italy.

much concealed by shops placed between, and the upper on pillars of red Verona marble. Evelyn mentions it as having suggested the nobler design of the Hall of Justice at Vicenza. Adjacent to it is a very handsome edifice, the residence of the *PoDESTÀ*, the governor of the city.

One relic and monument of the barbarous ages will excite shuddering recollections in those whom Sismondi's interesting History of the Italian Republics has familiarized with the name of Ezzelino or Eccelino III., the ferocious lord of Padua, Vicenza, and Verona. The tower is still used as an observatory, from which, being much devoted to astrology, he is said to have watched the aspect and conjunctions of the planets,—

—— ‘an old dungeon tower,
Whence blood ran once, the tower of Ezzelin.’

The mention of this execrable tyrant, styled by Ariosto,—

—— ‘*immanissimo tiranno*
Che fia creduto figlio del demonio,’—

seems to call for a brief sketch of the political history of this ancient city

The poetic legend which ascribed the foundation of *Patavium* to Antenor, a Trojan prince, must be admitted to vouch at least for its high antiquity. In the 450th year of Rome, the ancient Patavinians are recorded to have repulsed from their shores a party of Spartan invaders, who, driven by contrary winds from Tarentum, had taken shelter at the mouth of the Brenta, near Fusina, and thence made a descent upon the defenceless villages. The shields of the Greeks and the beaks of their galleys, Livy informs us, were

suspended in the Temple of Juno ; and an annual mock fight on the Brenta, perpetuated the memory of the triumph. Strabo speaks of *Patavium* as the greatest and most flourishing city in the north of Italy. In his time, it numbered 500 Roman knights among its citizens, and could at one period send 20,000 men into the field. Its manufactures of cloth and woollen stuffs were renowned throughout Italy ; and its wealth, celebrity, and importance entitled it to be regarded as the capital of ancient Venetia. Vessels could come up to the city from the sea, a distance of 250 *stadia*, by the *Meduacus*, which had a capacious port at its mouth.*

After having shared in the glory of Rome, this city shared in her disasters ; was plundered and depopulated by the Goths, and successively bore the yoke of the Lombards, the Franks, and the Germans. In the twelfth century, Padua was governed, like the other cities of Lombardy, by its *podestat*, who was elected by the citizens ; but the office, from being at first the object of contest between rival factions, became at length the hereditary possession of the most powerful noble. At the time that the contests between the two great factions of Guelfs and Ghibellines were at their height, Eccelino da Romano, whose castles lay between Verona and Padua, was, under the influence of the Ghibelline party, chosen *podestat* of the former city. At his invitation, in 1236, the Emperor Frederic II. entered Italy, and after having sacked Vicenza, left his troops under the command

* Cramer, vol. i. pp. 120—122.

of his partisan, who obtained by his intrigues the possession of Padua. In the management of his new conquest, Eccelino acted with a vigour and policy which, had it been controlled by humanity, and sanctioned by justice, might have claimed admiration. He carried off hostages, enrolled citizens among his troops, and punished with signal severity all attempts at emigration. It was not till his authority was firmly established, that the sanguinary character of the tyrant began to develop itself in the most remorseless cruelties. The scaffold was made to flow with the blood of the numerous victims of his ambition or jealousy, among whom was his own nephew; and new prisons were built to receive in crowds the partisans or friends of those whom he had destroyed. Verona was cursed with the presence of the tyrant in person. Padua was governed by one of his nephews, Ansedisio de' Guidotti,—a monster as bloodthirsty as his master; and his other towns and castles were consigned to the rule of men of the same stamp.

The death of the Emperor Frederic II., in 1250, gave new energy to the ferocity of Eccelino. Considering himself now as an independent potentate, he signalized his absolute power by the murder of the most distinguished individuals in his dominions. The pretence of a detected conspiracy was seized to commence an unparalleled slaughter. Skilful merchants, enlightened advocates, prelates, and other ecclesiastics distinguished by their talents or piety, perished on the scaffold, and their property was confiscated. Noble matrons and delicate and beautiful virgins wasted away in unknown dun-

geons amid pestilence and every species of cruel injury. By day and by night might be heard the shrieks and groans of the tortured or the dying. One is ready to suspect of exaggeration the language of the contemporary chroniclers, who record the almost incredible atrocities of this insatiable homicide and 'envenomed dragon.' At length, the general abhorrence excited by his crimes, together with the more powerful motive of a dread of his talents and ambition, stirred up a crusade of the neighbouring powers against him, under the auspices of Pope Alexander IV. At its head were the archbishop of Ravenna, and Marco Badoero, a Venetian general; and the cities of Ferrara, Mantua, and Trent, with the powerful republic of Bologna, declared against the tyrant. On the banks of the Mincio, Eccelino received the intelligence that Padua had been carried by assault and pillaged by the crusaders. He had in his army, at this time, 11,000 Padovese, comprising one-third of his force. Fearing their defection, he contrived, by a series of perfidious measures, to secure the whole of that number, including the flower and strength of Padua, in different prisons, where, by famine, fire, or sword, they were all cut off, with the exception of about 200 persons. At last, in 1259, this enemy of the human race was defeated and made prisoner, in a bold attempt to make himself master of Milan. The Marquis d'Este, who was at the head of the victorious army, protected his captive from outrage, and surgical aid was offered him; but Eccelino sullenly rejecting all alleviation of his fate, is said to have torn open his wounds; and on the eleventh day of

his captivity, died at Soncino, in the 65th year of his age; 'for whose death,' says an old chronicler, 'may the name of the Lord be blessed through ages and ages, and beyond!''*

This specimen of the history of Italy in the middle ages, making every allowance for the colouring which the Guelfic prejudices of monkish chroniclers may have led them to throw into the composition, affords but too faithful a picture of those barbarous times. It is remarkable, that the year in which Eccelino perished, is that in which the building of the church of S. Antonio at Padua is said to have been recommenced; so soon had the clergy at least recovered from the effects of his tyrannical cruelties and exactions. Towards the close of this same century, the thirteenth, the University of Padua appears to have been first established by some professors and scholars who seceded from Bologna.† In the fourteenth century, Padua owned the sway of the Carrara family. At the beginning of the fifteenth, it had come into the possession of the Venetian Republic; and a law enacted in 1407, secured to it the exclusive privileges of a university, forbidding the teaching of any science, the rudiments of grammar excepted, in any other city of the Republic.

And now commences the era of the literary glory of Padua, where Dante, Petrarch, and Tasso,

* Sismondi, *Hist. des Républiques Italiennes*. See also Roscoe's *Landscape Annual*, 1830, pp 166—172.

† Tiraboschi, as cited by Cadell. Eustace says, 'about the end of the eleventh century,' but he is always inaccurate. In Malte Brun, we find 1221 given as the date of foundation.

and even our own Chaucer, are said to have prosecuted their studies.* During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, its university was crowded with scholars, attracted from all parts of Europe by the fame of its professors. Not only Christians, Greek and Latin, from Italy, Germany, Dalmatia, France, England, and Scotland, but even Turks, Persians, and Arabians are said to have come from the distant East, to study medicine and botany in the schools of *Padova la dotta*. Vesalius of Brussels, celebrated for his skill in anatomy throughout Europe, at the invitation of the Republic, filled the professorship of that science at Padua from 1537 to 1542. He was afterwards physician to the Emperor Charles V. The celebrated Faloppio was professor of anatomy in 1555; and Fabrizio de Aquapendente about 1594, at whose instance an anatomical theatre was first constructed at Padua, after the example of Pisa and Pavia. Of this learned man, our own Harvey became a pupil at the age of nineteen; and in his writings, he always expresses a high regard for his master. In the year 1602, Harvey was created doctor of physic and surgery in this university. Galileo was professor of natural philosophy at Padua, from 1592 to 1610; where, for some months (in 1609), his lectures were attended by Gustavus Adolphus, then at the age of fifteen, and afterwards the great champion of the Protestant cause in Germany. The botanic garden was founded in 1552, by the learned Daniel Barbaro, author of an edition of Vitruvius; and a professor-

* Petrarch studied law at Montpelier and Bologna.

ship of botany was instituted in the year following. Santorio, to whom both medicine and natural philosophy are greatly indebted, was professor of medicine during part of the sixteenth century. In 1700, Guglielmini was professor of hydraulic engineering; and the illustrious Morgagni was professor of anatomy during part of the eighteenth century. When the university was at its zenith, the number of students is said to have amounted to 15,000 or even 18,000; but this is probably an exaggeration.*

Evelyn, during his travels in Italy (1645), matriculated at this university, being 'resolved to spend some months here at study, especially of physic and anatomy, of both which there was now the most famous professors of Europe.' Here, he purchased those 'rare tables of the veins, the nerves, the lungs, &c.,' which he presented to the Royal Society of London, 'being the first of the kind that had been seen there,' if not 'in the world.' The learned city seems to have been, however, by no means an agreeable residence at this period. 'The town,' Evelyn says, 'was so infested with soldiers, that many houses were broken open in the night, some murders committed, and the nuns next our lodging disturbed, so as we were forced to be on our guard with pistols and other fire-arms to defend our doors. And indeed, the students themselves take a barbarous liberty in the evenings, to stop all that pass by the house where any of their companions in folly are with them; (this custom they call *chi va li*;) so as

* Cadell, vol. i. pp. 89—92.

the streets are very dangerous when the evenings grow dark ; nor is it easy to reform this intolerable usage, where there are so many strangers of several nations.*

At this time, both the city and the university were on the decline ; and Bishop Burnet, about forty years later, thus describes the state of Padua. ' Here one sees the decays of a vast city, which was once one of the biggest of all Italy. The compass is the same that it was, (eight miles), but there is much uninhabited ground in it, and houses there go almost for nothing. The university here, though so much supported by the Venetians, that they pay fifty professors, yet sinks extremely. There are no men of any great fame now in it, and the quarrels among the students have driven away most of the strangers that used to come and study here, for it is not safe to stir abroad here after sunset. The number of the palaces here is incredible ; and though the nobility of Padua are almost quite ruined, yet, the beauty of their ancient palaces shews what they once were. The Venetians have been willing to let the ancient quarrels that were in all those conquered cities, continue still among them ; for while one kills another, and the children of the (murdered person) take their revenges afterwards, both come under the *Bando* by this means, and the confiscation goes to the senate. The nobility of Padua and of the other towns seem not to see what a profit their quarrels bring to the Venetians, and how they eat out their fami-

* Evelyn's Mem. vol. i. p. 201. Misson, who visited Padua in 1688, gives a similar account of the disorders of which the students were guilty.

lies ; but their jealousies and their revenges are pursued by them with so much vigour, that, when these are in their way, all other things are forgotten by them.*

These disorders were in some measure abated, when Addison visited Italy in the first years of the eighteenth century. 'The university of Padua,' he says, 'is of late much more regular than it was formerly, though it is not yet safe walking the streets after sunset.' Towards the close of the century, Dr. Moore found the licentious spirit of the students nearly extinguished ; the streets were as tranquil by night as by day ; but then, the schools were almost deserted. 'Of eighteen thousand students,' says Eustace, 'six hundred only remain ; a number which, thinly scattered over the benches, is barely sufficient to shew the deserted state of the once crowded schools of Padua.' Even this number appears to be far beyond the truth. In the Statistical Tables of Malte Brun, the university of Padua is stated to have been attended in 1822, by only three hundred students, less than half the number of the students at Pavia.† Political changes have, doubtless, chiefly produced this melancholy decay. The medical schools of Paris and Edinburgh have, it is true, long eclipsed that of Padua ; yet, this circumstance would not of itself afford an adequate explanation of the immense

* Burnet's Travels, pp. 102, 3. One family is instanced, which had been reduced, in the life-time of an individual, from a revenue of 14,000 ducats, to less than 3000, by its falling at several times under the *Bando*.

† Malte Brun, vol. vii. p. 757. Mr. Pennington states the number of students in 1821, at 900.

alteration. Nor is it to be imputed to the inefficiency or incompetence of the professors. ‘The *Antenorea Atene*,’ says Mr. Forsyth, ‘can no longer boast a tumultuous throng of students; but it can boast professors highly eminent in science. The machine of education goes on finishing scholars, and is well supplied with chairs, libraries, museums, and all the implements of learning. The botanical garden is rich and beautiful. The observatory is stocked with English instruments: even the time-piece is Grant’s. Yet, five centuries ago, when England had no such machinery to boast, besides Wallingford’s, Padua drew the admiration of Europe to Dondi’s great astronomical clock; a work which gave name and nobility to its maker and all his descendants.’ In the library is a Latin letter of Petrarch’s, addressed to this illustrious Padovese, Giovanni Dondi dell’ Orologio. It was presented to the library by the present bishop of Padua, a member of that noble family.

The university library contains 70,000 volumes; besides which, the Benedictine library consists of 52,000. In the former, there are said to be several valuable manuscripts; and among the curiosities, is an ancient funeral urn, dug up at Monte Selice, which was found enclosed within a larger urn; within it were coins of the age of Augustus, and above the ashes was placed a plant curiously platted, in supposed imitation of our Saviour’s crown of thorns, together with the accompaniments of Pagan burial.* The edifice is of no high anti-

* Sketches, &c. vol. iv. p. 130. This ‘heterogeneous

quity, and, Mr. Woods says, 'hardly surpasses mediocrity.' Yet, the interior court is said to be on the design of Palladio: it is enclosed by a double range of open arcades, Doric surmounted with Corinthian.

A curious piece of modern statuary is shewn in a private palace; consisting of sixty-six small figures, all cut out of one piece of marble. Canova is reported to have been much struck with it as an instance of patient and successful ingenuity. At the Hospital, there is a tablet in honour of a citizen of Padua, by Canova, which excited the admiration of Forsyth, by the felicity and grace of the design. The 'tower-crowned colony' is 'designated by an ancient medal slung from her arm, and a small episodic *relievo* of Antenor marking out his future creation, and the genius of the place with uplifted hands thanking the gods for his arrival.' The charitable institutions of Padua, the Hospital, the *Monte della Pietà*, and the Congregation of Charity, reflect honour on her fallen state.

The present population of Padua, (according to the census of 1825,) amounts to 47,000 souls.* It now ranks, therefore, as the fourth city of Austrian Italy; Milan, Venice, and Verona being

collection of contents' is supposed to result from a mixture of Heathen and Christian rites. The conjecture rests, however, upon a doubtful assumption.

* Malte Brun, vol. vii. p. 755. It appears to be upon the increase. Mr. Pennington states the population in 1821, at only 44,000. It had recently profited by emigrations from Venice; and it was computed that 12,000 persons had settled there within three or four years preceding. Pennington, vol. ii. p. 227.

before it. Within its territory are contained 290,500. Its cloth-manufactures at one time brought very considerable revenues into the Republic; but in Addison's time, the English had 'not only gained upon the Venetians in the Levant,' but great quantities of English cloth had found their way into Venice itself, where the article was contraband; and few of the nobility wore any other sort, 'notwithstanding the magistrate of the Pomps was obliged by his office to see that nobody wears the cloth of another country.' Padua still has some manufactures, on a small scale, of woollens, silk, ribbons, and leather; and the fair of St. Anthony, in the month of June, renders the city for the time a scene of bustle and gayety. It is far from impossible that Padua may yet revive so far as to take the lead again of the once haughty capital of the Republic.

About six miles to the south of this city were the celebrated *Patavinæ Aquæ*. The principal source was called *Aponus Fons*;* from which the modern name of the waters, *Bagni d'Abano*, nas evidently been formed. The village of Abano is about three miles from the Euganean hills; and the houses occupied by those who resort to the place for the benefit of its muds and waters, are still nearer. From the extensive plain in which

* Supposed to be derived from α privative, and $\pi\acute{o}\nu\alpha\varsigma$ pain. The place was once hallowed by oracles, inspired, probably, by the mephitic vapour which issued from fissures in the mountains; and altars were raised to the local deities who were supposed to preside over these mineral springs. In the later ages of the empire, this tract appears to have ranked with Baja itself.

they are situated, rises a natural mound, nearly circular, about fifteen feet high, and above 100 feet in circumference. It appears to be, according to Mr. Rose, 'the wreck' of a hill, consisting of a calcareous stone, tufa, and materials indicative of volcanic origin. 'From this mount burst two or three copious streams of hot water, which are capable of boiling an egg hard, at their source. A part of these serves to fill the baths and the pits for heating the muds; a part loses itself in cuts and wet ditches amid the meadows; and a part turns the wheels of a mill which whirls amid vapours of smoke. The meadows, which are of a surprising richness, extend about two miles without interruption, when they are broken by an insulated hill, entirely covered with trees, brushwood, and vines. From the foot of this issue smoking streams; and a little further is another single hill, from whose roots issue hot mineral waters. The structure of the hills and the character and position of their strata, shew evidently that they were once links in the Euganean chain. There are other springs of the same nature, having all of them more or less of medicinal virtue.' Some traditions are preserved of sudden changes operated here by the action of volcanic fire; and Mr. Rose was himself witness to 'one of the wonders which nature is, probably, continually playing off.' While he was there, the main branch of the streams which break from the tumulus, shifted its channel, and suddenly worked itself a different vent.*

* A scientific description of this tract of country will be found in the 'Philosophical Transactions,' communicated by Mr. Strange, formerly English Resident at Venice.

The Baths are chiefly visited for the benefit of the muds, which are taken out of the hot basins, and applied either generally or partially, as the case may demand. They are then thrown by, and, at the conclusion of the season, are returned to the hot fountains, where they are left till the ensuing spring, that they may become impregnated anew with the mineral virtues of the waters. When taken out, they are intensely hot, and require to be kneaded for some time before they can be borne. When applied, an operation which resembles taking a stucco cast, they retain their heat without much sensible diminution for three quarters of an hour, having the effect of a slight rubefacient, and producing a profuse perspiration. The baths are generally considered as mere auxiliaries to the muds, and ‘serve as a prologue and interlude to the dirty performance.’ Of the efficacy of the mud, in many cases, even in that of paralysis, there appears to be no room to entertain a doubt. There is, however, no one on the spot who has either studied their qualities, or is capable of directing their application. There is no competent medical practitioner; there is not even a bathing-room with a bell in it, nor is there a thermometer in any of the baths. The damp, heavy atmosphere, ‘which blunts the appetite and deadens the spirits of the strong and rich, while it shews its effect in ague amid the famished and weak,’—together with the absence of all usual means of diversion, as well as of the conveniences which the invalid peculiarly requires,—must be regarded as tending materially to detract from the salutary effects of the waters,—at least to an Englishman. The Italian is more

easily amused. The ancient celebrity of the waters is still attested, Mr. Rose tells us, by the magnificent remains of baths and other buildings.*

A few miles from Abano, on the road to Arquà, there is another watering-place of the same description, called La Battaglia; situated in like manner at the foot of the Euganean hills, and consisting of one broad street, with the Brenta running through the centre. Here, Mr. Rose found himself 'suddenly inducted into all the decencies of Christendom; for, in the very entrance was a circulating library, with books, music, and wash-balls;' and a spacious portico, with curtains, opened upon a garden laid out in the Italian style. In the way to this place, is a curious villa, once belonging to the ancient house of Obizzo, which is moated and adorned with gardens in a singularly antique style, and suggests, from without, the idea of a feudal castle. Within, the illusion is complete. The great entrance stair, seemingly adapted for the easy introduction of troops and provisions, and the smaller staircases and galleries cut in the live rock, carry you back into the middle ages. The chamber-walls, painted in fresco by Paul Veronese, represent the history of the family; and there is an armoury completely in harmony with the place. There is also a museum, which once contained a curious magazine of pictures, statues, medals, books, &c., collected by the last of the family. The place having devolved to the House of Modena, some of the best pictures and most curious books, as well as the medals, have

* Rose's Letters, vol. i., Letter 6. In the principal hotel, there were, during the height of the season, 270 heads of families, making about 600 persons.

been carried off; yet, what is left, is still worthy of attention.*

Arquà (or Arquato), the mountain-village where they still shew the mansion and the sepulchre of Petrarch, is rendered doubly interesting as the shrine of the poet's pilgrimage, by the honours which have been paid to the classic spot by more than one gifted traveller of our own day.

There is a tomb in Arquà: reared in air,
 Pillared in their sarcophagus, repose
 The bones of Laura's lover. Here repair
 Many familiar with his well-sung woes,
 The pilgrims of his genius. He arose
 To raise a language, and his land reclaim
 From the dull yoke of her barbaric foes.
 Watering the tree which bears his lady's name
 With his melodious tears, he gave himself to fame.

' They keep his dust in Arquà, where he died ;
 The mountain village where his latter days
 Went down the vale of years ; and 'tis their pride—
 An honest pride, and let it be their praise—
 To offer to the passing stranger's gaze
 His mansion and his sepulchre ; both plain
 And venerably simple, such as raise
 A feeling more accordant with his strain,
 Than if a pyramid formed his monumental fane.

' And the soft, quiet hamlet where he dwelt,
 Is one of that complexion which seem made
 For those who their mortality have felt,
 And sought a refuge from their hopes decayed
 In the deep umbrage of a green hill's shade,
 Which shews a distant prospect far away
 Of busy cities, now in vain displayed,
 For they can lure no further ; and the ray
 Of a bright sun can make sufficient holiday.'†

* Rose's Letters, vol. i. Letter 9.

† Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto the Fourth, Stanza 33, &c.

Arquà is situated among the Euganean hills, twelve miles from Padua, and about three miles to the right of the road. 'After a walk of twenty minutes across a flat, well-wooded meadow, you come to a little blue lake, clear, but fathomless, and to the foot of a succession of acclivities and hills, clothed with vineyards and orchards, rich with fir and pomegranate-trees, and every sunny fruit-shrub. From the banks of the lake, the road winds into the hills; and the church of Arquà is soon seen between a cleft, where two ridges slope towards each other, and nearly enclose the village. The houses are scattered at intervals on the steep sides of these summits; and that of the Poet is on the edge of a little knoll overlooking two descents, and commanding a view not only of the glowing gardens in the dales immediately beneath, but of the wide plains, above whose low woods of mulberry-tree and willow, thickened into a dark mass by festoons of vines, tall single cypresses and the spires of towns are seen in the distance, which stretches to the mouths of the Po and the shores of the Adriatic. The climate of these volcanic hills is warmer, and the vintage begins a week sooner than in the plains of Padua.

'Petrarch is laid (for he cannot be said to be buried) in a sarcophagus of red marble, raised on four pilasters on an elevated base, and preserved from an association with meaner tombs. It stands conspicuously alone, but will be soon overshadowed by four lately-planted laurels. Petrarch's fountain (for here every thing is Petrarch's) springs and expands itself beneath an artificial arch, a little below the church, and abounds plentifully, in the driest season,

with that soft water which was the ancient wealth of the Euganean hills. It would be more attractive, were it not, in some seasons, beset with hornets and wasps. No other coincidence could assimilate the tombs of Petrarch and Archilochus. The revolutions of centuries have spared these sequestered valleys; and the only violence which has been offered to the ashes of Petrarch, was prompted, not by hate, but by veneration. An attempt was made to rob the sarcophagus of its treasure; and one of the arms was stolen by a Florentine, through a rent which is still visible. The injury is not forgotten, but has served to identify the Poet with the country where he was born, but where he would not live. A peasant boy of Arquà, being asked who Petrarch was, replied, that the people of the parsonage knew all about him; but that he only knew that he was a Florentine.*

Petrarch's villa is now vulgarly called *La Gatta di Petrarca*, from its containing the embalmed figure of a cat, preserved in a niche in the wall, which, according to a Latin epigram inscribed beneath, was the rival of Laura in her master's affections.† Among the relics is shewn the library chair in which the Poet breathed his last;‡ also, an inkstand supposed to have been his. The fashion of the furniture, as well as the architecture of the

* Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto the Fourth. Note to Stanza 33.

† '*Maximus ignis ego, Laura secundus erat.*'

‡ For four months previously to his death, he was in a state of continual languor, and on the morning of July 19, 1374, was found dead in his library, with his head resting upon a book.

house, is at least in harmony with the tradition which attests the identity of the mansion and the genuineness of those memorials. That tradition is, moreover, not of modern date; for Filippo Tommasini, bishop of Adria, in his *Petrarca Redivivus*, (printed at Padua in 1650,) speaks of the house and furniture; and his account tallies with their present appearance. There are also some bad fresco paintings; among the rest, an old smoky picture over the fire-place in the kitchen, which the good people of the place will have to be an original by Michel Angelo. The walls are covered with names, compliments, and verses; and on the table is an *album* to receive the signatures and *impromptus* of visitors.* The house is kept in good repair: the garden is entirely neglected, as perhaps it should be, but not forsaken, Eustace tells us, by

‘ *Il rosignuol che dolcemente all’ ombra,
Tutte le notti si lamenta e piagne.*’

(Petrarch, Sonnet x.)

The emulation which is evinced by the various cities of Northern Italy in paying honours to the memory of the illustrious Florentine, and in asserting a sort of proprietorship in his fame, is not a little remarkable. The inhabitants of Arezzo, in order to decide an old controversy between their

* Eustace, vol. i. pp. 189—192. Rose’s Letters, vol. i. pp. 75—8. Ugo Foscolo, in his ‘Letters of Ortis,’ has also eloquently described the spot. The pencil of Prout has furnished a view of the villa, in the Landscape Annual for 1830; and Mr. Rogers has hung a wreath over the Poet’s tomb, less perishable than the laurel crown which, with more affectation than good taste, Eustace placed upon his bust at Arqua.

city and the neighbouring Ancisa, where Petrarch was carried when only seven months old, and remained until his seventh year, have designated, by a long inscription, the spot where their great fellow citizen was born. At Padua, his portrait is shewn with pride among those of the other canons of the cathedral. At Venice, they shew the house in which he lodged. At Pavia, a tablet records his having passed the autumn of 1368 in that city, with his son-in-law, Francesco di Brossano. And at Parma, of which city he was archdeacon, a tablet has been erected to him in the cathedral, as the place in which he *ought* to have been ensepulchred, had he not been snatched away by a *foreign* death. Petrarch, Forsyth remarks, 'scarcely belongs to Tuscany, which he left when a boy,' and never again made his residence: he belongs, in fact, to Italy.

CHAPTER III.

VENICE

‘ Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles

‘ Not a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the shallow sea, and gliding on swiftly, we reached the celebrated city of Venice, but, unfortunately, not the best side of it, in less than one hour from Fusina. A confused heap of very old buildings presented itself, shabbily fine, with pointed windows half Gothic, half Grecian, out of which dirty beds were thrust for the benefit of air, and, once or twice, dirtier utensils emptied of their contents. Half-rotten piles supported blocks of marble richly carved, serving as landing-places to these miserable hovels, the walls of which, out of the perpendicular, seemed nodding to each other across the narrow canals. Through one of these we pushed on rapidly, turning several sharp corners in succession from canal to canal, which resemble narrow lanes under water, with scarcely any dry communication from house to house. A few gondolas passed us. No noisy trade was heard, no cries, no rattling of carriages, of course; not so much as the sound of a footstep disturbed the universal stillness. We might have fancied ourselves in the catacombs of all the fishes of the Adriatic, rather than in a town inhabited by men, but for the few heads that we saw here and there popping out of

dark holes to look at us. Emerging at last from the maze of narrow canals, we found ourselves in the great one which traverses the city in an easy curve, the very line of beauty, and rendered peculiarly striking from the circumstance of most of the buildings on each side being marble palaces. No quays, no terraces, no landing-place before them, they plunge at once into the briny deep, which, however, is here very shallow. Splendid marble stairs with marble balustrades lead up at once from the water to the hall-door. There it was that crowds of *gondolieri*, carrying lighted torches at night, used formerly to draw up, as elsewhere carriages and horses.

‘ We landed thus in style, and were ushered into one of these magnificent edifices,—sadly fallen indeed from its former greatness, being now the *Albergo della Gran Bretagna*. Through a lower hall of immense size and paved with marble, we reached the double flight of the grand staircase, the walls adorned with fresco paintings, and the marble balustrade beautifully carved. The landing-place was another immense hall or gallery, divided by the staircase. These princely ante-chambers, each 69 feet by 32, with ceilings proportionably high, gilt, and painted, and adorned with crystal lustres, gave entrance to the various apartments by a number of doors entering into them.’*

We have transcribed from the pages of Mr. Simond, this vivid description of the effect produced by a first view of this unique and most picturesque of cities ; picturesque to the eye, but still more so

* Simond, pp. 35, 6.

to the imagination, to which its architecture is poetry in stone, and this

— ‘ sea Cybele, fresh from ocean,
Rising with her tiara of proud towers,’

seems a faded pageant of the olden time. Every preconceived idea of Venice, it has been justly remarked, as a city or as a society, belongs to the imagination; and on beholding it, the illusion is imbodied, rather than dispelled. It is one of the few places that do not disappoint the expectation, because, if some visionary anticipations are dispelled by the reality, there is still strangeness enough, and novelty, and gorgeousness to sustain the mind at the same pitch of excitement. The moral interest of the scene comes in aid of the impression produced by the picture; and in gazing upon the majestic combination of former splendour and actual decay, ‘ we feel that we are reading a history.’*

In Venice, Tasso’s echoes are no more,
And silent rows the songless gondolier;
Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
And music meets not always now the ear:
Those days are gone. But Beauty still is here.
States fall; arts fade; but Nature does not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy!

* The happy expression of Lady Morgan, who is in her element in describing Venice. Mr. Forsyth found Venice just what he had imagined it to be from books and prints,—whether from the power or the defect of his imagination, we will not decide; but his own explanation would almost warrant the latter supposition. ‘ A singular thing,’ he remarks, ‘ may be fully delineated. It is the sublime or the beautiful,—it is the scenery of Naples, or the Belvedere Apollo,

Such a place ought to be described in poetry, and we feel almost reluctant to descend to the details of the cicerone. Something between poetry and prose may be thought to characterize the following description of the fairy city; which has been pronounced by those who have visited Venice, to be the most correct and graphic that has appeared, and the only one that conveys an adequate idea of the strangeness of the scene.

‘ Venice was always an unintelligible place, and is still unintelligible. I knew before that it was situated on many islands; that its highways were canals; that gondolas were its hackney-coaches; that it had St. Mark’s, and the Rialto, and the Doge’s palace; and I know no more now. It was always a dream, and will continue a dream for ever. A man must be born, or live long enough to become endeared to it, before he will either understand or feel at home at Venice. It is a glorious place for cripples, for I know of no use that a gentleman has for his limbs; they are crutches to the bed-ridden, spectacles to the blind. You step out of your gondola into your hotel, and out of your hotel into a gondola; and this is all the exertion that is becoming. The Piazza di S. Marco, and the adjoining quay, are the only places where you can stretch a limb; and if you

that baffles description.’ As regards the mere impression on the eye, this is true; there are tints, and lines, and expressions, too delicate or too evanescent to be expressed by either the pen or the pencil. But the singularity of Venice does not consist in its topography or its architecture alone; and hence it is that books and prints have failed to convey the full impression of it.

desire to do so, they carry you there, and bring you home again. To walk, requires predetermination, and you order your gondola, and go on purpose. To come to Venice, is to come on board ; and it only differs from ship-board, that there is no danger of sea-sickness. The Canale Grande is nearly three hundred feet wide. Other canals are wide enough, but the widest street in the city is not more than ten or twelve feet from house to house, and the majority do not exceed six or eight. To wind and jostle through these irregularities, is intolerable, and all but impossible ; no one thinks of doing so ; and who would, that had a gondola at command ? The gondola is all that is dreamy and delightful ; its black funereal look in high imaginative contrast with its internal luxury. You float on without sensible motion ; its cushions were stolen from Mammon's chambers, " blown up, not stuffed ;" you seat yourself upon one of them, and sink, sink, sink, as if it were all air ; you throw your leg upon another, and if you have occasion for it, which is rare at Venice, must hunt after it, —lost, sunk.

‘ Travellers, and Canaletti's Views, which are truth itself, give you a correct idea of Venice, but no idea of the strangeness of a first visit. It is not merely that there are canals and gondolas, but it is all canal and gondola. I know nothing to liken it to, but a large fleet wind-bound ; you order your boat, and row round ; and all that are at leisure do the same. St. Mark's, of an evening, that attracts all in the same direction, is but a ball on board the Commodore. If you laugh at this as extravagant, you will be right ; but it is only ex-

travagant because there is nothing real to compare with it. The fleet wind-bound is truth itself, and you have only to change the *Redentore* into the Spitfire, and the *Saluté* into the Thunderer bomb, and it is real in feeling. Everything is in agreement with this. If the common people want a peach or a pomegranate, they hail a boat; for the very barrow-women (if you will keep me to the reality, and drive me to the absurdity of such phrases) go floating about, and their cry is that half song, with the long dwelling on the final syllable, with which sailors call, "Boat a-hoy." With all this, there is no place you would so much like to spend a winter at; and because of all this; it is so strange, new, and perplexing. The Venetians are said to be the most delightful people, and at Venice is said to be the pleasantest society in Europe. It is impossible to doubt it. Society is the sole purpose for which they come here. They live on the Continent, and Venice is but a huge pleasure-house.

' A stranger may soon delight in Venice; but I doubt if he could ever feel at home. Every hour would be a contradiction to his whole passed existence. There must be thousands here, who never saw a hill, or a wood, or an ear of corn growing, or a vineyard, or a green field; or heard a bird sing, except in a cage; or slaked their thirst, even in this thirsty climate, at a spring-head, or seen its waters bubbling from out the earth: spring-water, like other luxuries, is an importation.

' Everything at Venice is dream-like; for what is more so, than to walk on the Rialto, where Antony spat on the Jew's gaberdine?—to stand

where Othello addressed the assembled senate?—to lose yourself in search of old Priuli's palace? And, for realities, go to St. Mark's on an evening; see its fine square in all its marble beauty; the domes and minarets of its old church; the barbaric gloom of the Doge's palace; its proud towering Campanile; look upon the famous Corinthian horses, and think of their emigration,—on the winged lion of the Piræus; walk in the illumination of its long line of *caffés*; observe the variety of costume,—the thin veil covering the pale Venetian beauty,—the Turks with their beards and caftans, and long pipes, and chess-playing,—the Greeks with their scull-caps and richly-laced jackets: look on this, and believe it real; and ever after put faith in the Thousand and One Tales.

‘But Venice is in everything delightful. It is the most picturesque city in Europe, and full of character and variety. In all its palaces and public buildings, you may read “sermons in stones.” The history of Venice is written upon her front, from the rude, massy, frowning architecture of barbarism and power, to modern elegance and imbecility.’*

Venice is, perhaps, the only city in Italy, that derives no portion of its interest from classic recollections or remains, its name alone being related to ancient history.† Yet, it has an antiquity of its

* The Gem, 1829, pp. 217—221.

† The name of *Venetia*, in ancient geography, denotes the tenth region of the Roman empire, according to the division made by Augustus; bounded by the Alps, the Athesis, the Adriatic, as far as the Formio, and the Po. The original

own, scarcely less venerable than that which invests with ideal grandeur the memorials of the Roman empire. It is of all modern things the oldest. The Republic of Venice was, at the period of its overthrow, the most ancient state in Europe. Its origin precedes, by seven centuries, the emancipation of the Lombard cities. Its fall was by nearly three hundred years posterior to the subjection of Florence, the most interesting of the republics of the middle ages. Venice, in the words of the eloquent Historian of those Republics, 'witnessed the long agony and the termination of the Roman empire; in the West, the birth of the French power, when Clovis conquered Gaul, the rise and fall of the Ostrogoths in Italy, of the Visigoths in Spain, of the Lombards who succeeded to the first, of the Saracens who dispossessed the second. Venice saw the empire of the Khalifs rise, threaten to invade the world, divide, and decay. Long the ally of the Byzantine Emperors, she, by turns, succoured and oppressed them; she carried off trophies from their capital; she shared their provinces, and joined to her other titles that of the mistress of a fourth and a half of the Roman empire.* She saw the Eastern Empire

Heneti (changed by the Latin pronunciation into *Veneti*) were an Illyrian (ancient authorities say, a Paphlagonian) people, who arrived at the north-western shore of the Adriatic from the banks of the Danube, and were the last tribe who penetrated into Italy by that frontier. In their language, there appears to have been a considerable mixture of Greek. Cramer, vol. i. pp. 111, 112. According to Adelung, the word *Veneti* denotes dwellers on the coast, from the Slavonic *wend* or *vand*, water.

* 'The title acquired by Dandolo runs thus in the chronicle

fall, and the ferocious Mussulmans rise on its ruins. She saw the French monarchy give way; and alone immovable, this proud Republic contemplated the kingdoms and the nations which passed before her. But, after all the rest, she sank in her turn; and the State which linked the present to the past, and joined the two epochs of the civilization of the universe, has ceased to exist.*

To the very nature of the country which they inhabited, the Venetians, like the Dutch, were mainly indebted for their independence. The Adriatic Gulf receives, in its upper part, all the waters which flow from the southern declivities of the Alps, from the Po, which has its sources in the Cottian range, and collects all the waters of Piedmont and Milan, to the Lisonzo (*Sontius*), which originates in the mountains of Carniola. The estuary of the most southern of these rivers, is about thirty leagues distant from that which lies furthest northward; and between these extreme points, the Gulf receives the waters of the Adige, the Brenta, the Piave, the Livenza, the Lemene, the Tagliamento, and a great number of less consider-

of his name-sake, the Doge Andrew Dandolo. *Ducali titulo addidit, Quartæ partis et dimidiæ totius imperii Romanicæ.* Notes to Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto iv. st. 12. By *Romanicæ*, Lord Byron correctly remarks, Romania, or Roum; the continental possessions of the Greek empire, must have been intended. That was in fact the only Roman empire then existing, and Byzantium was itself New Rome. The three-eighths of this empire were preserved in the diplomas until the dukedom of Giovanni Dolfino, who made use of this designation in 1357.

* Sismondi, *Hist. des Républiques Italiennes*, &c. tom. i.

able streams.* Every one of them carries down, in the rainy season, enormous quantities of mud and sand, so that the head of the Gulf, gradually filled up with their deposit, is neither sea nor land. The Lagoon (*Laguna*), as this immense tract of shoals and mud is called, comprising a space of between twenty and thirty miles from the shore, is covered with about two feet of water, where the lightest craft alone can pass; but is intersected by channels, which afford a passage and safe anchorage to the largest vessels. The sea, which breaks with fury against the *Murazzi*, and the long and narrow islands which skirt the Lagoon, is calm within their limits, there being no depth of water which the wind can stir into tempest. But the tortuous and intersecting channels of the Lagoon form a labyrinth impenetrable to any pilots, except those whom long experience has made the masters of its windings

Amid these shoals and mud-banks are certain

* ‘The whole of the Venetian coast appears to have been anciently as full of creeks and harbours made by the mouths of rivers and canals, as it is at present. Strabo observes, that, from the number of dikes and embankments formed by the inhabitants, this district bore a great resemblance to Lower Egypt. The *Portus Brundulus* (now Porto Brondolo) was formed by the *Athesis* (Adige) and the *Togisonus* (probably the *Canal Bianco*, which communicates with the Agno, the ancient *Eretenus*). The *Portus Edro*, which follows, formed by the *Fossa Clodia* and different branches of the *Mcduacus Major* and *Minor* (the Brenta and Bacchiglione), is probably Chiozza.’—Cramer, vol. i. pp. 117—119. The other rivers known to ancient geography were, the *Silis*, the *Plavis*, the *Liquentia*, the *Romatinus*, and the *Tilavemptus*, which separated the *Veneti* from the *Carni*.

firmer and more elevated sites, which have been inhabited from remote antiquity. Till the beginning of the fifth century, however, these obscure and sequestered spots had acquired no importance, and remained almost without a name. It appears to have been in the year 402, when Alaric and his Visigoths, descending from the Julian Alps, spread terror and desolation before them, that the small islands of the Venetian Gulf were first peopled by any considerable body of refugees from the neighbouring continent. When Rome was taken and sacked shortly after, many of its wealthy inhabitants who succeeded in making their escape, here sought an asylum; and each subsequent invasion of barbarians, whether of Attila and his Huns from the North, or of Genseric and his Vandals from the South, added to their numbers. The citizens of Aquileia, once the chief bulwark of Italy on its north-eastern frontier, and, in the time of Strabo, the great emporium of the Illyrian trade, retired before the sword of the Huns to the Isle of *Gradus*; while those of Patavium took possession of the *Rivus Altus*, where the city of Venice was afterwards built. At first, the colony was governed by magistrates sent from Padua; but when that city shared the fate of the rest of Italy, each island became independent, and elected its annual tribunes. In the year 697, when, in consequence of new disorders in Italy, a considerable number of fresh refugees had sought an asylum in these islands, the necessity was felt of adopting a system of government better suited to the exigencies of the rising state, than the indefinite system which had been till then acted upon.

Jealous of their freedom, the people reserved the sovereignty to their general assemblies, while, with a view to consolidate and extend their power, they placed the government of the united islands in the hands of a duke, or doge, with almost unlimited patronage and prerogatives. By this measure, they prepared for themselves a long series of domestic troubles, and the eventual destruction of their liberties. Many of these doges died a violent death; and for a while, instead of a doge, they elected a *maestro della milizia*; but they soon returned to the former mode of government. For nearly three hundred years, Venice was a stormy democracy. It then became subject to a close hereditary aristocracy. For this was substituted a still more despotic oligarchy, the Council of Ten; upon which was grafted the irresponsible and infamous tribunal of the state inquisition. 'Of all forms of government,' remarks Mr. Simond, 'that of Venice seems to have been the very worst; yet, it was lasting; it was glorious; the people were happy, and a multitude of great men flourished under it, during twelve centuries.'

As early as the year 558, the Venetians already possessed a considerable navy of galleys. In the language of Gibbon, 'the marriage which Venice annually celebrates with the Hadriatic, was contracted in her early infancy.' When attacked by Pepin in 804, they employed large ships of war in the contest.* In the following century, they

* 'Charlemagne himself resigned all claim of sovereignty to the islands of the Adriatic Gulf. His son Pepin was repulsed in the attacks of the *lagunas* or canals, too deep for the cavalry, and too shallow for the vessels; and in every

had three-masted square-sail ships, carrying from 1200 to 2000 tons. At the period of their greatest prosperity, in the fifteenth century, they had 330 ships of war, besides merchantmen, 36,000 seamen, and 16,000 artificers employed in the finest arsenal then in Europe. Their first territorial acquisition was the lordship of Dalmatia. The depredations committed by the Adriatic corsairs, induced the maritime cities of Istria and Dalmatia to commit the fatal error of surrendering their independence into the hands of the Republic, and owning its Doge as their sovereign. Steadily pursuing their plan of aggrandisement with 'prudent ambition,' the Venetians afforded to the Franks in the fifth crusade, the aid which the Republics of Genoa and Pisa refused; and afterwards, under 'blind old Dandolo,' took an active part in the conquest and pillage of Constantinople, sharing with the Latin barbarians the provinces of the Byzantine empire. For the price of 10,000 marks, the Republic purchased of the Marquess of Montferrat, the fertile island of Candia, with the ruins of a hundred cities; and in the year 1202, a colony was planted there, drawn from every quarter of Venice. 'But in their savage manners and frequent rebellions,' says Gibbon, 'the Candiots

age, under the German Cæsars, the lands of the Republic have been clearly distinguished. But the inhabitants of Venice were considered by themselves, by strangers, and by their sovereigns, as an inalienable portion of the Greek empire.' Gibbon, c. 60. Upon the nominal recognition of the Greek emperor as their sovereign, surely no great stress can be laid. The British lords of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa acknowledged themselves the subjects of the Great Mogul, their pensioner.

may be compared to the Corsicans under the yoke of Genoa.

The fourteenth century witnessed the fierce struggles for maritime supremacy between the Venetian and Ligurian Republics, which threatened at one time to reduce the Roman empire to a province of Genoa, and to annihilate the trade, if not the political existence of Venice.* After the loss of the battle of Pola, and the taking of Chioza, on the 16th of August, 1379, by the united armament of the Genoese and the Lord of Padua (Francesco di Carrara), the Venetians were reduced to despair, and were saved from submitting to the most humiliating conditions, only by the haughty refusal of Pietro Doria to listen to any terms, until he should have first put a rein upon the horses upon the porch of St. Mark. ' In fact, the Genoese advanced as far as Malamocco, within five miles of the capital ; but their own danger and the pride of their enemies gave courage to the Venetians, who made prodigious efforts and many individual sacrifices, all of them carefully recorded by their historians. Vettor Pisani was put at the head of thirty-four galleys.† The Genoese broke up from Malamocco, and retired to Chioza in October; but they again threatened Venice, which was reduced to extremities. At this time, the 1st of January, 1380, arrived Carlo Zeno, who had

* See page 270 of our first volume.

† Called out of a prison where the ingratitude of the Government had confined him, to take the command of the forces of the Republic at this critical moment, Pisani magnanimously forgot the wrongs he might have avenged, and forbore to punish his tyrants.

been cruising on the Genoese coast with fourteen galleys. The Venetians were now strong enough to besiege the Genoese. Doria was killed on the 22d of January, by a stone bullet of 195 pounds weight, discharged from a bombard called the Trevisan. Chioza was then closely invested; 5000 auxiliaries, among whom were some English *Condottieri*, commanded by one Captain Ceccho, joined the Venetians. The Genoese, in their turn, prayed for conditions, but none were granted. At last, they surrendered at discretion; and on the 24th of June, 1380, the Doge Contarini made his triumphal entry into Chioza. Four thousand prisoners, nineteen galleys, many smaller vessels and barks, with all the ammunition and arms and outfit of the expedition, fell into the hands of the conquerors, who, had it not been for the inexorable answer of Doria, would have gladly reduced their dominion to the city of Venice.*

The fifteenth century saw the Republic attain to the zenith of its prosperity and political greatness. By a treaty with the Porte in 1454, the lords of the Adriatic secured to themselves the commerce of the Levant; and the discoveries of the Portuguese had not yet deprived them of the rich monopoly of the Indian trade. In 1489, General Priuli took possession of Cyprus, and annexed it to the Venetian dominions. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the power of Venice appeared so formidable, that almost all the potentates of Europe united in a confederacy for

* Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto the Fourth. Note to stanza 13.

its destruction.* The storm was weathered with difficulty ; and from that period, Venice gradually declined from its ancient power and political consideration. The Venetians, in fact, not only lost a great part of their territory in the war excited by the League of Cambray ; but the revenues as well as the vigour of the State, were exhausted by their extraordinary and long continued defensive efforts. That commerce to which they owed their wealth and power, began also, at this time, to be diverted into other channels. All the fatal consequences to their Republic, which the sagacity of the Venetian Senate enabled them to foresee on the first discovery of a passage to the East Indies by the Cape, actually took place. Lisbon became, instead of Venice, the emporium of the precious commodities of the East ; and long before the middle of the sixteenth century, the Republic had ceased to be one of the principal powers of Europe, and had dwindled into a secondary and subaltern state. Yet, as the Senate had the address to conceal the diminution of their power under the veil of moderation and caution, Venice continued to be considered and treated according to the rank which she had formerly held. Charles V., as well as the Kings of France, his rivals, courted her assistance with emulation and solicitude in all their enterprises ; and down to the close of the century, Venice was not only an object of attention, but a considerable seat of political negotiation and intrigue.*

During the latter part of the seventeenth century, the Venetians were chiefly occupied in wars with the Porte, and they had at one time made

* Robertson's Charles V., book xii.

themselves masters of almost all the territory of Modern Greece. In 1685, Francesco Morosini, the general of the Republic, invaded the Morea at the head of an army of German mercenaries, and being joined by the Mainotes, defeated the Ottoman troops commanded by the Capitan Pasha in person, and obtained possession of the whole province. Athens was taken by them in the following year. By the peace of Carlowitz in 1699, the Porte ceded to the Republic all its conquests in the peninsula, together with the Isle of Egina on one side, and that of Santa Maura on the other, while the fortifications of Lepanto, Romelia, and Prevesa were to be demolished. This peace was not of long continuance,* and the re-conquest of the

* Addison, in the year 1701, thus sagaciously anticipates the events which so soon took place. 'This Republic has been much more powerful than it is at present, as it is still likelier to sink, than to increase in its dominions. It is not impossible but the Spaniard may, some time or other, demand of them Crema, Brescia, and Bergamo, which have been torn from the Milanese; and in case a war should arise upon it, and the Venetians lose a single battle, they might be beaten off the Continent in a single summer, for their fortifications are very inconsiderable. On the other side, the Venetians are in continual apprehensions from the Turk, *who will certainly endeavour at the recovery of the Morea, as soon as the Ottoman empire has recruited a little of its ancient strength.* They are very sensible that they had better have pushed their conquests on the other side of the Adriatic, into Albania; for then their territories would have lain together, and have been nearer the fountain-head to have received succours; for the Venetians are under articles with the Emperor, to resign into his hands whatever they conquer of the Turkish dominions that has been formerly dismembered from the empire. And having already very much dissatisfied him in the Frioul and Dalmatia, they dare not think of exasperating him further. The Pope disputes

Morea by the Ottomans in 1714, almost without resistance, reflected equal disgrace upon the pusillanimity of the Venetians and the barbarity of the Turks. ‘We can no longer recognise in this series of disasters,’ remarks Daru, the able historian of the Republic, ‘either the brave defenders of Candia, or that audacious navy which had so repeatedly destroyed the Ottoman fleets. Officers and soldiers, all were equally struck with terror; and the Government shewed itself to be as devoid of activity and energy as of foresight. Candia had been defended during five-and-twenty years: the Morea was lost in a few months. And it was within less than half a century, that a government—a nation had thus degenerated!’* Crete was lost in the following year; and the treaty of Passarowitz in 1718, in which the Republic was included without being consulted in the negotiations, finally deprived that once haughty State of all its vast dominions in Eastern Europe, with the exception of the Ionian Isles, and, on the Continent, the territories of Cattaro, Butrinto, Parga, Prevesa, and Vonitza.

In the political storm which followed the French Revolution, the Republic maintained a cautious neutrality, allowing its provinces to be overrun without resistance, at one time by the French, at

with them their pretensions to the Polesin, as the Duke of Savoy lays an equal claim to the kingdom of Cyprus. It is surprising to consider with what heats these two powers have contested their title to a kingdom that is in the hands of the Turks.’ Addison’s Remarks, p. 62.

* Daru, *Hist. de la République de Venise*, livre xxxiv.

another time by the Austrians. But the times were gone by, when this moderation, dictated by a sense of weakness, could engage respect or secure its independence. The State had long been preparing for its fall, and it fell without a struggle. 'The sea-girt metropolis,' remarks Mr. Simond, 'might easily have been defended; and the artificers of the arsenal alone, a brave and devoted body of men, would have been abundantly sufficient to man a fleet of small vessels superior to any which the invaders could assemble; while the rest of the population, although, perhaps, lukewarm only, would have been stimulated to resistance, if the example had thus been given them. It was the pusillanimity of the nobles, which gave confidence to the party opposed to them. They betrayed themselves into the hands of an enemy whom they had first provoked by an imprudent display of hatred, and afterwrads, when seriously threatened, had encouraged by their submissiveness. Accustomed to a life of mere sensual gratification, the noble Venetians could not endure the idea of losing the revenues of their sequestered estates on the continent, and of enduring the hardships and dangers of a protracted warfare with such a man as Bonaparte: not seeing that with him, and with those whom he served, no peace could be maintained that was not worse than war. Finally, they suffered an inconsiderable force of five or six thousand men to traverse the *Lagune* in boats, and take possession of their city, till then impregnable, without a shadow of resistance. The French General himself, Baraguay d'Hilliers, was astonished at the facility of the conquest. On the very day

of his arrival, (May 15, 1797,) the ancient Government of Venice, self-deposed, proclaimed as its last official act, the instalment of a democratic municipality, which, they seriously declared in a public manifesto, was to give the last degree of perfection to the republican system of government, so long the glory and happiness of the commonwealth; intimating besides, that the French General, in paying them a friendly visit, meant nothing but the greatest glory and prosperity of the Republic!*

Manini, the 120th Doge, and the last, was chosen in the year which gave birth to the French Revolution. After witnessing the fall of the Republic, and the further humiliation of its contemptuous cession to Austria by Napoleon, in the treaty of Campo Formio, he died in 1802. In 1805, Venice was annexed to the French kingdom of Italy; but, in 1814, returned definitively under the 'leaden sway' of Austria.

At the end of the seventeenth century, the population of Venice amounted to nearly 200,000 souls. In 1806, it did not exceed 103,000, and was daily diminishing. The commerce and the official employments which had been the sources of the Venetian grandeur, had both expired. 'Most of the patrician mansions,' writes Lord Byron, 'are deserted, and would gradually disappear, had not the Government, alarmed by the demolition of seventy-two during the last two years, expressly forbidden this sad resource of poverty. Many remnants of the Venetian nobility are now scattered and con-

* Simond, pp. 52, 53.

founded with the wealthier Jews upon the banks of the Brenta, whose Palladian palaces have sunk, or are sinking in the general decay. So artificial a creation, having lost that principle which called it into life, and supported its existence, must fall to pieces at once, and sink more rapidly than it rose.*

The further decline of the population of Venice seems, however, to have been arrested, since, according to the census of 1825, it was rated at very nearly 110,000 souls.† That of the delegation of which it is the capital, was about 250,000. Though deprived of its independence, which had survived its commerce, it has still, in its manufactures, a source of considerable trade; and printing is carried on more extensively here, than in, perhaps, any other town in Italy. Whatever sympathy we may feel for the fallen and beggared aristocracy, who can deplore the destruction of the corrupt and despotic government, which, under any other name than that of a Republic, would have been regarded with general execration?

‘ Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
 Their gilded collars glittering in the sun.
 But is not Doria’s menace come to pass?
 Are they not bridled?’

The most splendid part of Venice, the court end, as it were, and focus of attraction, is the *Grande Piazza di San Marco*, and the *Piazzetta* which leads to it, forming the ‘State entrance’ to Venice from the sea. The latter is at right angles

* Notes to Childe Harold. Canto IV. stanza 15.

† Malte Brun, vol. vii. p. 755.

with the Great Square, branching off in a line with the Church of St. Mark. On one side, and turning a side front to the port, is the old palace of the Doges ; on the other side are the beautiful edifices of the *Zecca*, or Mint, and the Library of St. Mark, the regular architecture and fresh and modern appearance of which seem to mock the fallen majesty of their antique neighbour. On the sea shore, which forms the fourth side of the *Piazza*, stand two magnificent granite columns, each of a single block ; one crowned with the winged lion of St. Mark, in bronze, the other bearing the statue of St. Theodore.* The lion was carried off by the French, but has been restored to its ancient position, where it

‘ Stands but in mockery of his wither’d power.’†

Between these columns, in former times, public executions took place.‡ In a line with the Ducal palace, viewed from the sea, and divided from it by a narrow channel, is the city prison, a piece of admirable architecture. A covered bridge or gallery at a considerable elevation above the water, links the palace to the dungeon. This is the Bridge of Sighs (*Ponte dei Sospiri*), over which

* St. Theodore appears to have been the first patron of the city. These proud trophies of the Republic were brought from Greece in 1174.

† ‘ The lion,’ says Lord Byron, ‘ has lost nothing by his journey to the Invalides, but the gospel which supported the paw, that is now on a level with the other foot.’

‡ Evelyn witnessed the execution here of a man who had murdered his master : it was performed by means of a maiden or guillotine.

the victims of a jealous and sanguinary despotism passed to perpetual incarceration, torture, or mysterious death. At the angle formed by the two squares, stands a small but beautiful building, in which the records of the city were preserved; and immediately above it towers the lofty Campanile of St. Mark, adding another picturesque object to the magnificent groupe.

Upon the quay of the Piazzetta, the Emperor Frederic Barbarossa landed on the 23d of July, 1177, to accommodate his disputes with the sovereign pontiff, Alexander III., and to reconcile himself to the Church. Accompanied by the Doge, the patriarch, his bishops and clergy, and a numerous train of citizens, with their crosses and standards, he proceeded to the metropolitan church, where the Pope was waiting to receive him.

‘ In that temple porch
Did Barbarossa fling his mantle off,
And, kneeling, on his neck receive the foot
Of the proud pontiff.’*

For once, the triumph of superstition was the triumph of liberty; for to the treaty thus solemnized, the States of Lombardy owed the confirmation of their privileges. Upon this same quay, eight hundred and twenty years after, the troops of a foreign enemy for the first time disembarked, amid the wild shouts of one part of the populace, and the lamentations of the other. In the following January, the French were replaced by the Austrian forces.

‘ The Suabian sued, and now the Austrian reigns :
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt.’†

* Rogers’s Italy.

† Lord Byron.

The Ducal palace was originally erected in the ninth century; but, having been repeatedly injured by fire, it has been, in portions, frequently repaired or rebuilt, and no part of the present architecture can claim a higher date than the middle of the fourteenth, when it was erected by the Doge Marino Faliero. The architect is stated to have been one Filippo Calendario, who was executed for taking part in the conspiracy of his patron. The building occupies three sides of a quadrangle, of which the church forms the fourth. The façade exhibits a barbarous style of architecture, Saracenic, rather than Gothic. A range of comparatively small arches is surmounted with a slender fret-work of shafts, arches, and intersected circles, upon which rests a solid mass of brick-work, pierced with a few large windows. Had this wall been set back, behind the two stories of open work, instead of appearing to rest upon it, the elevation would have been a noble production. But as it is, the principles of architecture seem to be reversed, in the heaviness of the superincumbent mass, and the fantastic lightness of the double arcade beneath. The very corners are cut, to admit a thin spiral column. With all its defects, however, this immense structure derives from its grandeur of dimensions and unity of design, a magnificent and imposing effect.*

The palace is entered by eight gates. The

* Mr. Simond compares the Ducal Palace to 'a huge chest of drawers of old-fashioned inlaid work with small feet under it.' 'Its bare and lofty walls of party-coloured marble,' he says, 'are indented at top with a variety of spiral ornaments, and stand supported on a row of stumpy co-

principal one, erected about 1448, is between the palace and the church of St. Mark, and is decorated in the same manner as the upper finishings of the latter edifice. The *cortile* of the palace into which it leads, is surrounded on three sides with two stories of arcades supporting the upper apartments ; the lower arches are semi-circular, with a small round hole above each ; the upper are pointed. The upper part of two sides is somewhat in the style of the front, but the windows are not regularly disposed. One side is very richly ornamented. The side towards the church is very irregular, but also much ornamented, and without any plain surface, except in some receding parts, which are covered with slabs. The whole is in bad taste, between Gothic and the revival of Roman architecture ; but the mixture of the latter style is apparently owing to alterations.

A noble flight of steps, called, from the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, by Sansovino, the Giants' staircase, leads up from the *cortile* to the open arcade, where, under the Republican Government, the two lions' mouths were fixed, which gaped, day and night, to receive the anonymous

lums, which have been rendered the more preposterously short, from the accidental circumstance of the ground having been raised three feet since the building was erected.' Simond, p. 40. This Traveller is not often incorrect in his statements, but we find no mention of the circumstance elsewhere. Bishop Burnet says :—' The two sides of the palace that are most seen, the one facing the square of St. Mark, and the other the Great Canal, are only of brick, the third being all of marble ; but the war of Candy put a stop to the building.'

informations that ensured the safe gratification of private revenge. On this 'broad eminence,' the doge was invested with the insignia of sovereignty. There too, the ducal crown being first resumed, Marino Faliero suffered his sentence; and the traveller shudders as he ascends

—— ' the marble stairs
Down which the grizzly head of old Falier
Roll'd from the block.*

From this exterior corridor, the state apartments are entered. The walls of the *Sala di quattro Porte*, one of the first of these, are covered with the works of Tintoretto, Vicentino, and Titian. The *Sala del Gran Consiglio* is a noble room, 153 feet in length, and 73 in breadth.† This is now

* Rogers's Italy. Lord Byron adopts the same statement in his 'Marino Faliero.' Mr. Simond, we know not on what authority, gives a different account. 'Just below the balcony, between the two square pillars covered with Syriac inscriptions, upon which the gates of the city of Acre were once suspended; and on the lowest step of St. Mark's, is the spot where this first magistrate of the Republic suffered.' Evelyn seems to confirm this. 'In another quadrangle stood two columns of white marble, carved, which, they said, had been erected to hang one of their Dukes on, who designed to make himself sovereign.'—Evelyn's Mem. vol. i. p. 188.

† This hall is described by Evelyn as one of the most noble and spacious rooms in Europe. In the body of it were lower ranks of seats, capable of containing 1500 senators. Bishop Burnet remarks, that 'the Great Hall where the whole body of the nobility meet in the great council, hath nothing but the roof and walls that answers to such an assembly; for the seats are liker the benches of an auditory of scholars, than of so glorious a body.' Addison mentions a great debate which occupied this council a month, concern-

converted into a public library, the famous collection of which Petrarch and Cardinal Bessarion were the founders, having been removed hither from the beautiful edifice erected by Sansovino in the Piazzetta. This hall is also rich in paintings. The ceiling is painted in fresco by Bassano and other masters, the subjects being chiefly allegorical representations of the acts of the Republic. Beneath are ranged the portraits of the Doges,—all save one, in whose place a black vacancy is observable, with this inscription, '*Locus Marini Falieri decapitati.*' This hall likewise contains a valuable collection of antique statues, presented to the Republic by the Patriarch of Aquileia. They are ranged in a double row; and in front, is the only modern one, that of the Austrian Emperor! The Rape of Ganymede, an exquisite little piece of ancient sculpture, is thought to be the work of Phidias himself. Leda and her Swan is another *bijou* in the same taste. There is also an antique cameo of rare workmanship, found a few years ago at Ephesus, representing a head of Jupiter crowned with a civic wreath, and with one shoulder covered with an *ægis*.

The *Sala dei Pregadi* is a superb room, decorated principally with the works of Palma, and its ceiling is painted by Titian. But the apartment which excites the strongest interest from its ancient destination, is the *Sala del Consiglio di*

ing the punishment of one of their admirals, and which concluded in his condemnation. 'Yet was there none of his friends, nor of those who had engaged warmly in his defence, that gave him the least intimation of what was passing, till he was actually seized and in the hands of justice.'

Dieci,* that terrible and sanguinary divan which, under the pretence of watching over the public safety, sanctioned and committed the darkest crimes. The tribunal remains, and the fatal door is shewn, through which the criminal or the victim, here judged in mysterious secrecy, disappeared for ever. The ceilings of this hall and the adjoining room are ornamented by the pencil of Paul Veronese. On every side the eye rests upon representations of the achievements and power of the Republic, and the apartments are filled with the noblest specimens of the Venetian school. The colours with which the canvass has been made to glow, remain fresh and bright; while all the glory of Venice has faded.†

Within the recesses of the palace, there are, however, apartments of a far different character.

* This chamber was converted by Napoleon into a court of cassation.

† Over the throne of the Doge is the Last Judgement, by Tintoret, 'esteemed,' says Evelyn, 'among the best pieces in Europe.' It is about sixty feet in length and of proportionate height. Forsyth characterizes it as 'a multitudinous confusion of hurried figures, which none but that furious *fulmine di pennello* could assemble. Palma's Last Judgement is another immense composition, but more intelligibly detailed. The paintings of the great council chamber form a continued epic on the triumph which the Republic obtained over Frederic Barbarossa. In one picture, the suppliant Pope is discovered by the Doge; in another, the Venetians defeat the Imperial galleys; in a third, young Otho, their prisoner, bears to his father the demands of the conqueror; in a fourth, the Emperor is prostrate at St. Mark's. Most of this is, perhaps, a romance; but a romance more pardonable in a Venetian painting, than in grave histories, which are said to admit it on no good authority.'—Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 118.

In that part which looks on the narrow canal that is crossed by the Bridge of Sighs, are the tribunal and dungeons of the State Inquisition, once inaccessible to the eye of curiosity; but the first act of the French Government was to break open these infernal dungeons.* They were visited, in 1817, by the Author of Sketches in Italy, who has given the following description of them.

‘The three Grand Inquisitors, who formed the Supreme Council, were chosen from among the Council of Ten and the private council of the Doge. Of this Supreme Council, the Doge himself was never a member. The room in which this Supreme Council sate, was hung with black; and, to increase its gloomy and terrific aspect, the powerful pencil of Tintoretto was employed to depict on the ceiling various Virtues, bearing in their hands the different instruments of torture used by this tribunal. This

* ‘When the French general, Baraguay d’Hilliers, took possession of the city, the prisons of the State Inquisition were thrown open. Contrary to expectation, three persons only were found in them, one of whom had been there two and twenty years, another three years, and a third ten months. The first, a Dalmatian subject of the Republic, wore a venerable beard down to his middle. When taken out of his cell, he appeared much frightened, and struggled hard not to leave it, calling out, “What is all this! Leave me; you hurt me;” and uttering many incoherent exclamations. The change proved too much for one whose health had withstood two and twenty years of close confinement; and in less than four days, he was dead.’—Simond, p. 47. The Author of Sketches in Italy states, that one old man only was found, who had been immured upwards of twenty years; and he was still alive in 1816, in the island of Zante!

apartment is not large ; it has only two doors both communicating with the dungeons ; by one of which the prisoners were brought before the council, and by the other taken away. We descended one of these staircases ; it was almost totally dark, and branched off into several passages at the foot. Here our conductor opened a heavy trap-door fastened by three or four locks, and having furnished himself with a light, desired us to descend the steep, narrow staircase which appeared beneath it, and then followed us, letting the trap-door fall behind him. Its ponderous sound rang through the vaults we were just entering, and struck such a deadly chill upon my heart, that I almost fancied I could form some idea of the feelings with which they must have heard the same sound, whom fate ordained to be entombed alive within these dreaded abodes.

‘ This narrow steep stair conducted us to an iron door, which admitted us into an equally narrow vaulted passage, totally dark, which surrounded three sides of the small square in which the dungeons are constructed,—the fourth being occupied by the staircase itself. Another iron door defended the passage at the further end ; which opened on a similar staircase, terminating again in a vaulted passage underneath the one we were now in. There are four of these stories ; the lower ones, of course, sunk considerably below the water. These are now partly blocked up by the rubbish which disuse and neglect have happily suffered to accumulate. May it never again be removed !

‘ Each story contains three or four dungeons .

they open from the vaulted passages, where neither air nor light can penetrate, and are numbered in the stone wall above the door. The cells are small and vaulted, scarcely high enough to admit of a man's standing upright. The walls and roof were lined with iron; an iron shelf and a broad wooden board, serving at once for table, chair, and bed, are all the furniture they contain. Traces of writing were perceptible on some of the walls, but very indistinct. By the light of our lamp we deciphered with difficulty part of one of these, scrawled up and down on the roof with the wandering hand of one writing in the dark.*

‘ After visiting several of these dungeons, I felt myself so overcome by painful emotion and want of air, that I gladly returned to the trap-door, and emerged into a purer atmosphere. When my companion re-appeared, we proceeded along another passage and staircase of the same gloomy description, to the *Ponte de' Sospiri*. It is a covered gallery with narrow gratings in the sides to admit air, crossed by an iron door. A few paces further on, another door, now walled up, formerly opened into a small chamber, into which a prisoner once en-

* Three of these melancholy records are given in the Notes to the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*. The first, dated 1607, appears to have been written by a prisoner confined for some act of impiety committed at a funeral. The second, dated 1605, seems to bear the signature of an ecclesiastic. The third, without date, was, no doubt, scrawled by a true son of the Church; it is to this effect: ‘ God guard me against those I confide in. Against those I have not trusted, I will guard myself. Long live the holy Roman Catholic Church.’

tering was seen no more. He was there strangled, and his body was thrown into the canal beneath. Well might this passage be called the Bridge of Sighs!*

But we have detained the reader too long from the great centre of attraction, the Place of St. Mark. The first sight of the Grand Square, especially when the stranger comes upon it unexpectedly, after threading the narrow canals or alleys of the city, is extremely striking. There is, in fact, no place like it; and in an instant, the traveller recognizes the strange-looking church and great ugly belfry which the views of Venice have familiarized to his eye. But these will not have prepared him for the magnificent and *unique* effect. The Place of St. Mark is an oblong area, about 800 feet by 350, and flagged over. Two sides of it consist of regular buildings, of rich and varied architecture, with deep arcades. Each side is uniform in itself, though not similar to the other; and each is continued in one unbroken line, so as to unite with the main objects at the eastern end, to form one whole. On the north side are the *Procuratorie Vecchie*; on the south side, the *Procuratorie Nuove*. These buildings take their name from having been originally erected for the accommodation of the Procurators of St. Mark. The western side was formerly occupied by the church of San Geminiani; but, as that edifice interrupted the range of arcades which extend along the northern and southern sides of the Piazza, it was removed by the French, who constructed

* Sketches, &c., vol. iv. pp. 171—174.

in its place the grand staircase of the Imperial palace, and continued the arcades along this end.

The principal objects which meet the eye at the further end of this grand architectural avenue, are the Cathedral, the Orologio, and the Campanile, the latter two seeming to be appendages to the main edifice. The Ducal Palace in the Piazzetta hardly comes into the view, although a glimpse of it may be caught behind the Campanile. In front of the church are three tall red poles, looking like masts, supported on handsome bases of bronze, from which, in former days, the flags of Candia, Cyprus, and the Morea, the three vassal kingdoms of the haughty Republic, floated in the wind. They are still decorated on festival days with gaudy streamers. The Orologio, or clock-tower, forms the termination of the left hand or northern side, and rises above it, although not above the church. It has no beauty to recommend it, and contributes little to the general effect.* The Campanile is equally destitute of intrinsic beauty, being merely a great square tower of brick, 230 feet high, terminating in a pyramid, on the summit of which is an angel for a weather-cock. It has a good effect, however, from the strong contrast it affords, running up so high upon a narrow base, to the long-

* 'Over this porch stands that admirable clock, celebrated next to Strasburg for its many movements: among which, about twelve and six, which are their hours of Ave Maria, when all the town are on their knees, come forth the Three Kings, led by a star, and passing by the image of Christ in his Mother's arms, do their reverence, and enter into the clock by another door. At the top of this turret, another automaton strikes the quarters.'—Evelyn, vol. i. p. 185.

continued horizontal lines of the Piazza, and the low and 'lumpy forms' of the cathedral.

The exterior of this celebrated edifice presents to an unpractised eye an architectural puzzle. It is neither Gothic, nor Saracenic, nor Roman, but a mixture of all those styles ; neither a church nor a mosque, but something between the two ; too low for grandeur,* too heavy and heterogeneous for beauty, no just proportion being preserved among the different parts. Yet, it has the effect of grandeur and a sort of beauty, from the richness of the materials, the profusion of the ornaments, and the general impression of opulence and power which it produces. In the façade may be detected two perfectly distinct styles. The lower part belongs to that degraded Roman style generally called Norman. It consists of five recessed door-ways, each adorned with two stories of little columns, which are mostly gouty and ill made. Some of these columns are of their original length, and exhibit the ancient necking and fillet at the base : others have been shortened. The capitals are almost all different, all in bad taste, and disproportioned to the columns, varying not so much in height as in diameter, some being too large, and others as much too little.† The middle one of these arched

* The front is 170 feet wide, and 72 high without the figures.

† Nearly 300 columns are stuck on the pillars of the front, and 300 more on the balustrade above. As these columns were the spoils of Constantinople and the Levant, and perhaps of Aquileia and Altino, one might imagine, Mr. Woods remarks, that the capitals also have belonged to ancient edifices, did not a certain rudeness both of design and execution, shew them to be the production of the middle ages, or

recesses is the largest; and the general effect is something like the arches of a bridge. Over them, a gallery or balcony of marble stretches across the whole front, in the centre of which are now replaced the famous bronze horses of Lysippus, the proud trophies of the Republic.* Just behind them is a great circular window, which was once highly decorated, but all the ornament has been taken out, probably to throw more light into the church. Two smaller arched door-ways on each side of this window, open upon the balcony; and the façade terminates in pointed arches, surmounted with a multitude of spires, pinnacles, statues, and crosses, in fantastic variety. The finishings of this upper part are in the style of the

at least of the Lower Empire. They are not equally bad, and some may be the spoils of ancient buildings, but there are no good ones.—Woods, vol. ii. p. 258.

* That these horses were found in Constantinople, when Dandolo took that city by assault, is unquestionable; and they are supposed to be the same that were carried from Corinth to Rome by Memmius, and from Rome to Byzantium by Constantine. A passage has been cited from a Byzantine father, to prove that they were cast at Chios in the fourth century; but this MS. has been pronounced a forgery, and their claim to high antiquity, though not to extraordinary merit, is now generally acknowledged. After having pranced at the top of Napoleon's little triumphal arch at Paris, they were brought back in 1815, and re-instated in this balcony with great pomp and ceremony; and the Emperor Francis has recorded in a golden inscription below, the robbery of the French, and his own triumph. The French, however, Mr. Matthews justly remarks, had as much right to take them from Venice, as Dandolo had to bring them thither. They are strangely out of place in this balcony; but no where could they be a greater curiosity than in a city where no other horses are to be seen.

Italian Gothic of the fifteenth century, resembling in form our own ornamental architecture in the early part of that period, but without its lightness. In the lower part of the front, the ornaments, though rich and numerous, are entirely subordinate, and do not interrupt the lines of the architecture. In the upper part, on the contrary, they are so heavy and overcharged, that the architecture seems made for them. Above all, four leaden cupolas, three in front and a larger one behind, surmounted with little lanterns, give to the edifice, to use Mr. Forsyth's expression, 'a strange unchristian look.*' The fact is, as Mr. Matthews remarks, that, when it was built, the imaginations of the Venetians were full of Constantinople and the glorious exploits of Dandolo. Most of its materials came from Greece; and the architects, as well as the architecture, were Byzantine.

The church of St. Mark was originally built early in the ninth century (A.D. 831), when Giovanni Participatio was Doge of Venice, expressly to receive the remains of the holy Evangelist, which are said to have been transported hither from Alexandria.† This church having been con-

* 'Such as they are,' says Mr. Woods, 'beauty, not use, is their object; for there is a wide space between them and the internal domes.' There are, in fact, five cupolas; but only four are seen in this direction.

† The legend, as given by the Italian historians, will be found in Mr. Roscoe's *Landscape Annual* for 1831. Mr. Simond 'understood, that the whole story of the smuggling of St. Mark's body out of Alexandria under a flitch of bacon, that the Mahometan tide-waiters might not search for it,' is represented in the mosaics in the upper parts of the façade. This scarcely accords with Evelyn's admiration of 'the splendid history of our Blessed Saviour, composed all of

sumed by fire in the year 976, the present edifice was founded in the following year, under the direction of architects from Constantinople. Some walls and columns of the old church, however, were left standing. The naked construction, which is of brick, was finished in the year 1071. In 1072, the Doge, Domenico Selvo (or Silvio), incrusted it with marble, and probably began the pavement. The edifice was not consecrated, however, till 1111. The bronze horses and other precious ornaments were brought from Constantinople in 1204. In 1455, the embellishment of the edifice was still going on; for a decree of the council in that year, authorized the procurators of St. Mark to make use of the stones and columns of the ruined church of S. Andrea de Aimanis; and Mr. Woods conjectures, that this order points out the time of the upper finishings. Many other edifices in Venice, which exhibit precisely the same style of architecture, were built about that period. The more splendid mosaics which adorn the interior, were executed in the year 1545, by two brothers, of the name of Zuccati, who worked under the direction of Titian.

On passing the brazen gates, the visiter finds himself in a spacious portico or vestibule, occupying the whole width of the front, and returning on each side, like the portico of a peripteral temple, as far as the transept. It is vaulted with

mosaic, over the *faciata*. The remains of the Saint were first lodged in the ducal chapel, Giustiniano Participatio being Doge. At his death, he bequeathed a sum for the erection of the present church, which was accomplished under his brother and successor, Giovanni.

obtusely pointed arches, seemingly composed of two circular curves; but, as the whole vault is covered with mosaics, the exact form is not clearly distinguishable. The ground of all these mosaics is composed of pieces of gilt glass: the figures are of coloured glass and composition. The sober, reflected light which they receive, does not permit the splendid ground to be glaring. On the side next to the body of the church, the vaulting rests upon columns, the capitals of which present some singular imitations of the Ionic order. The portico is also adorned with eight columns of oriental black and white marble, which have capitals of Istrian stone, (a sort of imperfect marble,) with a whimsical composition of birds and arabesques, and support nothing. These are said to have belonged to Solomon's temple; and the singularity of the capitals is appealed to by the Venetians in proof of the tradition. The nature of the material sufficiently contradicts the story; but the shafts were probably brought from the Levant, and possibly from Jerusalem.*

On entering the body of the church, the display of wealth is still more striking. The vaulting and great part of the walls are covered with mosaic, and the rest with rich marbles. The columns of porphyry, verd antique, and Oriental and African marbles; the pavement, composed of minute pieces of white and coloured marbles, jasper, agate, lapis

* Here is shewn the stone upon which, it is said, the Imperial neck of Barbarossa rested, while Pope Alexander III., placing his foot upon it, pronounced that verse of the psalm, '*Super aspidem et basiliscum ambulabis.*' '*Non tibi, sed Petro,*' murmured the humiliated Emperor.

lazuli, &c., variously and for the most part beautifully disposed; the inlaid ornaments and gilded capitals; produce altogether astonishment and admiration. The gilding, on a fine day, Mr. Woods remarks, is rather glaring; but this he attributes to the alteration made in the ancient windows, to obtain more light; a change which he considers as certainly injurious to the general effect, although some parts of the building are still abundantly gloomy. Mr. Simond describes the interior as resembling 'a huge cavern rudely hewn in a rock, and gilt all over, with great, tawdry figures in mosaic sprawling above and below;' the general effect being 'half ludicrous, half awful, at once majestic and mean.' Mr. Forsyth, too, represents the interior of this church as 'dark, heavy, barbarous, nay, poor, in spite of all the porphyry and Oriental marbles, and glaring mosaics, that enrich the walls, the vaults, and the pavements. In fact,' he adds, 'such a variety of colours would impair the effect of the purest architecture.' Evelyn, long before, had remarked, that 'this church is much too dark and dismal, and of heavy work. But before we subscribe to this condemnatory criticism, we ought to consider what was the design of the architect. The cavern-like effect which Mr. Simond ascribes to the building, was doubtless that which it was intended to produce; the exclusion of light was equally intentional; and it is evident, we think, from the style of the ornaments, as well as of the architecture, that the edifice was adapted for nocturnal illumination, like the church of St. Sophia at Constantinople. It cannot, therefore, be fairly judged of by day-light; but, when

properly lighted up, the effect must be brilliant in the extreme. All that seems poor, or mean, or tawdry, would then disappear, or be found subsidiary to the design; and the heavy and dismal vaults would be converted into a glittering firmament.*

The plan of the church is a Greek cross, with a dome over each of the five parts, and a circular recess at the end. The nave is two hundred and forty-five feet in length; the transept, two hundred and one. The middle dome is internally ninety feet high: the others are eighty feet. 'Each part,' Mr. Woods says, 'seems intended to present the idea of a Greek cross, the lateral parts being the arms of these secondary crosses, rather than continued side-aisles. Nor are they kept subordinate in height to the principal avenue which connects the domes, but are merely separated from it by a screen of columns sustaining arches, with an open gallery above them. These columns have capitals of different forms, but all approaching to the Corinthian, with at least one row of leaves, and all have a double abacus. The capital, including the lower abacus, is gilt, while the upper abacus has a painted or mosaic ornament. The lower parts shew themselves to be of white marble; a sort of warm brown coating, attributed to the dampness of

* Mr. Rose is the only Traveller who seems to have *felt* the effect of this church. 'There is no wonder in Venice,' he remarks, 'superior to the church of St. Mark. Canaletti may shew you what it is without, but a Rembrandt only could give you an idea of its interior. If I could have visions any where, it would be here.' Letters, &c. vol. ii. p. 128.

the situation, which elsewhere covers that material, being here rubbed off. The columns against the wall have, in general, a capital which may be traced, perhaps, to the Ionic, but with an immense clumsy abacus. Those which support the canopy over the altar, are of white marble or alabaster.*

For a full and particular account of the treasures of this church, we must have recourse to the antiquated page of Evelyn. 'Being come into the church,' he says, 'you see nothing, and tread on nothing, but what is precious.' After describing the inlaid floor, the incrusted walls, the rich *volto* of excellent mosaic, and the five cupolas, he proceeds:—'Under this (middle) cupola, sustained by thirty-six marble columns, is the high altar, on which is a reliquary of several sorts of jewels, engraved with figures after the Greek manner, and set together with plates of pure gold. The altar is covered with a canopy of ophit (granite), on which is sculptured the story of the Bible, and so on the pillars of Parian marble which support it. Behind these are four other columns of transparent and true Oriental alabaster, brought hither out of the mines of Solomon's temple, as they report. There are many chapels and notable monuments of illustrious persons, dukes, cardinals, &c., as Zeno, Jo. Soranzi, and others. There is likewise a vast baptistery of copper. Among other valuable relics is a stone on which, they say, Our Blessed Lord stood preaching to those of Tyre and Sidon; and near the door is an image of Christ, much adored, for that a rude fellow striking it, they say, there gushed out a torrent of blood. In one of the

* Woods, vol. i. pp. 259—261.

corners lies the body of St. Isidore, brought hither five hundred years since from the island of Chios. At the corner of the church are inserted into the main wall, four figures as big as life, cut in porphyry, which, they say, are the images of four brothers who poisoned one another, by which means there escheated to the Republic that vast treasury of relics now belonging to the church. At the other entrance that looks towards the sea, stands, in a small chapel, that statue of Our Lady, made (as they affirm) of the same rock out of which Moses brought water to the murmuring Israelites at Horeb or Meribah.'

By favour of the French ambassador, Evelyn had admittance to see 'the Reliquary called the *Tresoro di San Marco*,—a large chamber full of presses,' of which he gives the following inventory. 'There are twelve breast-plates, or pieces of pure golden armour, studded with precious stones, and as many crowns, dedicated to St. Mark by so many noble Venetians who had recovered their wives taken at sea by the Saracens; many curious vases of achats (agates); the cap or coronet of the Dukes of Venice, one of which had a ruby set on it, esteemed worth 200,000 crowns; two unicorn's horns; numerous vases and dishes of achat, set thick with precious stones and vast pearls; divers heads of saints incased in gold; a small *ampulla* or glass with Our Saviour's blood; a great morsel of the real cross; one of the nails; a thorn; a fragment of the column to which Our Lord was bound when scourged; the standard or ensign of Constantine; a piece of St. Luke's arm; a rib of St. Stephen; a finger of Mary Magdalen; numerous other things which I could not remem-

ber ; but a priest, first vesting himself in his sacerdotal, with the stole about his neck, shewed us the gospel of St. Mark, written by his own hand.*

This last curiosity would be worth all the rest, even were it no more than a manuscript of the first century, but that its very imperfect preservation renders it extremely difficult to decipher any of the characters. Montfaucon, by whom it was carefully examined, accustomed as he was to the inspection of MSS., had never seen one that seemed to be of greater antiquity. It is written upon papyrus ; but the language he reports to be, not Greek, but Latin. It was obtained by the Venetians from Friuli, and was brought to the church of St. Mark, amid the ringing of bells and popular acclamation ; not, however, from any intelligent notion of the value of the manuscript, but on account of the legend which invests it with an ideal sanctity as the autograph of their patron saint.

The Campanile is interesting as having been the scene of Galileo's astronomical observations while resident at Venice. It was erected about the year 1150, on older foundations. The ascent is by means of a series of inclined planes ' broad enough for a coach ;' and one of the French kings, Evelyn says, actually went up on horseback.† The bell is of a great size ; and, to a person on

* Evelyn, vol. i. pp. 186—188.

† The Giralda of Seville, erected by the Moors in the year 1196, is ascended in the same manner, and will admit of two horsemen riding abreast about half way up. The Author of Sketches in Italy describes the ascent of the Campanile, as ' a triangular and very uneven pathway, occasionally broken into steps.'

the summit, the sound is almost deafening, and produces the most unpleasant sensations. A magnificent panoramic view is obtained from the summit. The eye can distinctly trace, from this elevation, every channel and shoal in the Lagoon,—the long narrow chain of islands that separates them from the main,—the wide and busy port just beneath,—the whole city, lying, as Evelyn says, ‘in the bosom of the sea, in the shape of a lute,’—the branching canals and numerous bridges (said to amount to 450),—the sinuous course of the Great Canal, broken only by the apparently slender and graceful arch of the Rialto,—the distant suburbs occupying the surrounding islands,—with the low, flat shores of Lombardy, the rugged Euganean hills, backed by the Tyrolese Alps, and, far across the Gulf of Trieste, the blue mountains of Istria, rising like distant clouds above the eastern horizon. The busy crowds in St. Mark’s Place immediately below, look like ants crawling about without any apparent object.

The *Loggia* at the foot of the Campanile, built from the designs of Sansovino, was to have extended all round the tower, so as to form a base to it. The architecture is of the Corinthian order, and has been much admired.* Between the columns are niches, in each of which stands a bronze statue, the size of life. The materials of the building are a beautiful marble. It was originally a public tribunal, but is now a lottery office.

* ‘The style,’ Mr. Woods says, ‘would not do well for a larger building, and might be called monumental, rather than *palatial*, but is good in its way, and for its object.’

The first edifice erected in Venice, from the designs of this great architect,* is said to have been the *Zecca* in the Piazzetta. This building has two fronts perfectly dissimilar. That which faces the Ducal palace, in a line with the Library of St. Mark, consists of two orders, Doric surmounted with Ionic, each with an entablature singularly overcharged. Towards the sea, 'it presents bossages and rusticity up to the summit.' The *Libreria Vecchia*, which was his next work, consists, in like manner, of two orders, 'as rich as beauty would allow them to be.' This edifice now forms part of the Royal Palace, which occupies the whole of the *Procuratorie Nuove*, and is continued along the western end of the Piazza. The *Procuratorie Nuove* were also partly built by Sansovino; they were commenced in 1583, although not completed till 1682. The first three arches of this range of building, are the same as those of the *Zecca*. The next ten were executed under the direction of Scamozzi, who adopted the Doric and Ionic orders of the *Zecca*, but corrected the extravagance of the

* Jacopo Tatti, who afterwards assumed the name of Sansovino, (which was that also of the sculptor his master,) was born at Florence about the year 1479, nearly thirty years before Palladio; but, as he lived to a great age, dying in 1570, they were contemporaries. On the sack of Rome in 1527, he fled to Venice, where he was made chief architect of the Republic. He shares with Sanmicheli the credit of having first fairly introduced the modern Italian architecture into this part of Italy. Bartolomeo Buono had abandoned Gothic details, but preserved much of the ancient disposition in his edifices. Sansovino has been pronounced inferior to Palladio in elegance, and to Sanmicheli in genius; but many of his edifices are deemed extremely beautiful.—See Woods, vol. ii. p. 271. Quart. Rev. No. lxiii. p. 50.

cornice, and added a third order with Corinthian columns, which is objected against by Mr. Forsyth, as too evidently an after-thought intruded upon the original design at the expense of a frieze. The same design has been followed in the rest of the building; but the workmanship is very indifferent. Another defect is, that the height of this range is rendered much greater than the opposite building, by the third story. This defect has been rendered more obvious by the destruction of the church of S. Geminiano, built from the design of Sansovino, which the Venetian *dilettanti* are said to regret. Forsyth, however, terms it 'a vile object;' and judging from indifferent engravings, Mr. Woods remarks, it seems to have been 'a poor thing in itself,' and injurious to the general effect. The *Procuratorie Vecchie*, erected about the year 1500, is a lighter, lower, and less noble building than its opposite neighbour, and is objected against by Forsyth as 'a mere lantern.'*

These architectural criticisms will scarcely suggest themselves, however, to the ordinary observer. The whole scene is rich and striking, and powerfully adapted to excite the imagination. The Piazza is itself a well-proportioned avenue to a great edifice of sufficient magnitude and in-

* Woods, vol. i. p. 270. Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 112. Bartolomeo Buono was the architect of the *Procuratorie Vecchie*. The design, Mr. Woods remarks, is not without taste; but the piers below are too weak, the circular windows in the widened frieze bad, and the finishings against the roof execrable. The great charm of the Piazza, in an architectural point of view, is its unity of object.

terest to merit such an approach; while the congregation of all nations, in their various costumes, lounging under the purple awnings of the *caffès*, smoking, playing at chess, or drinking coffee, adds not a little to the impression produced by this picturesque display of magnificence.

Deficient as Venice is in walking-room, the Piazza is almost the only place in which the population can assemble for the purpose of public festivity. Here, accordingly, were celebrated the Great Fair, the Carnival, the ceremonials of the Church, and the triumphs of the State. Here alike were erected the stage of the juggler, and the scaffold of public executions.

‘ The sea, that emblem of uncertainty,
 Changed not so fast, for many and many an age,
 As this small spot. To-day ’twas full of masks,
 And lo ! the madness of the Carnival,
 The monk, the nun, the holy legate, masked ;
 To-morrow came the scaffold and the wheel ;
 And he died there by torch-light, bound and gagged,
 Whose name and crime they knew not.’

‘ St. Mark’s,’ says Mr. Forsyth (in 1802), ‘ is much altered since the late events. I saw none of those singularities, those official costumes, that mummerly, that masking, which used to enliven the scene. Men of all ranks associate very promiscuously under the arcades, free from the old republican distinctions.* For six days in the week, St.

* Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 11. In former times, ‘ the walk in which the nobility tread,’ Bp. Burnet tells us, was ‘ left to them, for no others dare walk among them ; and they change the side of the square of St. Mark, as the sun and the weather direct them.’ This walk was called the *Broghio*, supposed to be a corruption of the Greek *Peribolaion* ; and

Mark's place is a military parade : on Saturday, it is converted into a rag-fair, and covered with "cushions, leaden spoons, irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would bury with those that wore them." At night, the mart of trade is transformed into a scene of general gayety, and is one blaze of light from the numerous coffee-houses which line the arcades. Some of these are frequented by nobles only, others by plebeians ; some are appropriated to Jews ; some to Turks ; others are occupied by different classes of the community, who all resort hither after the opera, which closes at midnight, to idle away a few more hours, before they retire for the night. ' Venice,' says Mr. Matthews, ' is the land of late hours. The scene in St. Mark's Place at midnight, is more gay and animated than at any hour of the day ; and it is after the opera that evening parties and *conversazioni* commence. The gondoliers no longer sing the verses of Tasso, but you are frequently regaled with beautiful music, from parties of *dilettanti* musicians. The *cafés* are brilliantly lighted ; and you might fancy, when you see it for the first time, that it was a gala night of extraordinary occurrence.* All this gayety and animation, however, are quiet and noiseless ; and the very festivity of the Venetians seems allied to a dream-like repose.

' I am apt to think,' adds the Bishop, ' that broils, brouillons, and embroilments, are all derived from the agitations that are managed in those walks.' Burnet, p. 125.

* Matthews's Diary, p. 282. People of fashion at Venice, Mr. Simond says, do not sleep by night in summer, going to bed at sun-rise, and rising at noon.

Next to the Piazza of St. Mark, the quarter most interesting from association, is the Rialto.* The bridge which now bears that name, originally derived from the island of Rivo-alto, the cradle of Venice, was commenced in 1588, and completed in 1591. It is situated nearly in the middle of the *Canale Grande*, which traverses the whole city, dividing it into two nearly equal portions, and is formed of one arch about eighty-three feet wide. A double row of mean shops, twenty-four on each side, are built upon the bridge, which is moreover so coated with dirt as scarcely to permit the marble of which it is constructed to be visible. By these shops, it is, in fact, divided into three distinct, though narrow streets. Being of great height in the centre, it is mounted and descended by long flights of steps. The elegance of the bridge consists wholly in its elliptic arch, which, at the time of its construction, might justly command admiration.† It was designed by Antonio da Ponte, the architect of the public prison.

* 'If no more were included under this name,' remarks Mr. Matthews, 'than the single arch across the canal, the congregation of merchants before whom Antonio used to rate Shylock, must have been a small one, and Pierre could not well have chosen a worse place for his evening's walk of meditation.' Matthews, p. 282. The fact is, that here was the Exchange, and in the same little island the first church was erected. This is now the quarter of *S. Polo*.

† The first public building, Evelyn tells us, he went to see, was, 'the Rialto, a bridge of one arch, *so large as to admit a galley to row under it*, built of good marble, and having on it, besides many pretty shops, three ample and stately passages for people without any inconvenience; a piece of architecture much to be admired.' Under the

The Exchange, which appears to have been formerly known under the same name, on the further side of the bridge from St. Mark's, is described by Coryate, in 1608, as 'of a goodly height, built all with brick, as the palaces are, adorned with many fair walks or open galleries, and having a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it.' Here the Venetian merchants and gentlemen met twice a day; between eleven and twelve in the forenoon, and between five and six in the evening. Evelyn mentions the Exchange as 'a place like ours, but nothing so magnificent.' Near the Rialto, on the St. Mark's side, is the *Fondaco dei Tedeschi* (Store-house of the Germans), where, says Evelyn, 'many of the merchants, especially the Germans, have their lodging and diet, as in a college. The outside of this stately fabric is painted by Giorgione da Castel Franco and Titian himself.'* 'Hence,' he continues, 'I passed through the *Merceria*, which is one of the most delicious streets in the world for the sweetness of it, and is all the way on both sides tapestried, as it were, with cloth of gold, rich damasks, and other silks, which the shops expose and hang before their houses from the first floor, and with that variety, that, for near half the year spent chiefly in this city, I hardly remember to have seen the same piece twice exposed. To this add the perfumes, apothecaries' shops, and the innumerable cages of nightingales which they keep, that entertain you with their melody from shop to shop; so broad shade of its arch, lie the boats which arrive every hour with fresh water.

* This is now converted into a *dogana*.

that, shutting your eyes, you would imagine yourself in the country, when indeed you are in the middle of the sea. It is almost as silent as the middle of a field, there being neither rattling of coaches, nor trampling of horses.*

Such were some of the wonders of old Venice, at a period when London had little in its architecture to recommend it to strangers. The shops under the arcades are still very handsome; particularly, Mr. Matthews says, those of jewellery. The gold-work of Venice is in high request;† and the manufacture of gold chain is brought to the greatest perfection. The celebrated plate-glass manufacture carried on in the Island of Murano, is now on the decline; but immense quantities of it are to be seen in every house, large and small; and the pretty trifles in glass which the shops display, and which are executed for the gaudy taste of oriental markets, have a gay effect, especially when they are lighted up at night. The other manufactures consist of woollens, serges, canvas and ropes, gold and silver stuffs, velvet, silk stockings, and lace.

After St. Mark's Place, the scenery which commands most admiration, and which Mr. Woods thought in some respects even superior to it, is that of the harbour, and of the canal of the Giudecca, which is a continuation of it. This affords a succession of great objects, some of them indi-

* Evelyn, vol. i. p. 185.—This street, 'paved with brick and exceedingly clean,' led through the arch of the Orologio into the Piazza of St. Mark.

† The Author of Sketches in Italy thought it inferior, however, to that of Genoa.

vidually very fine. Among these, besides the buildings of the Piazzetta, and the *Prigione*, are the *Dogana*, the church of *La Salute*, and the churches of *San Giorgio* and *Il Redentore* (Redeemer), both erected from the designs of Palladio.

The church of *Il Santissimo Redentore*, built on the occasion of the cessation of a pestilence in 1576, stands on the island of the Giudecca.* It is generally considered as one of Palladio's master-pieces. Mr. Forsyth pronounces it admirable both in plan and in elevation; and another critic styles it 'the most beautiful ecclesiastical building designed by Palladio, and perhaps altogether the most beautiful church in Italy, though inferior to many in costliness and magnitude.' Its façade is a simple colonnade of three-quarter composite columns, unfluted, with the pediment and entablature unbroken. In order to obtain height, a sort of attic is introduced above the pediment of both orders, and a roof rises above the attic, which does not add to the beauty of the building. The want of sculpture in the pediment, has also been objected against as a deficiency, especially in so rich an order as the Composite; and it would have been an improvement to disengage the columns. But, if not absolutely perfect, the composition is so elegant, and the proportions are so graceful and harmonious, that the edifice

* This island, anciently denominated from its figure, *Spina Longa*, has been supposed to derive its name from being originally the Jews' quarter. The Abbé Moschini asserts, however, that it was never inhabited by Jews; and he supposes it to have taken its name from a suburb of Constantinople.

would seem to be not undeserving of the general admiration it has excited. The interior elevation, Mr. Forsyth says, 'is perhaps perfect in its proportions; simple, grand, harmonious. One unbroken entablature, surmounting one unvaried Corinthian, reigns round the church. Its cornice, indeed, is one of the improprieties which are established in the interior of all churches; and the angles flattened at the cross, we must impute to the cupola.' Mr. Woods thinks, that the simple disposition of the interior, with its fine, wide, single nave, might be imitated with great advantage in our Protestant churches. 'The arrangement and colour of the lower part,' he says, 'are beautiful; and if the vault were a semi, instead of a segment, and panelled instead of whitewashed, it might be cited as a perfect model of this mode of architecture.'* The termination of the choir wants consequence; and the plain whitewashed wall behind the semi-circular screen of columns, is absolutely disagreeable; but these defects detract little from the merit of the architecture. This church was begun by Palladio in 1578, two years only before his death. It contains some fine pictures by Tintoretto, Palma, and Paul Veronese: the subjects are, Our Lord's Baptism, the Scourging, and the Descent from the Cross.

The church of *San Giorgio Maggiore*, (where the last conclave was held,) although not so pure in design, is yet worthy of Palladio. It was begun in 1556, but the front was not erected till

* Woods, vol. ii. pp. 272, 3. Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 113. Quart. Rev., vol. xxxii. p. 49.

1610. Both without and within are two orders rising from the same pavement to different heights; the larger, Composite; the smaller, Corinthian. The central division of the front is narrower, in proportion to its height, than in any other of Palladio's churches. 'The general proportions,' Mr. Woods remarks, 'are pleasing; yet, the columns appear upon stilts, as each stands on its own lofty pedestal, between which the doorway is introduced, while the smaller order, reaching to the ground, has its pilasters almost as long as the principal columns. Internally, the church has a nave and two side aisles; but the piers are very solid, and admit no oblique view between them on entering the great door. The nave itself is much inferior to that of the *Redentore*: it is too short, and the pedestals are too high. The transept cuts the lines disagreeably; and the want of some projection or alteration of plan at the intersection, produces an effect of feebleness. The altars are all similar, simple, and good.'* From the steps of this church, the most beautiful parts of the city are seen to great advantage.†

The Benedictine convent to which this church

* Woods, vol. ii. p. 273.—'The transepts,' says Mr. Forsyth, 'seem too long for the nave, and the cupola too small. On the walls is a fine assemblage of marbles. The chief cloister, though supported by coupled columns, is nobly elevated; the windows are grand; the pediments, as usual in Palladio's works, are alternately angular and curved.'

† Mr. Simond states, that the French, were upon the point of pulling down the churches of *S. Giorgio* and *Il Redentore*, and of selling the materials; when they were ransomed by the corporation for a certain sum borrowed from the Jews, and for the repayment of which a duty is now levied on ships.

formerly belonged, was the richest in Venice, and the whole islet belonged to the fathers. Evelyn mentions as a rare thing in Venice, the fine garden attached to the cloister; it had also 'an olive-orchard all environed by the sea.' The trees and shrubs planted by the monks still flourish, but the convent has been converted into warehouses, and the island is now known by the name of Porto Franco.

San Francesco della Vigna presents, in its *façade*, another specimen of Palladio's taste. Like St. George's, it has two wings, each covered with half a pediment. The pediment in the middle is entire, and contains an eagle cooped in a circle. Over the door is a large, semi-circular window. The interior is not beautiful, nor does it correspond to the outside; and Mr. Woods correctly supposes, that the building was the work of two different architects. The fact is, that the church itself had Sansovino for its architect, who was not left at liberty, however, to follow his own judgement.

The church of *S. Rocco* has been erroneously ascribed to Palladio. Scalfarotto was the architect of the church, and Maccaruzzi designed the *façade*, which is neither beautiful nor rich. The School of S. Rocco (begun by Bartolomeo Buono in 1516, and finished in 1536, by Scarpagnino) has been admired, but the architecture is more fanciful than beautiful. The front is of two orders, each of six entire columns, round which the entablature breaks. The windows are arched, in pairs, each pair being placed in an arched recess in the lower story, and crowned with a pediment in the upper. The walls of this ancient convent are covered with

frescoes by Tintoretto, among which are some fine representations of the ravages of the plague. Mr. Rose speaks of these paintings as extremely interesting. He had previously seen at Florence, many scattered works of this master; but these, he says, 'viewed separately, give no more idea of the powers of the painter, than a stray canto of Ariosto does of those of the poet. The seeing this grand assemblage of his paintings, produces something like the effect of reading the Orlando; and Tintoretto may be truly characterized as the Ariosto of picture.'*

S. Jacopo in Rivo Alto (or *di Rialto*) claims attention as the mother church of Venice. It was first erected in 1194, but entirely rebuilt in 1531, precisely in the old form, according to an inscription in the portico.† 'We may doubt,' remarks Mr. Woods, 'the perfect accuracy of the imitation; but the six marble columns of the nave, with their capitals copied from the Corinthian, are probably parts of the ancient building. The middle space is about twice the width of the others, forming a transept; and a cupola rises at the intersection. I suspect that this was an innovation; but, upon the whole, it is a pretty little thing.'

S. Martino and *S. Giorgio de' Greci* deserve notice as being among the works of Sansovino. The former is a square room with three recesses on each side, one of which, rather deeper than the

* Rose's Letters, vol. ii. p. 136.

† Mr. Pennington states, that this church 'was built, as appears from the inscription, in 1421, Zozimo being Pope, and Honorius Emperor;' and that it was repaired in 1601.

others, forms the choir. The distribution is good, although the details are poor. The latter church takes its name from having been erected at the expense of the Greek inhabitants of the city. It was thirty years in building, and has been lauded by Moschini as the finest of Sansovino's works, full of majesty and magnificence, and characterized by the solidity of 'a richly adorned castle.' It is not noticed by Mr. Forsyth; but Mr. Woods condemns the exterior as 'altogether bad;' and the inside he describes as an oblong room, not very well proportioned or well decorated. On the division which separates the sanctuary from the body of the church, are some paintings coated with silver, and having crowns and other ornaments of gold attached to them, leaving scarcely any part of the painting visible but the heads. This is completely in the taste of the Greek church; yet, no carved images are allowed.

S. Nicola de' Tolentini is one of the best works of Scamozzi. The front is a handsome portico of six Corinthian columns; but the leaves of the capital are uncut, as if not having been finished. The interior consists of a nave with three chapels on each side, a transept with a dome at the intersection, and a choir somewhat narrower than the nave. The proportions are good, but there is too much ornament.

Among the best imitations of Palladio are the churches of *Sta. Maria del Rosario* and *S. Barnaba*. The former, called the *Gesuati*, boasts one of the handsomest fronts in Venice.* The interior

* 'The portal of this church emulates the Pantheon; but the reverend brandy-merchants who raised it, impaired its

is not so good. The architect was Giorgio Massari. *S. Barnaba* is inferior on the outside, but better within. *S. Pietro in Castello* (by Smeraldi) is another imitation of Palladio, exhibiting the pedestal cut through to admit the door, and the pediment surmounted with a different attic. The interior would have been handsome, were not the nave too short, and its lines interrupted by the large transept. *S. Simeon Piccolo* (erected in 1718, by Scalfarotto) is a rotunda with a portico attached to one side, and, on the opposite side, a recess for the altar. The exterior is not in good proportion, and the high, tile-covered dome is very ugly. Internally, the distribution of the smaller parts is not well managed, but it shews something of the beautiful effect of so simple a plan.

Santa Maria della Salute has been ascribed to Palladio, but erroneously. It was erected on the cessation of the plague in 1630, under the direction of Baldissera Longhena. Mr. Woods describes it as a great octagonal church or oratory, overloaded with ornament in all parts of the exterior; but the internal arrangement, intricate without confusion, is favourable to the expression of richness and splendour, and presents some very picturesque and even beautiful combinations.* The dome is sup-

simplicity by two rows of equal statues. I was better pleased with the gradations within, where the statues form one range, relieves another, and imitations of relief reign round the vault.—Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 115.

* Mr. Forsyth's criticism upon this church is as follows: 'It is magnificent, to be sure, and lofty, and rich; but it runs into too many angles and projections, too many "coignes of vantage," both without and within. It spires into a pyramid, from the very basement up to the cupola; but those

ported on eight pillars. The aisle continues all round it, and there are eight recesses, seven of which are chapels, and the eighth forms the entrance. The windows, disposed two on each side, over the arches of the central octagon, have a bad effect; and it is at present much injured by the abominable whitewash with which the Venetians daub almost all their churches. Luca Giordano has, in this church, exhibited some curious specimens of the versatility of his powers in imitating the styles of other artists.

The church of *Il Santissimo Salvatore* was built at the expense of a merchant named Jacopo Galli, who bequeathed 60,000 ducats for the purpose. The architect is uncertain. In the front, the principal order is surmounted with an attic of almost equal height, forming a square composition, with an unmeaning pediment over the centre. The four columns are very wide apart, but the effect is not bad. The inside has a nave and three side recesses for transepts: each intersection is covered with a little dome, crowned with a small lantern. The piers which separate these transepts, are perforated in both directions with a small arch. The general effect is very good.*

There are several churches which date from the middle ages, and which therefore claimed a prior

cupolas screen each other, and are shored up with vile inverted consoles?—Ib. p. 116.

* Woods, vol. ii. p. 275.—The Abbé Moschini pronounces this church the finest in the city, next to those in the islands. It contains several fine equestrian monuments. That of the Doge Venier is much admired. Two others are in memory of the two brothers Priuli, who were successively sovereigns of the state.

notice, had we attended to chronological order ; but they are not of very high interest, and in Venice, the Palladian architecture is every thing. One of the finest of the older edifices is *Sta. Maria Gloriosa de' Frari*, the first stone of which was laid in 1250, but it was more than a century in hand. The design is ascribed to Niccolo Pisano. The external appearance is very plain, with three circular windows in front, opening into the church, and a little one into the roof. Internally, it has a nave with side aisles and a transept, the disposition resembling that of *Sta. Anastasia* at Verona, but the parts are smaller and more numerous. The stalls of the choir, dated 1468, exhibit some beautifully carved foliage of excellent design and in entire relief. Somewhere near the sacred altar on the right hand were deposited the remains of Titian. Owing to the confusion of the times, occasioned by the pestilence to which he fell a victim, the precise spot is not known, although a plain slab, put up some years ago by a monk of the Conventualists, bears the following inscription :—

‘ Qui giace il gran Tiziano de’ Vecelli,
Emulator de Zeusi e degli Apelli.’

A magnificent picture by this master, The Madonna and Child, adorns the opposite wall.*

While this church holds the ashes of Titian, another contains his monument, erected, at the distance of nearly half a century, to the common fame of

* In this church are a number of old monuments ; one of the Doge Foscari, who died in 1457 ; and a large and splendid one to the memory of Giovanni Pesaro, who died in 1659, is adorned with fourteen statues.

that master and of the two Palmas, by the younger Palma. This is the church of SS. *Giovanni e Paolo*, an edifice of the same date (1246—1390), and of the same description of pointed architecture, as the *Frari*.* There are five piers on each side of the nave, some cylindrical, and some formed of three inosculating cylinders, but they are all too small. In both churches, the perspective is sadly spoiled by the iron ties, which appear, however, to be very necessary. The Dominican convent to which this church formerly belonged, is mentioned by Bishop Burnet as the noblest in Venice.

S. Stefano, founded in 1325, presents some rich details of external ornament. The roof is of wood, over arches supported on columns which are not very unlike Corinthian. *Sta. Maria del Carmine*, dedicated in 1348, exhibits a fine perspective: twenty-four columns support the arches opening from the nave, above which is a rich Corinthian entablature, but the upper part appears to have been injudiciously modernized. *S. Zaccaria*, founded in 1457, and completed in 1547, is the latest specimen of the pointed architecture in Venice, and is curious as exhibiting a strange mixture of styles; little domes and Corinthian columns on high pedestals, with pointed arches to the win-

* This old church is rich in monumental sculpture; its walls are adorned by Tintoretto, and it contains much fine painted glass. Among the monuments are those of several of the ancient doges—in particular, of Nicholas Marcellus, the conqueror of Cyprus; several of Venetian generals, with their equestrian statues; and one erected to a noble Englishman, Edward Baron Windsor, who died suddenly in 1574. Before this church, stood, in Evelyn's time, an equestrian statue of Bart. Colone, in bronze double gilt.

dows and cornices, and clustered columns about the choir.*

The remains of Paul Veronese lie in the church of *S. Sebastiano*, which contains also many of his finest works. The walls of the church, as well as of the Carmelite monastery to which it belonged, were painted by this master at the early age of five and twenty.

The little church of *Sta. Maria dell' Orto*, (so named from a small garden which, before the formation of the present public walks by the French, was almost the only patch of cultivated ground in the city,) contains numerous frescoes by Tintoretto, who took sanctuary in this church, and passed his time in ornamenting its walls. Among them are two large and fine pictures, *The Last Judgement*, (a favourite subject with the Venetian masters,) and *the Worshipping of the Golden Calf*; but these have suffered so much from damp and the sea air, that little of their original beauty remains.

The Church of the Jesuits is described by Mr. Pennington as a fine modern building, rich in *verde antico* and Carrara marbles; the roof painted in fresco, and the high altar adorned with 'a groupe of the Trinity,' by Sorretti, the master of Canova. Mr. Forsyth remarks, that, like most churches belonging to the Jesuits, this edifice 'blends richness of materials with poverty of design.' The columns, as well as the pavement of the high altar, are inlaid with mosaic.

* Woods, vol. i. pp. 265—7. Evelyn says: 'The church of St. Zacchary is of Greek building, by Leo IV. Emp.' This would make it as old as the eighth century. It is probably of early foundation

Three other churches are briefly noticed by this elegant critic. ‘*S. Moisé*, the *Scalzi*, *Sta. Maria Zobenigo*, &c. are most cruelly dissected and tortured with decoration.’ Mr. Pennington (no authority in such matters) thought the *Scalzi* ‘uncommonly elegant.’ The *façade* consists of two orders, twelve pillars below, and eight above. The interior exhibits ‘a mass of beautiful marble, precious stones, and lapis lazuli, and the roof is finely painted by Tiepolo.’ There are seven chapels, built by seven Venetian families, of whom that of Manini, the last Doge, was one. Four of these families had already become extinct in 1820. This church was built in 1646, at an expense of 36,000 ducats. In the church of *S. Luca*, Mr. Pennington searched in vain for the monument and epitaph of Pietro Aretino, the notorious satirist; and was told, that both had disappeared in the recent revolution. This church, consisting merely of a nave with a flat, painted roof, contains nothing remarkable.

The belfries of all the churches are detached, and appear to be built on the model of St. Mark’s. A number of churches and convents are said to have been pulled down by the French, for the sake of the marble and other materials. It will probably be thought that the churches which are left might suffice for the inhabitants, as our enumeration is far from complete.* All the convents were

* ‘Strangers admire the fine portal of St. Mary of Nazareth, the front of St. Jeremiah, which resembles a palace, rather than a church, the peristyle of St. Simon, and the noble architecture of St. Roche.’—Malte Brun’s *Geog.* vol. vii. p. 633. Such is absolutely the whole that is said about the churches of Venice, except the imperfect description of St. Mark’s, in this highly lauded work. The selection, and

suppressed by the French, with the exception of the Armenian monastery and a nunnery: the latter is, in fact, a female seminary open to public inspection. A round church, opposite to that of *S. Pietro*, was converted by them into a prison. The church and convent of *Sta. Maria della Carità* have been transformed into an Academy of the Fine Arts.* The church is said to date from the twelfth century. Among the monks of this establishment, Pope Alexander found a refuge from the power of Barbarossa; and its *festa* continued to be celebrated with great splendour till the fatal year of 1796.

Venice is said to contain altogether a hundred and twenty churches, and seven 'synagogues.

almost every expression, betray the incompetency of the writer. Eustace is not quite so bad. He names *four* churches besides the cathedral. The church of the Dominican friars, *SS. Giovanni e Paolo*, he tells us, is Gothic, and the 'votive temples,' *De Salute* and *De Redemptore*, and that of *S. Giorgio Maggiore*, are, he says, 'very noble.' 'the latter, in particular, an exquisite work of Palladio, with some few defects, has numberless beauties.' Yet, this work has passed for a classical description of Italy!

* Among the treasures of this gallery is the *San Pietro Martire*, one of Titian's most celebrated productions, originally painted for the Dominican church of *SS. Giovanni e Paolo*, from which it was carried off by the French. The Assumption of the Virgin, considered by some critics as Titian's master-piece, has also been placed in the gallery of the Academy, and ingeniously cleaned. The vast church of *La Carità* is converted into apartments for the schools of engraving, painting, and drawing, and the convent into halls and residences for the professors, &c. To Count Cicognara, Venice is chiefly indebted for this attempt to revive her school of the Arts. The right hand of Canova is here deposited in a porphyry vase.

There are upwards of ninety within the city, of which thirty are parochial.

The city is divided into six quarters, three on each side of the Grand Canal; viz., *S. Marco*, *di Castello*, and *di Canareggio*, and *S. Polo*, *Sta. Croce*, and *Dorso Duro*. These are subdivided into thirty parishes. Each of the smaller islands in the Lagoon, has its church, generally a convent, some houses, and a few trees, having the appearance of so many little towns. Evelyn mentions, among others, 'St. Spirito and St. Lawrence, fair churches,' in different islands; but 'the most remarkable,' he says, 'is that of the *Padri Olivetani* in St. Helen's island, for the rare paintings and carvings, with inlaid work, &c.' He subsequently visited 'the islands of St. Christopher and St. Michael, the last of which' (a conventual foundation) 'has a church enriched and incrustated with marbles and other architectonic ornaments. It was founded by Margaret Æmilian of Verona, a famous courtesan, who purchased a great estate, and by this foundation hoped to commute for her sins.' In the Islet of St. Nicholas, is a church containing 'the monuments of the Justinian family.'* The little town of Murano, famous for its glass-works, is built upon several small islands, and contains 4000 inhabitants, forming, Evelyn says, a *podestaria* by itself. He describes it as a very nobly built town, with divers noblemen's palaces in it, and handsome gardens; and he praises its excellent oysters. Mr. Pennington tells us, that the town

* Evelyn, vol. i. pp. 197, 199.

is dirty, and has nothing curious in it. The glass-works now employ about 200 persons, who make looking-glasses, bottles, pipes, and beads.

San Cristoforo di Murano is the general cemetery of Venice. It consists of about two acres, in which 48,000 persons are stated to have been buried during the seven years preceding the time of this Traveller's visit (1820). 'Rich and poor, the noble and the beggar, are all interred here; the expenses of the latter are defrayed by Government. This mode of having the burial-ground out of the city, was adopted by Bonaparte, and, to the honour of the different governments, has been kept up ever since. There is a gondola moored to the island, appropriated to the transportation of corpses.* A neat house stands in the *Cimiterio*, for the resident priest,—a melancholy station.

The Hebrew burying-ground (where Shylock of course must lie) occupies part of the island of Malamocco, seven miles from Venice, one of the islets which guard the principal entrance into the harbour, and which has a fort to defend the channel, answering to one on the opposite island. 'A groupe of ragged, characteristic trees find nourishment in the sandy soil; and between their scarred trunks is a very beautiful view of many of the smaller islands and the main city.' This island was at one time the residence of the Doges, and is said to have been inhabited before Venice itself; but it has gone completely to decay, and in its miserable, forlorn town are to be found no traces of ancient grandeur.

* Pennington, vol. ii. p. 212.

Among the other public buildings, the *Dogana* or custom-house claims notice from its connexion with the commerce which formed the glory of Venice. The present edifice, however, dates no further back than 1682, when it was erected after the design of Benoni. The front is a magnificent colonnade of marble pillars, above which rises a square tower, surmounted with a statue bearing a large golden globe; and above this, a figure of Fortune turns with every change of the wind, a curious piece of architectural wit. The whole edifice is of a somewhat fantastic character; and the tower is probably more ancient than the present façade, to which it ill corresponds.

The arsenal, which opens upon the port at no great distance from the quarter of St. Mark, was at one time the finest and largest in Europe. Including the dock-yard, its outer wall measures between two and three miles. The entrance is defended by two towers flanking a gateway, over which the winged lion still frowns defiance, but in vain; and on each side are some enormous Athenian lions, trophies of the Venetian conquest of the Piræus. The magazines and docks are kept in good order, but little work is going forward.* In the armoury, the first object which attracts

* ‘The French, at their first visit, carried away or sold all that could be turned into ready money. But when afterwards they found that Venice might be made a permanent conquest, no expense was spared to replenish the dilapidated magazines; and works of great utility were added to the former establishment. Ships were built, and Venice was reviving as a sea-port in the hands of those who had plundered it of its wealth and independence. “The French,” a

attention is a Turkish banner taken at Lepanto ; and there is seen a heap of Damascus muskets, scimitars, and other oriental arms, mixed with trombones and weapons now out of use. Among them is a curious antique mortar made by a Venetian senator, of leather and cords.* Besides forges, founderies, and magazines, there is here a magnificent gallery for making cables, 1000 feet long, and 85 wide, supported by ninety-two pillars. An arcaded building for the construction of ships, contains a simple and ingenious machine for the purpose of lifting large vessels over shallow water. Some superb barges, built for Napoleon and his suite, but now bearing the Austrian arms, are lying in the docks ; but the famous Bucentaur, throned upon the golden poop of which, the Doge went once a year to espouse the Adriatic, had gone to decay so as scarcely to be kept afloat, when the French became masters of Venice ; and it was burned for its gilding, which, only forty years before, had cost 60,000 golden sequins.†

Venetian told me, “ took from us 45 millions of francs, and afterwards spent 30 millions among us ; that is, they distributed among the labouring class, in the shape of salary, a considerable part of what they had taken from the rich. Our new masters, the Austrians, tax us sparingly, it is true, but they keep all to themselves.”—Simond, p. 55.

* In Evelyn’s time, the Arsenal contained arms for 800,000 men, besides artillery and stores in abundance.

† Simond, p. 63.—Mr. Pennington says, the skeleton is still to be seen. This gaudy machine, constructed by order of the Senate at the beginning of the fourteenth century, had three decks, each 100 feet long by 22, and was set in motion by 168 rowers concealed on the lower deck, aided

The number of workmen in the arsenal, in 1820 amounted to only 500 ; three or four frigates were on the stocks, but there was but one fit for service, to represent the once powerful navy of the New Tyre, the Rome of the Waters,

‘ And Europe’s bulwark ’gainst the Ottomite.’

In one of the principal halls of the armoury, there is the statue of Pisani, the conqueror of Genoa ; and a beautiful monument, by Canova, represents Fame crowning Angelo Emo, the last admiral of Venice,—‘ *ultimus heroum.*’

The gondolas, which supply the place of hackney-coaches in this city of waters, are about 2000 in number. At one time, the Venetian noble had always six or seven of his own, which were fixed to high poles before the gates of his palace, and rowed by servants in liveries. Few individuals have now more than two or three. The gondola is a sort of canoe, thirty-three feet in length and four feet in breadth. The head is formed of steel protruding forward like a swan’s neck. In the middle is a low, covered apartment fitted up like a carriage, with glass windows, blinds, and cushioned seats for four persons. Behind this stands the gondolier, who rows with one oar, and keeps time with one foot. The cabin, and the whole vessel, with the exception of the steel prow and some brass ornaments, is painted black, in

by a number of towing barges. The second deck was most gorgeously fitted up with crimson velvet and gold, allegorical statues, gilt basso-relieues, and trophies. The name of the vessel is said to be a corruption of *Ducentorum* ; the order for its fabrication running—‘ *Quod fabricetur navium ducentorum hominum.*’—Simond, p. 63.

consequence of an old sumptuary law enacted by the Republic to restrain the extravagance of the nobles in their aquatic equipages.* From their sable appearance, they suggest the idea of being designed to carry the dead, rather than the living. At night, they all carry a lantern at the prow and stern; and the effect of these lights scudding along in all directions, while the barks that carry them are invisible, is very pleasing. Now and then, a solitary gondola, gliding noiselessly along with its glimmering lights, under the deep shadow of the lofty palaces on either hand, might seem to be bound on some dark clandestine errand. But, beneath the unclouded lustre of a Venetian moonlight, the silent motion of these dark barks along the sleepy canals, or over the tranquil mirror of the Lagune, has a still more peculiar and romantic effect. The responsive chant of the *gondolieri*, a practice not wholly discontinued, although

‘ In Venice Tasso’s echoes are no more,

is, like most vocal accompaniments of a similar description, delightful only at a distance. It is a sort of recitative, hoarse, screaming, and monotonous, the talent of the performer being estimated chiefly by the strength of his lungs. Yet, when softened by remoteness, and one solitary mariner is heard answering to another in alternate verses across the waters, the wild and plaintive

* For about ten pence an hour, with one gondolier, you may visit every part of Venice. The circuit of the city, about seven miles, may be made in about three hours and a half with two gondoliers.—Pennington, vol. ii. p. 219.

sounds may well acquire, like the *Ranz des Vaches* of the mountaineer, or our own halloo-largess, the character of a touching harmony.*

The palaces of Venice are described by Forsyth as standing on 'grand Etruscan substructions.'† 'Above the water-floor,' he continues, 'they are as various as their architects. Some display the light elegance of Sansovino; others, the exuberant ornament of Longhena; and a few, the correct beauty of Palladio. They in general affect too many orders in front: each order has, absurdly enough, its full entablature; the lower cornices are as prominent as the upper, and appear in profile so many separate roofs. In fact, the Grecian orders, being foreign to the manners and wants of a city built upon water, will never enter into its accommodations but at the expense of half their beauty and all their consistency. Most palaces have two gates, some three, in the middle of their fronts. On each side are two ranges of equal windows in the basement alone. Over the gates is a stately and decorated superstructure

* See Notes to Childe Harold, Canto the Fourth, St. 3.

† Evelyn speaks of the foundations of these edifices as being 'not less chargeable than the superstructure, being all built on piles at an immense cost.' The immense size of these buildings, Mr. Rose thinks, must be explained by 'the supposition, that those of the more ancient nobles served for magazines as well as dwelling-houses;' and that the fashion thus begun, was continued after the motive had ceased to operate. He mentions a palace, recently sold in consequence of a distress for taxes, which had lodged two or three branches of the proprietor's family, containing upwards of seventy bed-rooms, and in the kitchens were a hundred stoves.—Rose, vol. ii. p. 157.

of balconies, arcades, and gigantic windows, contrived for Venetian pageantry, and set in studied opposition to the general style of the front, which this wide, vertical breach divides into two. The windows are generally arched. In modern palaces, their arch is circular; in some of the ancient, it forms arabesque curves of contrary flexion, which finely contrast with the flat mass of wall. In a Cornaro and a Grimani palace, both on the Grand Canal, I remarked the Gothic church window, and that not in its most elegant intersections. The chimneys figure on these palaces more conspicuously than so sordid an object should do, in imitation of obelisks, bells, and candelabra reversed.*

The Venetians used to paint the outsides of their houses; and Paul Veronese and Tintoretto were sometimes employed in this manner; but these paintings have all disappeared, except that, here and there, some scarcely distinguishable shades attest that such things were. The ceilings of the apartments are always decorated. Many of these palaces are still rich in paintings. The Manfrin palace has a glorious collection.† A Grimani palace contains the only extant statue of Marcus Agrippa, and an admirable bust of Caracalla. In a Pisani

* Forsyth, vol. ii. pp. 116, 117.—Most of these palaces are now deserted, or occupied only during a small portion of the year. Within the last thirty years, more than a hundred are said to have been sold and dismantled

† Among them are, Noah leaving the Ark, by Raffael; the Judgement of Midas, by Guido Reni; Lucretia, by Giordano; a very small but exquisitely beautiful Descent from the Cross, by Raffael; the Flight into Egypt, by Ludovico Caracci; Ariosto, by Titian, &c. See Galiffe's Italy, vol. i. p. 133.

palace is Canova's first attempt at history,—Dædalus fixing wings on his son ;' a Dædalus,' says Mr. Forsyth, ' so full of the father and the workman, that Canova has seldom surpassed the expression at Rome.' In a Mangilli palace, is an admirable Psyche by the same great artist. In the Pisani palace are some of the finest paintings of Paul Veronese, among which is one of the family of Darius at the feet of Alexander. Adjoining to this palace, is one which formerly belonged to the Barberigo palace, and which is still honoured as the residence of Titian. The windows of the apartment in which the great painter died, are kept closed, and his painting room is said to be preserved exactly in the state in which he left it. It is decorated with his own productions, consisting chiefly of his latest works, and an unfinished sketch of S. Sebastian, upon which he was engaged at the period of his death, when he fell a victim to an epidemic pestilence, at the advanced age of ninety-nine ! Some of the other chambers are filled with portraits of the doges, cardinals, and nobles of the Barberigo family.*

There are six theatres in Venice, which are named after the saints who preside over the adjacent churches. The largest, that of San Chrysostome, may contain 2500 spectators : it has a bad

* A view of Titian's House is given in Mr. Roscoe's *Landscape Annual* for 1831, to which we are indebted for some of these particulars. In the same elegant volume will be found a view of the beautiful Balbi palace, and, what will interest many readers far more, one of the Mocenigo palace, which Lord Byron occupied during his residence in Venice.

set of actors, who perform operas. The theatre *Della Fenice*, is very handsome, the second in size, but the first in rank: it is used only during the Carnival. San Luca is occupied by a tolerable company of comic actors; but the Venetian drama is in a very degraded state, and comedy is out of heart.

Picturesque, romantic, and delightful as Venice is, with all its aquatic conveniences, its well-stocked markets, its palaces and *caffès*, its libraries and paintings, 'every thing that study or pleasure could desire,'—it may well be thought the last place in Italy in which an Englishman could find a congenial residence. Lord Byron, on forsaking his country, made choice of this city, as once

'The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy'.—

But he is reported to have looked back upon the life he led at Venice with self-reproach and disgust. 'Everything in a Venetian life,' he said to Captain Medwin, 'its gondolas, its effeminating indolence, and its siroccos, tend to enervate the mind and body.' 'Strangers accustomed to expatiate on *terra firma*,' remarks Mr. Forsyth, 'soon feel the moated imprisonment of a town, where their walks are incessantly crossed by a canal, and their thread of talking or thinking is cut at the steep steps of a bridge.* The indolent motion of the gondola ceases after a time to be a luxury; and

* As there are bridges every where, you may go to all parts of Venice, except an island or two, which form a sort of suburbs, without making use of a boat. Almost every house has a back access to the lanes, which are paved with flat stones, and are tolerable in dry weather; but this is a very round about way of traversing the city.

in winter, the cold is often so severe, that people prefer walking about the city, by means of the cheerless narrow alleys by which it is intersected, to exposing themselves on the water to the piercing winds of the Adriatic.* The Author of 'Sketches in Italy' advises all travellers who wish to enjoy Venice, to visit it 'in summer, and near a full moon.' The large halls floored with marble, the wide staircases, and immense windows opening on the canal, cool and delicious in summer, are forlorn and comfortless in winter; 'while the eternal gliding over the water, the distant aquatic excursions, the nightly wandering about the square of St. Mark, with the absence of all exercise,—so delightful with the brilliant skies, the glowing suns, the cloudless moons, the calm seas, the gently breathing airs, the nights of softness and days of beauty, that attend the summer on the shores of the Adriatic, must be uncomfortable enough during the blustering winds and storms of a Lombard winter.†

On the other hand, Mr. Rose, while commending the numerous conveniences which Venice presents as a winter's residence, tells us, that 'it is insufferable during the summer months, at least to one not born within the sound of St. Mark's or St. Barnabas.' The small canals, which have at no

* Mr. Matthews, being an invalid, was driven away from Venice at the end of May, by the biting severity of the east wind. But to these winds, Venice is probably indebted in some measure for its salubrity.

† Sketches, &c. vol. iv. p. 144. Another writer represents Venice as 'close, damp, and foggy,' in winter. The cold is sometimes, however, so severe, that part of the lagoon is frozen over; and in 1788, passengers went on the ice from Venice to Mestre. Cadell, vol. i. p. 70.

time a very agreeable smell, are then positively offensive; and this circumstance, together with the *sirocco*, which comes charged with ‘all the venom of Africa,’ renders a summer’s residence here unwholesome, though not positively dangerous.* Accordingly, the old nobles never passed the summer here, but retired to their villas on the continent.

When, it may then be asked, is the season to visit Venice? In the olden-time, it was at Shrovetide that all the world repaired to Venice, to ‘see the folly and madness of the Carnival.’ The election of the doge in January, however, drew numbers thither; and in fact, the winter and the spring were the Venetian season. The harvest and the vintage called the landed proprietors to their country estates; and the *sirocco*, in autumn, drove away all the gentry to Mestre and the banks of the Brenta,—a dull and muddy stream, flowing between dikes almost on a level with the roofs of the once magnificent villas on either side.† Although the Padovese is anything but picturesque, it must still be preferable, as a summer residence, to a place where scarcely a green leaf or blade of grass was to be seen, till the French laid out the public gardens.

* Mr. Simond asserts, that Venice ‘is already subject to fevers, and that in summer, the deaths average twelve a day, on a population reduced to a hundred thousand.’

† From Padua to Mestre is twenty-two miles. The latter place is small, but full of business, owing to the canal, and pleasure boats and passage vessels of all kinds enliven the scene. The country, however, is compared by Mr. Simond, to ‘Holland in decay.’

‘ These gardens excite interest,’ says Mr. Pennington, ‘ from the mode in which they were formed, more than from their beauty ; not that they are deficient in taste or variety. They were formed with immense labour by the introduction of artificial earth brought from *terra firma* by the French, and no expense was spared to complete them. The inequalities of the gardens are pleasing. There are several serpentine walks over mounts, many trees and shrubs, thriving very fast ; and all this, with the different views of the Lagune, the many islands interspersed, and Venice, make this promenade both agreeable and interesting. These gardens are nearly two miles round, and are connected by a handsome bridge.’* The Venetians, however, are not pedestrians ; and it would probably be a more difficult task to change their aquatic habits, than to convert their canals into sewers, which is said to have been in the contemplation of Napoleon. It may even admit of question, whether these gardens are likely to improve the salubrity of the city ; and it was reported in 1820, that they were to be destroyed.

Of the state of society in Venice, our early Travellers give but a very unfavourable picture. Addison represents it to have been ‘ the refined parts of the Venetian wisdom, to encourage idleness and luxury in the nobility, to cherish ignorance and licentiousness in the clergy, to keep alive a continual faction in the common people, to connive at the viciousness and debauchery of convents.’ The Venetian Nuns were ‘ famous for the

* Pennington, vol. ii. p. 225.

liberties they allowed themselves.' Bp. Burnet gives a similar picture of the state of morals. 'The Venetians,' he says, 'are generally ignorant of the matters of religion; to a scandal; and they are as unconcerned in them as they are strangers to them: so that all that vast pomp in their ceremonies and wealth in their churches, is affected rather as a point of magnificence, or a matter of emulation among families, than that superstition hath here such a power over the spirits of the people, as it hath elsewhere; for the atheism that is received by many here, is the dullest and coarsest thing that can be imagined. The young nobility are so generally corrupted in their morals, and so given up to a most supine ignorance of all sorts of knowledge, that a man cannot easily imagine to what a height this is grown.' The Venetian ladies, the worthy Prelate stigmatises as bred to ignorance and indolence, gross in their intrigues, and the insipidest creatures imaginable. The impartial Daru, speaking of the Venetian women, remarks, that 'the corruption of morals had deprived them of all their power (*empire*): on reviewing the whole history of Venice, we do not find them to have exerted on a single occasion the least influence.' The Venetian women are styled by a recent Traveller, 'superb;' there is something peculiarly bewitching in their air and gait;—'but I believe,' significantly adds Mr. Matthews, 'they are but little changed since the time of Iago.'*

The intense love of pleasure, the corruption

* Addison's Remarks, p. 63. Burnet's Travels, p. 120. Daru, Hist. de Venice, tom. v. Matthews, p. 281.

which springs from unbridled luxury, and the recklessness of privileged profligacy, must, however, have undergone a very considerable abatement by the disastrous reverses of later years; and in the *substratum* of the national character, there would seem to be much that is estimable. ‘Of the *gentiluomo Veneto*,’ says Lord Byron, ‘the name is still known, and that is all. He is but the shadow of his former self, but he is polite and kind. It surely may be pardoned to him, if he is querulous.’ ‘The Venetians are certainly,’ says Mr. Galiffe, ‘an affectionate, kind-hearted set of beings,* very cheerful, lively, active, fond of pleasure, of music, dancing, dress, and every thing that is gay. Almost all the young men of eighteen or twenty years of age, play on the guitar, and give serenades every evening to the young females of their acquaintance. The Venetians are the most agreeable companions in the world.’ ‘As to literary society,’ writes Mr. Rose, ‘though clever men are to be found in Venice, I do not believe that it exists. General society has, probably, gained from the change of government and the influx of foreigners . . . The favourite society of Venice, that of the coffee-houses, where both sexes assemble, is, generally speaking, to be enjoyed at all hours. To a certain degree, this is even applicable to private society. There are

* ‘I am ready to maintain,’ says Mr. Rose, ‘that I never visited any country where the people seemed equally linked in love. You cannot walk the town for a day without being struck with this universal spirit of kindness. The Venetians really give you the idea of being members of one family.’—Rose, vol. ii. p. 92.

several ladies here who open their houses ; where, from nine at night till three in the morning, there is a constant flux and reflux of company of different ages, sexes, and conditions ; not to speak of many smaller circles. Here, all foreigners are well received ; but to be an Englishman, is to bring with you a sure letter of recommendation. He who is once asked, is always welcome. Moreover, he may go in boots, in a great coat, and, to some small parties, even in a *tabarro*, the cloak of the country ; and when there, without being squeezed or stewed, may find people right and left who are anxious and qualified to converse with him. The society of Venice may indeed be compared to the fire in the glass-houses of London, which is said to be never out ; for there is also a continual morning assemblage at the house of one lady or other, who, in the phrase of the country, *tiene appartamento*, or, in that of London, is at home. This appears to be a sort of substitute for the *casinos*, now nearly extinguished. Society in Venice is on so very easy and rational a footing, that if it is to be enjoyed any where, it is here.*

The Venetians have little taste for balls ; and masques have gone out of fashion. The wild buffooneries and joyous extravagancies of other days, would not withstand the atmosphere of the eighteenth century. The love of play has survived ; and Mr. Simond, who will not allow that the Venetians have any energy but for sensuality, adds, that they have ‘ no passion but that of cards ’

* Rose, vol. i. pp. 293—296. Galiffe, vol. i. pp. 130, 1.

These sweeping stigmas are seldom just. For national character, we must look to the manners and amusements of the lower orders. Florence and Venice, Mr. Rose says, are the two places in Italy, where you find popular drollery in its greatest perfection, and of that gay and natural cast which characterizes the humour of the Irish. This is more or less diffused all over Italy; but the Venetian wit has its peculiar character: it is lighter than the Florentine, and shews itself, according to Mr. Rose's definition, 'in practical jokes brought to bear intellectually,' or, in other words, acted repartees.* The Neapolitan humour, again, is more broad and coarse, and more closely allied to mere farce and ribaldry. The Venetians are naturally grave and sober. Some of their characteristics may be traced to their ancient intercourse with the Ottomans. As to their diet, rice is an article to which scarcely less importance is attached by all classes in Venice, than in Constantinople, whence they appear to have borrowed their mode of cooking it. The custom of presenting coffee at visits, is also Turkish. Their *caffés* are more Oriental than Italian; and in their distaste for the extravagance of dancing, and their love of repose, they seem to resemble the more saturnine Ottomans.

Of the old Venetian character, however, the traces are, generally speaking, nearly worn out. 'The most remarkable, as contrasted with the rest of Italy,' says Mr. Rose, 'certainly is so. The

* Molière's best buffoonery, Mr. Rose asserts, is borrowed from the Venetian drama.

probity of Pan-aloon was proverbial, and the honour and punctuality of a Venetian merchant were recognized throughout the various provinces of Italy. That this is not now the case, I attribute to the Austrians. Public honesty is scarcely compatible with their law.* In the scale of honesty, the highest rank, we are told, must now be given to the Jews, the second to the Venetians, and the lowest to the German settlers, who are among the principal money-agents of the city. Every office, indeed, from the clerk and corporal to the judge and general, is now filled with Germans, all unacquainted alike with the habits and language of the country. Nothing can be more execrable throughout, than the fiscal and judicial administration of the Austrian Government; and no one who visits Italy, can be at a loss to account for the preference given by the Italians to their French masters over 'the Chinese of Europe.†

The Venetian dialect, which is spoken, with little variation, throughout the tract of country under the Government of Venice, (with the exception of a few towns, such as Brescia and Bergamo, which have a dialect of their own,) is distinguished by its softness and melody. Many of its familiar words are taken from the Greek; and it might be expected, that a large infusion of

* Rose, vol. ii. p. 98.—To the Venetian Merchants, we are indebted for the Italian mode of book-keeping by single and double entry.

† See, for further details relating to the conduct of the Imperial Government at Venice, the fiscal system, the tithes and church revenues, Rose's Letters, vol. ii., Letters 35, 36, and 37.

Greek terms and phrases would characterize the language of the lords of the Morea, Candia, and Cyprus. Mr. Rose, however, questions whether the mixture of Greek is greater than in the other Italian dialects.* Besides, the language of Verona is the same as that of Venice; and the dialect of inland provinces could not have borrowed Greek words from a nation with which they had no intercourse. Rejecting, therefore, the idea that the Greek, Slavonic, and other terms which puzzle us in the Venetian, are of modern origin, this Writer supposes them to be relics of the language of the ancient *Veneti*, which was afterwards, like those of the other aboriginal tribes, merged in the Latin, and that the *patavinity* of Livy and Catullus consisted of a mixture of Veronisms. As a written language, the Venetian was early superseded by the Italian; but it has maintained itself in oral use; and 'it is hardly an exaggeration to say, that the lower class in Venice are as ignorant of Italian as of English.' The pronunciation is strikingly different from the Tuscan, and is characterized by Mr. Galiffe as extremely agreeable and full of grace, but somewhat infantine. The *g* before *e* or *i* is softened into *z*, as *doze* for *doge*, and the hard *g* is converted, as by the modern Greeks, into *y*. The double *z* is turned into *ss*; the *c* before *e* and *i* is pronounced as in French and English; and the nasal sounds (Mr. Galiffe says) are the same as in the Milanese. The last syllable of the participles is cut off, and similar abbreviations are made in

* Rose, letter 32.—In the opinion of this Writer, of all the dialects, the Venetian is the best: the worst, decidedly, are the vernacular of Bologna, Genoa, and Milan.

the second person plural of verbs. *Caro pare* and *caro fio* are the terms of familiar kindness with which the old and young address each other, among even the lowest of the mob; and diminutives are universally used in proper names. Mr. Forsyth thought their 'smart and hasty inflections of voice resembled the Welsh tone;' but no two languages can differ much more widely in their characteristic pronunciation.

Venice has long been the great book-shop of the South. It still prints for Italy in general, and for modern Greece, and exports largely to Germany. The Venetians, Mr. Forsyth says, are also continually publishing pamphlets which can circulate only at home, being satires levelled at domestic absurdities, and written in the vernacular dialect. This implies the existence of readers as well as of writers. In fact, most of the *gondolieri*, it is said, as well as the artificers and tradesmen, can read and write. There are sixteen or eighteen public schools, each corporation of tradesmen having one: the buildings appropriated to them are mostly handsome, adorned with marble statues and pictures. There are also four musical schools for instructing young women, which are efficiently conducted.* The public library is frequented by few, but there are several circulating-libraries for novels.

The most interesting printing establishment at Venice, is that conducted by the Armenian monks in the *Isola San Lazzaro*, from which the convent derives a considerable part of its reve-

* Simond, p. 59.—In one of these, Madame Catalani cultivated her extraordinary powers.

nue. When all monastic institutions were abolished by the French in 1810, this was excepted by a special decree. The Island, which is entirely occupied by the convent and its gardens, is between four and five miles from the city. The Fathers, who are about forty in number,* have the reputation of being very learned. The Prior, in 1816, a noble Armenian of high birth, spoke English with great accuracy, and had translated the prayer of St. Nierses, the patron of the order, into fourteen languages. One principal object of the founder was, to afford to young Armenians the means of a liberal education. None but youth of that nation are admissible, and they are taken at an early age. The chief design of the press, which is worked by the hands of the monks themselves, is the preservation of the Armenian language, and the multiplication of works in that dialect.† The library is said to be rich in Armenian manuscripts. These labours, together with the cultivation of the little vineyard which surrounds the cloister, and dips into the sea, leave not much idle time to these truly respectable ecclesiastics.

The other principal islets which form the suburbs of Venice, have already been noticed. The soil of all these islands, as well as the bottom of the

* Sketches, &c., vol. iv. p. 168.—Mr. Simond says, ‘six in number.’

† Besides various grammars and dictionaries, they have recently issued an edition of Eusebius in Armenian, Latin, and Greek. When Mr. Simond was there, the worthy fathers were busily employed on an Armenian translation of Rollin’s *Ancient History*, beautifully printed. One of them understood something of English, taught him by Lord Byron, in exchange for his own Armenian.

Lagoon, is every where composed of mud. Mr. Rose compares this 'great mud estuary,' in its relation to the Adriatic, to 'a side closet shut off from a room by a partition. The partition which divides it from the open sea, running from one end to the other, is composed of different pieces with openings, which, if we pursue the same comparison, may be considered as so many doors; and in a line with these, though not uniformly straight, are the passages or channels which bring ships to Venice. The compartments of this partition are, a long spit of land on the side of the Trevisana, divided from the continent by back-waters, estuaries, and canals, the island of St. Erasmus, that styled the *Lido*, and the *Murazzi*,—massive walls built on shoals running from near the *Lido* to Chioggia. The *Murazzi* are, comparatively speaking, of modern creation; but, previously to their construction, out-works existed, of a similar, though less permanent description.* Of the importance of this rampart, the present Government had instructive evidence some years ago; and the circumstances, as narrated by Mr. Rose, amply justify his caustic strictures on the policy of 'the monkeys and bears who have played, or are now playing at being

* 'No public edifice does so much credit to the State, as the noble rampart erected on the *Lido di Palestrina*, to protect the city and port against the swell and the storms of the Adriatic. This vast pile, formed of blocks of Istrian stone resembling marble, runs along the shore for the space of nineteen miles, connects various little islands and towns with each other, and, if completed, would excel in utility, in solidity, in extent, and perhaps in beauty, the Piræus, the mole of Antium and of Ancona, and all other similar works of either Greeks or Romans.'—Eustace, vol. i. p. 175

beavers.' A rent was made in the *Murazzi*, which, if promptly attended to, it would have cost a trifling sum of money to repair ; but there were répresentations to be made to Vienna, and resolutions and counter-resolutions to be adopted. In the mean time, the breach was increasing ; and a heavy sea and high tide having laid the Place of St. Mark under water, it was at last deemed advisable to stop the leak ; an operation which cost, of course, ten times the sum which would have been sufficient at first.

The Lagoon-side and the interior of the *Lido* present much the same appearance as the meadows bordering the Southampton river ; but, on crossing to the sea side, you find sand-hills and a long level beach, of the same character as our Sussex shores, except near the mouth of the channels, where mud has been carried out and deposited. Allowing for the difference of size, Venice, seen from the water, has, Mr. Rose says, more the appearance of Southampton, than of any other city he ever saw. Of its general plan, the following description will give a tolerably distinct idea.

' Venice is built on two great collections of shoals, which are divided from each other by a serpentine channel, called the *Canalazo* or Grand Canal, which is bestrid by the bridge of the Rialto (*i. e. rio alto* or deep stream). It follows that the city may be divided into two great parts made up of small islands, and each part separated from each other, except at this bridge.* All the shoals con-

* This division of the ancient city into two distinct parts or quarters, appears to have given rise to the two rival factions of *Castellani* and *Nicoloti*, whose distinguishing colours, mani-

stituting the two separate parts thus intersected, are again connected together by smaller bridges, which cross the streams dividing these numerous shallows. These bridges are frequent, and, being very steep, are cut into easy steps; so that, taking a walk in Venice, you are perpetually going up and down stairs. The small canals (*rii*) which are bestrid by these bridges, are the water streets of Venice; but there is no part of either of the two divisions to which you may not also go more directly by land, through narrow passages called *cale*. These may be considered as an unfavourable likeness of Cranbourn Alley and its cognate lanes. There are, besides, several small squares entitled *campi* or fields. There is sometimes a wharf or footway along the banks of the *rii*, (called a *riva*,) and usually secured by a parapet, bored for a wicket; but the *rii* oftener extend from house to house, and these then consequently rise on either side from out of the water.

‘ In forming the *riva* or water foundations, the water is first excluded as with us in works of a similar description. The first *stratum* of soil below

fested in their caps and sashes, were black and red. ‘ Even to the present day, a *Castellano* detests black as much as a chameleon; and a *Nicoloto*, in his abhorrence of red, could scarcely be surpassed by a turkey-cock.’ These factions are now going out. In former times, the doge, in whatever quarter born, was, from his residence at St. Mark’s, always looked upon as a *Castellano*; the *Nicoloti*, therefore, annually elected some clever waterman of their own party, as a sort of anti-doge, who was allowed a bark, place, and some sort of authority in the procession on Ascension Day for the yearly espousals of the Adriatic. Can these distinctions have originated with the first Patavinian and Aquileian emigrants?

the bottom of the canals, is then thrown out ; because this, as being soft alluvial matter, affords no solid foundation ; and piles are driven into that beneath it, which appears to have been the original bed of the Lagoon, and on which a mass of mud or malm (*melma*) has been accumulated.

‘ Such being the nature of the soil, the question suggests itself, How is Venice supplied with water ? Every *campo* has its wells ; but these, though wells in appearance, are in fact, great reservoirs of rain water, which, as the pavement slopes towards them, is received in drains lined with sand, and so filtered into its receptacle. This, that the salt water may not penetrate it below, is carefully bricked with mortar, upon a body of cement and clay. The water thus collected, is very considerable in quantity ; yet much more might undoubtedly be procured, were the roofs of the houses constructed of flat terraces, as in Malta. It is true, indeed, that what runs from them into the *campi*, is conveyed into the wells ; but what runs from them into the *rii* or the *cale*, is lost : in the *rii* necessarily ; in the *cale*, because they are so dirty from the throng of passengers, that the water would be rendered unfit for use, as well as collected with difficulty.

‘ Still, a sufficiency of rain water is usually obtained, though, in hot and dry summers, the city is not sufficient to itself. In this case, however, it is not without a supply ; for water is then brought, at a reasonable price, from the *Brenta* ; and as a resource against a blockade, large reservoirs are formed in the Lido. The possibility of these running short, led the Government, at a time that the

enemy was in possession of the main land, to bore for a spring on this spot; and the experiment was attended with apparent success; but the quick exhaustion of the supposed source, as well as its mixed character, (for it was slightly brackish,) proved it to have been probably salt water percolated through the sand. Still, there is no doubt that fresh water might be obtained, by sinking deep enough, in Venice, since ancient wells existed in Torzelo and some other islands of the Estuary. — Indeed, it has been found here, but always in a spot where it could be of no avail, as in driving piles for the foundations of houses, &c. It is usually unimprisoned on piercing a hard stratum, which lies under the moist alluvial matter of a later date. It appears to be a species of indurated earth, the outer crust of which requires to be broken with the pick-ax: on the inside, it is soft and saponaceous.* There exists, however, very curious evidence of Venice having been anciently supplied with fresh water. In the year 1680, when the *Cana-reggio* was deepening, (the canal which forms

* ‘Masses seemingly of this description are to be seen on the beach at the foot of Hordle Cliff in Hampshire, which have been brought down in a different state, by streams from the height above, and have apparently acquired their new character from the mixed action of fresh and salt water with which they are occasionally covered.’ The rare fossils found at Hordle, are of the same kind, too, as many that have been discovered in the mountains at Verona. Mr. Rose states, that the *caranto* (as the hard alluvium is called) is found every where in the great plain of Lombardy, whence he infers, that it affords a strong argument in favour of the supposition that it was at one time covered by the Adriatic. See page 46 of the present volume for a description of the crust which covers the springs near Modena.

the entrance to Venice on the landward side of the Lagoon,) a considerable source of water was discovered, which was more nearly fresh than salt. It rose from the centre of a quadrilateral cassoon, composed of thick planks secured by strong palisades, the points of which were planted one foot beneath the then bottom of the canal, and seven beneath the low-water mark. The cassoon itself was seven feet deep. The spring which issued from it was so copious that it was found impossible to exhaust it. A ship's pump, with the bottom of the tube secured by a plug, was then forced into the hole from which it sprang. This drawn, the water rose perfectly fresh and sweet to the surface. There is then no doubt that the surface of the cassoon was formerly above ground; and it must have formed a cistern for the receptacle of fountain water before the canal existed, and before the slow but progressive rise of the tides had overwhelmed it.

‘Of this increase and invasion of the sea, there is no doubt, though some persons imagine that Ocean has long been calling off his waters from the Lagoon. A few facts are sufficient to disprove this error.

‘In the Island of San Secondo, in front of the *Cana-reggio*, some years ago, were discovered Roman pavements and vaults, three feet and a half beneath low-water mark.* The rise of water would seem to have been more rapid in ages more nearly approaching our own time; for, in turning the church of San Geminiano, in the Place of St. Mark,

* The average rise in the harbour of Venice, is only, four feet.

into a palace, and penetrating below the ancient foundations. a *puntil* or wooden landing-place, like those in modern use, was discovered beneath them.*

The Lagoon has suffered from many causes, both natural and artificial. Yet, whatever changes it has undergone, 'it is curious to observe,' remarks Mr. Rose, 'that while an immense part of the Italo-Adriatic shore has undergone strange transformations, the prospect from St. Mark's steeple is precisely Livy's picture, in his account of the piratical attempt upon Padua, by the Spartans, about a century after Rome was sacked by the Gauls.'

About six miles from Venice is the once populous, but now nearly desert island of Torzelo (or Torcello), the site of an episcopal city, where, in remote ages, a barbarian conqueror is said to have held his court: in its market-place, Attila from his throne administered justice. This spot, once the summer resort of the Venetian patricians, and covered with their villas and gardens, presents a scene of desolation strikingly different in its character from the recent decay and promiscuous misery of many parts of Venice and its suburbs. Here, remarks Mr. Rose, 'the eye is neither pained by the visible progress of ruin, nor disgusted by the meanness of the instrument which has wrought it. Time has here been the great destroyer, and he has done his work. Amid the vestiges of departed grandeur are left some poor and scattered houses, and a church, the *refacciamento* of which dates from the eleventh century'

* Rose's Letters, vol. i. pp. 276—283; vol. ii. 151—156.

A broken column marks the centre of what was the piazza, from which has waved the standard of St. Mark. Amid these remains glide a few human beings, the tenants of the place.* The cathedral, though not very striking in point of architecture, has some interesting features. Its stone shutters carry back the imagination to days of violence; and some very curious mosaics in the interior, may vie, in beauty and antiquity, with those of St. Mark. Although there is nothing very picturesque in the landscape, the general impression made by this scene of ruins is very striking. When this scene was gay with villas and vineyards, Venice, contented with her insular dominion, was most flourishing and most triumphant. She sought and obtained continental greatness, and thus sloped the way to her destruction, her riches and resources being diverted into channels which brought no return. In this desert isle, the probable fate of Venice may be impressively realised. All that was characteristic of her ancient state is fast vanishing; the customs of the city are changed; the ports and channels are filling up, the palaces are crumbling into ruins. 'Yet a little,' is the sinister prediction of Mr. Rose, 'and Venice will be a baby Babylon, with the substitution of the gull for the bittern, and of the porpoise for the fox.'

The Austrians are charged with having wan-

* 'While I was musing upon the prospect before me,' says our Traveller, 'a clock from a half-ruined tower struck twenty. Time only had suffered no change, and spoke an antiquated language, hardly intelligible to the generation of the day.'—Vol. ii. p. 131.

tonly sacrificed the interests of Venice to those of Trieste. Recently, however, the boon has been conceded to the former city, of being declared a free port. How far this tardy concession will have the effect of arresting the decline of Venice, it is difficult to form an opinion. Under the leaden sway of Austria and the cumbrous despotism of its Aulic Council, it is next to impossible that anything should flourish. Venice ought to have been made a free city; and nothing short of political independence will ever enable her to recover the sovereignty of the Adriatic.*

* A steam-packet is now established between Venice, Trieste, and the other towns along the Gulf. The magnificent ruins of Pola, situated in the midst of a pestilential marsh, near Cape Promontorio; the Gothic cathedrals of Parenzo and Rovigno; Trieste, with its Roman amphitheatre and aqueduct, and a triumphal arch ascribed to Charlemagne; and the obscure site of Aquileia; may tempt the traveller to avail himself of this means of visiting Istria.

CHAPTER IV

The Polesina—Ferrara—Bologna—Ravenna—Rimini—
San Marino.

ON leaving Padua for Bologna, the road lies along the borders of a broad canal to Monte Selice, at the foot of the Euganean hills ; passing through several villages which, to a traveller from the South, appear cheerful and populous after the dreary marshes of Ferrara. Monte Selice is seated immediately under a hill which rises abruptly from the plain, crowned with a ruined castle and long rows of pine and cypress. A little to the westward, on the Agno, is the ancient town of Este,* which has given name to the most illustrious family in Europe. The Dukes of Brunswick and the Kings of Great Britain are the descendants of the elder branch ; the ducal houses of Ferrara and Modena, of the younger. From the height above Monte Selice, there is a noble view of the valleys of the Bacchiglione and the Adige on each side. A handsome villa has been erected on the summit, together with several chapels ; and in one of them (dedicated to St. George), are to be seen, ‘ three tiers of martyred saints, in glass

* Este (*Ateste*) stood on that branch of the *Via Emilia* which ran from Bologna to Padua and Aquileia.

cases, all full dressed, the skull only being visible brought from Rome at different times !*

The road now lies over a flat, sandy plain, and, at about twelve miles from Monte Selice, crosses the Adige by a ferry, at a place where a number of mills, built on boats, are moored in the stream, about a furlong from the shore. The Adige is here not much above half the breadth of the Po, but very rapid. It is well banked, so as to prevent inundation. Three miles further, the traveller reaches Rovigo, a small fortified town, the residence of the bishop of Adria. The ancient city of that name is situated about fifteen miles to the eastward, and is now upwards of eighteen miles from the coast. The bay into which its river (the Tartaro) discharged itself, and which formed its port, has long been filled up; and in the time of Strabo, *Hadria* had already sunk into insignificance. Yet, its ancient greatness is attested by its having transmitted its name to the sea on which it stood.†

Rovigo (*Rhodigium*) is a decayed and unhealthy place, in the midst of a marshy tract watered by four rivers, and called the *Polesina*,—apparently a corruption of *Fossa Philistina*. This name was given

* Pennington, vol. ii. p. 203. This villa and its chapels, which form, we presume, a series of stations, belonged to the family of Duodo, the last of which, a female, was married to a Venetian nobleman.

† Together with Spina and Ravenna, Hadria (or Ἀργία) is supposed to have been founded by Tyrrhenian Pelasgi. Its prosperity does not seem to have survived the decline of the Tuscan power north of the Apennines. The city was, probably, not on the coast, but at some distance from its haven. Cramer, vol. i. p. 116.

to a considerable canal, having seven arms or cuts drawn off from it to the sea, which was formed by the ancient Tuscans for the purpose of draining the marshes about Hadria.* The four rivers are the Adige, the Tartaro, the Caspagnaro, and the Po. Rovigo stands on the Adigetto, a navigable branch of the Adige. The whole country is a species of *delta*, the soil a deep clay, traversed by various muddy streams, which are crossed on bridges of boats. So unvaried is the monotony of the landscape, that a large tree forms for many miles the most conspicuous object above the horizon. At about eighteen miles (two posts) from Rovigo, the Po itself is crossed by a floating bridge; and at the little village of Ponte de Lagoscuro, on the southern bank, the traveller is exposed to a severe search from the Austrian or Papal *doganieri*.† The Po is there about three quarters of a mile over, and is restrained within artificial banks, rising high above the neighbouring plains. Periodical inundations, however, occur; M. Chateaufieux says, once in three years; to guard against which every house is provided with boats. When the impending danger is announced by the fall of torrents of rain, they embark with their valuables; and thus, as its coming is foreseen, the consequences are not so serious as might be expected.‡

* Cramer, vol. i. p. 115. Some have supposed Polesina to be a corruption of *Penisola* (peninsula). Others have derived it from *Polynesos*. The *Fossa Philistina* is the *Po Grande*.

† In returning from Italy, it is necessary to produce passports signed by the Austrian ambassador at Rome or Florence

‡ Chateaufieux, p. 273. The inundation of 1813, 14,

The level of the river is continually being raised by the deposits brought down by every flood, and which its current is too languid to carry off. Its wide and sluggish stream might remind the traveller of some of the Dutch rivers; but the bare and swampy plains are as unlike the beautiful meadows of Holland and Flanders, 'as the spare, ragged Italians of Lagoscuro, or the rueful, unrelenting visages of the Austrian custom-house officers, are to the broad, squat figures and happy faces of the well-clothed Dutch and Flemish.'

At Lagoscuro, Mr. Forsyth embarked on the Po, and sailed down to Fornaci, whence different canals brought him successively into the Adige, the Brenta, and the Adriatic. 'Along this tract, he says, 'are little conical huts, thatched with reeds, where the *Guardia di Po* is stationed to watch both the floods and the farmers. The farmers will sometimes steal across in the dark to sluice off the threatening inundation on their opposite neighbours; and the Po itself has ever been noted for this reciprocation of mischief.'†

In some parts of the dreary marshes upon which the traveller now enters, rice is cultivated; but the plantations are only allowed to a certain extent, on account of their supposed deleterious effects. Stiff rows of pollarded trees by the sides of the ditches, are the only ornaments of this melancholy tract, where the incessant croaking of frogs alone

destroyed the village of Arquà, and extended to Rovigo. Pennington, vol. ii. p. 200.

† Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 109. Addison embarked at Venice for Ferrara. Boats large enough to accommodate a family, may be hired at Ferrara for Venice, a voyage of twenty hours.

is to be heard. At length, even the willow disappears. Approaching the *delta* of the Po from the side of Bologna, M. Chateauxvieux describes the country as beginning to assume a bare and monotonous appearance about five leagues to the north of that city. 'The inclosures, the farms, and cultivation by degrees diminish: they are at first more thinly scattered, and at length totally cease. Some husbandmen, more hardy than their neighbours, here and there continue a few furrows in the plain. The road, hitherto firm, becomes at once deep and muddy; the sound of the wheels and the horses' feet is no longer heard. An immense, uniform horizon is before us; we see nothing distinctly, except the dikes, which we slowly approach. They extend as far as the eye can reach, like a green rampart. Above these banks are seen the masts and rigging of vessels which pass up and down the river with majestic slowness. In the plains are seen neither villages nor huts; not even those long lines of willows which inclose and divide the wet lands of the north. The plains of the Polesin are naked. At distant intervals only are seen, not stone, but wooden buildings intended for stables, and to contain hay. Cattle feed round these buildings; they are kept in the pastures by broad ditches covered with water-lilies. The horses, cows, and pigs reared in these meadows, all equally exhibit the peculiar character of animals fed in marshy places; they are large and lean, their haunches low, their limbs long and not well-jointed, and all their movements slow and indolent. This character of country continues to the gates of Ferrara.

‘ There, an unexpected scene strikes the eye. We enter a large city regularly and superbly built ; but one would think that the inhabitants had that day left it with one common consent, and without being compelled to do so by any accident, for we see no signs of destruction, nor any ruins. In one quarter, near the port, there are still some houses inhabited by artisans and sea-faring men ; but all the parts of the city, where there are large houses, are empty and abandoned. The fronts of these palaces extend on both sides of almost all the streets, which are straight and regular, but the grass covers the pavement, and some cows were wandering about in perfect security, attracted by the sight of the grass which promised them good pasture.

‘ I went into some of these palaces, struck with the beauty of the architecture ; there were neither doors, windows, nor furniture ; but their staircases, their sculpture, and their colonnades still remained. Ivy had tapestried with its foliage the sides of the walls ; it had crept to the top of the building, and surrounded the pilasters of the balustrades. On the tops of the terraces with which these palaces are crowned, some jasmines and pomegranates, left in vases, had, from time and neglect, spread about their branches, which hung down, full of flowers, on the marble cornices.’*

Ferrara, however, has inhabitants, and they amounted, in 1824, to not less than 24,000. These, however, in a city seven miles in circuit, the population of which was once 70,000 or 100,000,

* Chateaufieux, pp. 271, 2.

may well seem inconsiderable. In 1784, the city with its suburbs, contained 31,250. As it seems to possess few advantages of situation, one is led to wonder that it should ever have contained so many.

Ferrara is supposed to occupy the site of *Forum Allieni*, which, contracted to *Forum Arrii*, would easily pass into its present name. The modern city dates its foundation from the fifth century, when the invasion of the Huns, and the destruction of Aquileia, drove the inhabitants to take refuge amid marshes and forests. Its origin, therefore, is similar to that of Venice itself. In 585, it was fortified by Smaragdus, the exarch of Ravenna; but it was subsequently enlarged at various times. The era of its glory dates from the thirteenth century, under the House of Este, first as its chief magistrates, and afterwards as hereditary princes, either holding of the Pope, or maintaining their independence.* On the demise of the last Duke, it reverted to the Pope; and from that period, we may date its rapid decline.† A cardinal legate

* 'After a long struggle for liberty, which the League of Lombardy only exposed to a new danger, the Lombard States broke out into thirty separate republics; and each, ridden and spurred on by its own little demagogue, singled out an enemy. Ferrara matched itself against Ravenna, as Piacenza against Parma, or Pavia against Milan. Though confined within narrow territories, living in the sight of each other's turrets, and separated by the domains of barons who held both in defiance, those ambitious apes of Athens and Lacedæmon found means to flourish in the midst of continual hostility, and filled the annals of two centuries with their impertinent battles.' Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 108.

† 'It is well known,' says Bp. Burnet in 1685, 'that, *fourscore years ago*, Ferrara was well peopled, and the ill air is occasioned by the want of inhabitants; for, there not

now resides in the ducal palace, which 'stands, moated and flanked with towers, in the heart of the subjugated town, like a tyrant entrenched among slaves.' There is nothing very remarkable in its architecture, nor in that of any of the other buildings, but the palaces have an air of solidity and magnificence. The straight streets in the new parts of the town want houses, while everywhere are traces of decay.

The *duomo* was consecrated in 1135; and of this date are the *façade* and great part of the exterior sides. In the interior, all the earlier work has been destroyed or covered. The semi-circular end of the choir was erected in 1499, by a Ferrarese architect named Rosette, one of the early restorers of Italian architecture. The remainder of the part beyond the transept was modernized in 1637, and the rest of the church between 1712 and 1735. The front is divided into three equal parts, each surmounted with a gable, and ornamented with horizontal ranges of pointed arches. In each gable is a small wheel-window. A small turret, resting on a square base carried down to the ground, and crowned with a pinnacle,

being people to drain the ground, and to keep the ditches clean, a great deal of water lies on the ground; which infects the air in the same manner as is observed in that vast and rich, but uninhabited champaign of Rome; so that the ill air is the effect, rather than the cause of the depopling of the Pope's dominions. The true cause is, the severity of the government, and the heavy taxes and frequent confiscations by which the nephews of several Popes, as they have devoured many of the families of Ferrara, so they have driven away many more.' Burnet's Travels, p. 136. Ferrara had formerly large salt-petre manufactories. There is a sturgeon fishery on the Po, and a profitable one for eels in the Val di Gemachio.

separates the gables ; and a similar ornament would seem to have been adopted at the extreme angles of the front ; but if so, the upper part has been destroyed. The porch has a semi-circular arch resting on columns ; and the flanks are ornamented, not with pointed, but with semi-circular arches ; from which, as being the style prevalent in the eleventh century, Mr. Woods infers, that they are older than the front, which was probably finished after the dedication of the church. The interior contains some good paintings, but nothing fine in architecture. There are also many good pictures in the other churches, and in several of the palaces, but nothing of first-rate excellence. The best are chiefly by Guercino and Garofalo.* One church is famous for its echoes. ‘ The nave,’ Mr. Woods says, ‘ seems to have been intended to present a series of cupolas, as the side-aisles actually do on a smaller scale ; but, in its present state, at the point where the square is reduced to a circle, a flat ceiling is introduced instead of a cupola. Standing under any one of these, the slightest footstep is repeated a great many times, but so rapidly that it is difficult to count the reverberations. I counted sixteen ; but the effect is a continued clatter, rather than a succession of distinct sounds.’†

During the greater part of the sixteenth century, there were few of the courts of Europe that could vie in splendour with that of Ferrara, and polished

* The walls and ceilings of the principal apartments of the Ducal palace, are covered with faded frescoes by Titian and Dosso Dosso.

† Woods, vol. ii. pp. 119, 120.

strangers from France and Germany were astonished at its magnificence. One is still at a loss to conjecture the sources of all this wealth. Little interest would, however, attach to either the site or the story of this faded grandeur, were not other and greater names associated with Ferrara, than those of its ducal chiefs. 'Melancholy as the city looks now, every lover of Italian poetry,' remarks Forsyth, 'must view with affection the retreat of an Ariosto, a Tasso, a Guarini. Such is the ascendant of wealth over genius, that one or two princes could create an Athens in the centre of this Bœotia. The little courts of Ferrara and Urbino seemed to emulate those of Alexandria and Pergamos, contending for pre-eminence only in literature and elegance.' The house of Ariosto, and the cell of Tasso, still attract and detain the traveller, who would otherwise hasten away from the gloomy city, or avoid it altogether.

The Author of the Orlando, 'the Homer of modern Italy,' is claimed with pride by the Ferrarese as a fellow-citizen, although he was born at Reggio. They possess his bones, and can shew his arm-chair, his inkstand, and his autographs. The house in which he resided, the room in which he died, are designated by his own memorial, replaced on the outside, and by a recent inscription, which states, that, two hundred and eighty years after the death of the divine Poet, the house was purchased and repaired by the *Podestà*, at the expense of the city. Ariosto was buried in the church of the Benedictines. The bust which there surmounted his tomb, was struck by lightning about the middle of the last century, and a crown of iron laurels,

which wreathed the brows of the Poet, was melted away ; an incident of which Lord Byron has made an elegant use in his well-known stanzas descriptive of Ferrara. In 1801, when the church was converted by the French into a *depôt*, the remains and tomb of the Poet were transferred to the public library ; and the ceremony was one of the most brilliant spectacles of the short-lived Italian Republic. The monument is at the upper end of the great room, which is hung all round with portraits of cardinals and other illustrious persons connected with the city.

The Public Library at Ferrara was founded as recently as the year 1740, by a rich citizen, Giuseppe Carli. There are five rooms full of books, and a Museum ; and the library is said to comprise 80,000 volumes. The most valued treasures, however, are the autograph manuscripts jealously preserved in the same compartment which holds the chair and ink-stand of Ariosto. They comprise, 1. An autograph (imperfect) copy of the Orlando ; 2. One of the Satires of Ariosto ; 3. His comedy, *La Scolastica* ; 4. The Jerusalem ; 5. The Pastor Fido ; 6. A small octavo of *Rime*, by Tasso ; 7. Eight Letters written by Tasso, while confined in the hospital of St. Anna, and a testamentary document ; 8. Thirteen Letters of Ariosto's.*

In the Hospital of St. Anna, is shewn a cell below the ground-floor, about nine paces by five or six, and seven feet high, lighted by a grated window from a small yard, in which Tasso is said

* Hobhouse's Illustrations, &c. p. 487.

to have been imprisoned from March 1579, to December 1580, by his generous and magnanimous patron, Duke Alfonso.* His imprisonment was then mitigated; but it was not till 1586, that, at the intercession of the Duke of Mantua, who offered bail for his good behaviour, the Poet obtained his liberty. The inscription over the cell was put up at the instigation of the French General Miollis, and is of course of no authority, nor is it correct; but 'common tradition,' Mr. Hobhouse remarks, 'had long before assigned the cell to Tasso; it was assuredly one of the prisons of the hospital; and in one of those prisons we know that Tasso was confined.' Whatever was the offence that led to his arrest and incarceration, there can be but one sentiment as to its execrable cruelty; and one is almost ready to subscribe to the bold fancy of our own noble Poet, who has so amply revenged the injured Bard.

' Ferrara ! in thy wide and grass-grown streets,
Whose symmetry was not for solitude,
There seems as 'twere a curse upon the seats
Of former sovereigns and the antique brood
Of Este, which for many an age made good
Its strength within thy walls, and was of yore
Patron or tyrant, as the changing mood
Of petty power impell'd, of those who wore
The wreath which Dante's brow alone had worn before.†

* Mr. Hobhouse, from whom we take this statement, subsequently observes, that Tasso 'was only nine months in the first dungeon allotted to his crime, or, as his tyrant called it, his cure.' He meant to say, we presume, a year and nine months.—See *Hist. Illustrations of Childe Harold*, pp. 5—27.

† To Lord Byron's sojourn at Ferrara, we are indebted

Ferrara has a university, founded in 1390, and revived by Pope Leo XII., which recently contained three hundred students. There are two and twenty convents of different descriptions, which is nearly one to every thousand of the inhabitants. The total population of the Legation is rated at about 250,000.* The greater part of the territory is as badly cultivated as it is thinly peopled; but, a short distance from Ferrara, Mr. Simond was struck with the uncommon sight of a handsome new house and a well-ordered agricultural establishment, belonging to a Venetian proprietor. Nearly two miles of well cultivated land appeared to belong to the estate, the boundary of which was marked by a column; and the road all the way was paved and in good repair.

At one stage (a post and a half) from Ferrara, is Malalbergo, a small place, but with some appearance of activity and business, as here the canal ends, which connects the Reno *Piccolo* with the Po. The Reno is crossed by a flying bridge, a short distance from Malalbergo.† The road to

for this and the following powerful stanzas in the fourth canto of Childe Harold; for the Lament of Tasso, one of his most beautiful productions; and for his 'Parisina.' The scene of that deep domestic tragedy was within the walls of the Ducal palace; and 'in those frightful dungeons beneath the chamber called the Aurora, at the foot of the Lion's Tower, at the top of the street Giovecca, were beheaded, first Ugo, and then Parisina.'

* Balbi in Malte Brun, vol. vii. p. 766.

† The country is so intersected with streams, that it is difficult to identify particular rivers. Mrs. Starke states, that a *procaccio* (post) goes twice a-week from Ferrara to Bologna by water. The Reno formerly discharged itself into the Po. 'By turning the Reno from its direct tendency

Bologna lies for some way along the borders of the canal. On approaching that city, the country gradually improves, and becomes better wooded. The extreme fertility of the rich plain in which it stands, is indicated by the heaviness of the grain, the height and vigour of the full-eared maize, and the incomparably fine growth of the hemp. In the neatness of the cottages, the careful husbandry, and the general appearance of the population, there are also signs of a greater degree of prosperity than in almost any other part of Italy. The Bolognese has always been the most flourishing of the four Papal Legations; owing, Bishop Burnet tells us, to its peculiar constitution. 'For Bologna,' he says, 'delivered itself to the popedom upon a capitulation, by which there are many privileges reserved to it. Crimes, there, are only punished in the persons of those who commit them; but there are no confiscations of estates; and though the authority in criminal matters belongs to the Pope, and is managed by a legate and his officers, yet, the civil government, the magistracy, and the powers of judicature in civil matters, are entirely in the hands of the State. By this regulation it is, that, as the riches of Bologna amaze a stranger, it being neither on a navigable river, nor the centre of a sovereignty where a court is kept; so, the Pope draws much more (in taxes) from this place of liberty than from those where his autho-

to the Po,' says Forsyth, 'the Popes have not only desolated the plain, but also produced a confusion in private property, and public disputes between Bologna and Ferrara, which called in the mediation of Cassini's geometry.'

rity is unlimited and absolute, but that are almost quite abandoned.* Another favourable circumstance is, that the sale of the monastic property during the occupation of the French, has greatly multiplied the number of the smaller landed proprietors, and raised up a thriving agricultural population. In one respect, however, that revolution has led to disastrous results. It has afforded opportunity and pretext to the restored Government for depriving the Bolognese of most of their ancient privileges. By a Papal rescript dated July 6, 1816, the popular magistracy and tribunals, the ancient faculties, the government of the militia, the right of coining money, and the right of popular election, were cancelled and annulled; and Bologna is now subject to the same laws and regulations as the rest of the States of the Church.

Bologna is picturesquely situated at the base of the Apennines; the Reno passes through the city, and the Savena washes its walls. It is surrounded with a high brick wall, about six (Italian) miles in circuit, and contains a population of between 60,000 and 70,000 souls. On approaching the city, its curious leaning towers and high, antique spires, with the singular arcade leading up to the church of the *Madonna di San Luca*, perched on a steep hill overhanging the Reno, have a singular and striking effect. Though one of the oldest cities in Italy, it is one of the best preserved, and has a venerable appearance without being ruinous.

* Burnet, p. 136. The *concordat* which guaranteed the municipal privileges of the Bolognese, was concluded between the city and Pope Nicholas V. in 1447.

Its streets are lined with arcades, affording a covered footway on each side, as at Padua and Modena. If less elegant in appearance than the latter city, it has nothing of the monotonous, sombre character of the former. Its fine lofty arcades are supported on well-proportioned columns, and the architecture is in better taste, more finished, and on a larger scale. The city abounds with large churches and handsome palaces; and if these are not distinguished by any very striking architectural excellence, the general style is good, and the effect pleasing.

The most remarkable, though by no means the most beautiful edifices in Bologna, are the two leaning watch-towers, called the *Torre degli Asinelli* and the *Torre degli Garisendi*. The former is a slender tower, built at different periods, and rising to the height of nearly 400 feet. It leans over its base three feet two inches.* In

* This, Mr. Woods says, was the inclination as measured in 1706. Some years after, there was an earthquake, and it was again measured, but no alteration had taken place. The variations in the reports of different travellers as to the height of this tower, afford a curious illustration of the difficulty of arriving at accuracy. By Mr. Woods, it is stated at only 256 feet; (probably a misprint;) by Mrs. Starke at 327 Paris feet; by Mr. Pennington, at 376 feet; by Mr. Williams, at 476 feet; by Evelyn, at 208 *braccia* or 348 Bolognese feet. He states at the same time, that 'it is ascended by 447 steps of a foot rise;' and his measurements would correspond to nearly 400 English feet. Lastly, Mr. Simond states, that it originally reached the height of 476 feet, but that after an earthquake in 1416, one fourth of the height was taken down for fear of accidents. He has apparently misapplied what is related of the lower tower.

some situations, this inclination is not perceived, and its slender form then makes a fine object rising above the buildings of the city. The adventurous traveller may ascend to the top by a stair of 447 steps, from which a fine view is obtained. Imola, Ferrara, and Modena may be clearly distinguished, as well as the hills about Verona, which seem to rise abruptly from the dead flat that extends on three sides of Bologna. To the south are seen some pleasant hills, the first steps of the Apennines, studded with villas.

The tower of the Garisendi is only 130 or 140 feet high, and has no sort of beauty, in whatever direction it is viewed. It inclines six feet six inches to the south, and a foot and a half to the east. Some writers have pretended that it was built in this inclination, and Mad. de Staël has given currency to the absurd idea. Mr. Woods states, that the inclination of the courses of brick, and the position of the holes to receive the timber of the floors, prove that it was a mere settlement. A few feet at the top, he says, are perpendicular. If these were subsequently added, they may have given rise to the representation. Montfaucon, however, states, that when this tower bowed in this manner, 'much of it fell, as appears by the top of it.'*

* Cited by Mr. Roscoe in the *Landscape Annual* for 1830, in which is given a view of these towers from the pencil of Prout, not marked by his usual accuracy. They were both erected early in the twelfth century. The Garisendi tower, which was erected some years after the other, has furnished Dante with a noble simile. He compares the stooping statue of the huge giant Antæus to the effect of *La Carisenda*, seen from beneath

The largest church in Bologna, and, though unfinished, one of the most ancient and remarkable, is that of *San Petronio*, in which Charles V. was crowned by Pope Clement VII. The nave, which, with a little temporary choir, is all that has been erected, is 400 feet in length, and 49 in width. The plan was to have been a Latin cross, and its whole length, when completed, would have been 712 feet; 129 more than St. Peter's at Rome. It was founded in 1390, when Bologna was a republic, the architect being a Bolognese citizen, named Antonio di Vincenzo, who was afterwards ambassador from the Bolognese to the Venetian Republic. The elevation at present begun, would present a series of five gables, declining in height from the central one, which is also largest, with a pinnacle between every two. The part erected is cut up with numerous horizontal lines. Various designs have been offered for the *façade*, among which two of Palladio's have been preserved; but the edifice, Mr. Woods says, would have baffled the artist by its size, as it would be next to impossible to give sufficient height to the centre in the Palladian architecture: it is adapted only to the Gothic. In the interior, the width of the side arches, which is the same as that of the nave, gives a great appearance of space; but the consequent height of the arch, equal to that of the pier which supports it, is itself offensive to the eye, and is rendered still more so by the great height of the capitals. Indeed, adds this Architect, 'there is much fault to be found throughout, in the proportions of the different parts. All the principal arches are retained by iron ties.

Yet, with all these faults, the size and simplicity of the design, and the space which every part seems to enjoy without confusion or huddling, produce a pleasing impression. On the pavement of this church is the meridional line traced by Cassini in 1653; 178 feet, 11 inches and a half in length.*

The *Piazza del Gigante*, in which this church stands, was the *forum* of Bologna in the middle ages, and is surrounded with edifices of antique character and historic interest.† Among these are the *Palazzo Publico*, the residence of Papal legates and of Republican *gonfalonieri*; the *Palazzo del Podestà*, the ancient seat of municipal authority; and the *Torazzo*, a huge tower supported by columns, where the infamous anti-pope John XXIII is said to have held a conclave in the fifteenth century, and where the archives of the city are still preserved. In the centre of the square is a magnificent fountain, the master-piece of John of Bologna; called, from the principal figure, the Fountain of Neptune. Mr. Forsyth thought it the grandest composition in sculpture that Bologna can boast. The Neptune is admired for the style, the anatomy, and the technical details. His air and expression are noble, and almost 'too commanding for his situation.' Round him are assembled in vicious taste, a number of bronze figures. 'Groupes of petty dealers, with various small wares, vegetables, fruit, and fish, are scattered over its pavement, in a costume which,

* Woods, vol. ii. p. 282.

† Evelyn styles it the most stately *piazza* in Italy, St. Mark's at Venice only excepted.

like the edifices, belongs to other ages ; and under its porticoes, shops festooned with those savoury sausages supposed to be the staple commodity of Bologna, are mingled with magazines shining with spangled fans, silver combs, coral necklaces, and all that gaudy finery as indispensable to the toilette of the Bolognese peasant as to that of the same class in other Italian provinces. The ‘ French shop’ of Bologna, though by no means comparable to that on the *Piazza del Duomo* at Milan, is well supplied, and appears to be a fashionable lounge.* Almost all the manufactured articles are now imported from France. Bologna still preserves, however, the manufacture of crapes. It has also manufactories of silk, soap, cards, paper, and sweetmeats ; but these have fallen into decay. It was famous in the olden time for its lutes : the manufacturers, however, were chiefly Germans.†

Among the other churches, that of *San Stefano* is the most curious, being formed by the union of no fewer than seven churches. ‘ In one of these are some very ancient columns with whimsical capitals, supporting circular arches : the precise dates do not seem to be known. There are coupled columns, one of rich marble, the other of stone miserably painted to imitate it ; and this combination is repeated several times in the circuit of a round church, said, with great probability, to have been an ancient baptistery. The church adjoining is reputed to have been formerly the cathedral, and the earliest of the groupe. It was foun-

* Morgan, vol. ii. p. 19.

† Evelyn, vol. i. p. 181.

ded by S. Faustino about A.D. 330, and is something like our Norman architecture, with small round windows in the nave. One of the chapels contains an Ionic capital and some arabesques, which are probably antique, and several fragments of the middle ages, interesting to an antiquary.'

San Giacomo Maggiore, a large church finished in 1315, but modernized towards the close of the following century, reminded Mr. Woods of that of *San Fermo* at Verona, in its exterior; but it has never been completed. Almost all the old Italian churches, he remarks, have been modernized; but enough remains to shew that Gothic architecture was never well understood in this country.

The *Duomo*, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, is a fine building of modern architecture, erected in 1575; and the interior presents, Mr. Woods says, one of the best examples of the mode of arrangement which has been here adopted.* The church is 174 (Bolognese) feet in length, exclusive of the choir and presbytery, which are 74 more; 127 feet wide, including the chapels; and 103 feet high. The width of the nave is 72 feet. The piers are perforated, and, instead of side-aisles, there are recesses forming, as it were, three short transepts. The entablature is continued without any breaks and the side arches, instead of being carried up to the height of the centre, are kept under the architrave. The order is Corinthian, incorrect, but not bad; the vaulting semi-circular, springing a little above the entablature. Some of the altars are very good. In the sanctuary is a fresco, The Annun-

* The same disposition is found in the church of *S. Salvatore* at Venice.

ciation, said to be the last work of Ludovico Caracci. At the bottom of the choir is another fresco by the same master, Our Saviour giving the keys to St. Peter. Below the choir is a curious subterranean chapel.

San Giorgio, built in 1589, exhibits a range of arches between Ionic pilasters, and a whitewashed vault. Without any obvious fault, it produces no pleasing effect. *San Salvatore*, built between 1605 and 1623, has the appearance, in front, of several small buildings erected on the summit of a large one. Internally, it is a very handsome room, but without much of the character of a church: it has perforated piers, and consists merely of two large arches and a semi-circular choir as high as the nave. *San Paolo* is another fine room with perforated piers, and, owing to its greater comparative height and length, with much more character. The proportions are very good, but the effect is not aided by the superabundance of painting. A good effect, however, has been produced by ornamental painting in *S. Bartolommeo di Porta Ravennana*: the general tone is too gaudy, but the choir, with Corinthian pilasters of a purplish grey, the mouldings gilt, as well as the capitals and ornaments in the pilasters, is very elegant.*

San Domenico is a large church in bad taste, but contains a very beautiful little chapel, in which the remains of the *Santo Sceleratissimo*, the atrocious Founder of the order, and of the Inquisition, are said to repose beneath a splendid shrine.† The

* Woods, vol. i. pp. 282—4.

† Dominic de Gusman, the inventor of the Rosary, the persecutor of the Albigenses, and the founder of the Inquisition,

chapel forms a cross in itself, with a dome at the intersection, and a semi-circular choir at the end. The pilasters are of rich coloured marbles, and the parts are well disposed and finely proportioned. The semi-dome of the choir was painted in fresco by Guido, and the other paintings are by no means contemptible. The miracles of the Saint are sculptured on his beautiful monument, in a style which is said to have commanded the admiration of Michel Angelo, to whose chisel is ascribed the angelic figure which stands on one side of the shrine, as companion to the ministering angel of Nicolo Pisano.* In the back of the monument, a door opens into a little dark cell, where a lamp burns night and day, and a *prie-dieu* is fixed for those who come to worship the body of St. Dominick. Evelyn states, that 'the stalls of this goodly church have the history of the Bible inlaid with several woods, very curiously done, the work of one Fr. Damiano di Bergamo and a friar of that

was born at Calaroga in Old Castile, in 1170. He was first canon and archdeacon of Osma in that province. Pope Innocent III. sent him into Languedoc, to hunt up the heretics, which was the commencement of the Inquisition. At Toulouse, he founded his new order, under the patronage of Bishop Fouquet and Simon de Montfort, which was confirmed by the Lateran council in 1215. In 1218, he was made master of the sacred palace by Pope Honorius III. He died at Bologna in 1221, and was afterwards canonized.

* If the story that Lady Morgan tells us of this sculpture be true, and its merit is so striking, it is strange that neither Mr. Forsyth, nor Mr. Woods, nor any other competent critic should have noticed it. The Author of Sketches in Italy merely mentions, as a slight but very beautiful specimen of the statuary of Michel Angelo, a small figure of a cherub holding a taper.

order.' This church was once famous for its noble collection of paintings, but the greater part have been removed to the gallery of the Institute. Guido and his lovely pupil, Elizabetta Sirani, are buried in the vaults of this church.

The Dominican convent adjoining the church, is a gloomy and spacious fabric occupying three sides of a quadrangle, in the centre of which, Evelyn mentions some old cypresses, said to have been planted by their saint. It is surrounded with a cloister, the arcades of which exhibit some curious and grotesque sculpture. Beneath, deep sunk in the earth, Lady Morgan says, are 'the dungeons of the Inquisition.' A spacious and magnificent gallery, terminated at each end with a superb gate of gilt bronze, with apartments opening into it, is now appropriated to a Public Library.

The ancient church of the Franciscans, one of the first suppressed by the French, has been in part converted into a *dogana*. Desolate and ruinous as it is, says Lady Morgan, it is still beautiful. Evelyn speaks of it as 'a glorious pile, and exceedingly adorned within.' We find no account of its architecture.

The Carthusian convent was converted by the French into a public cemetery. It was one of the good deeds of their Government, that they banished the burial-places from the cities. The monuments are disposed in cloisters surrounding several courts of the old convent, which are, however, so gay with paint and whitewash, that the solemnity of appearance appropriate to such a place is entirely destroyed. Long galleries with niches are prepared to receive the illustrious dead; and along

the walls are arranged in finical order, a great number of skulls, with the names of the individuals to whom they belonged; among others, that of Guido! 'What a treat,' exclaims Mr. Woods, 'for a craniologist.'

The churches of Bologna are still ornamented with valuable specimens of its native school of painting; but they are few in comparison with those which are assembled in the Academy and the private collections. Bologna had greatly contributed to fill the gallery of the Louvre; and the restored paintings have been placed together in the Gallery of the Institute, which, though small, has the credit of being one of the best arranged in Italy, and of containing, for its size, fewer bad and more good ones than any other collection.* The French, on the suppression of the convents, carried off what they deemed the best paintings, and formed picture-galleries of their leavings. In many instances, no doubt, they rescued a noble master-piece from mouldering in neglect on the walls of a damp church or conventual refectory; but the plan of assembling them in galleries, convenient as it may be to the student, is far from favourable to the designed effect of the several pictures, and would probably have been little gratifying to the mighty masters of the pencil.

The greatest treasure in this Gallery, is the

* Lady Morgan tells us, that forty of the best pictures were taken to France; that, at the Restoration, all those which hung in the Louvre were returned, but not those which had been placed in the royal apartments of the Tuileries; of which the Bolognese bitterly complain.

St. Cecilia of Raffael, originally painted for the chapel of the Bentivoglio family in the church of *San Giovanni in Monte*.* Next to this ranks the precious *Madonna del Rosario* of Domenichino, repulsive in the conception, but magnificently treated. It is a double composition : in the lower part is a scene of persecution and martyrdom ; in the upper part, St. Gregory is interceding for the faithful to Our Lady of the Rosary, who sits enthroned with the Infant, and both are showering flowers on the Saint. There are several large pictures by Guido, displaying a force and grandeur of which the generality of his works give little indication. The Crucifixion, the Martyrdom of the Innocents, and St. Peter and St. Paul, are specimens of the highest excellence of composition. Mr. Forsyth refers to this last picture as ‘ the finest left in Italy’ at the time of his journey. ‘ I can conceive,’ he says, ‘ no excellence beyond the figure of Peter. So excellent is art here, that it disappears, and gives up the work to sentiment.’ *La Madonna della Pietà*, by the same master, is another noble production. There is also a fine portrait of Guido, by Simone da Pesaro. Among the other treasures of the Gallery are, The Baptism of Christ, by Albano ; The Conversion of St. Paul, by Ludovico Caracci ; An Adoration, by the same master ; S. Girolamo, by Agostino Caracci ; S. Bruno, by Guercino ; and The Madonna in heaven, by Parmegiano. ‘ It is

* Mr. Matthews suspects, we know not whether on competent ground, that the Cecilia ‘ has been retouched and spoiled at Paris.’ Addison says, ‘ There is something wonderfully divine in the airs of this picture.’

necessary,' remarks Mr. Matthews, 'to come to Bologna, to appreciate properly the excellence of Guido, Domenichino, and the fraternity of the Carracci. Here, only, the merits of Guido in particular are to be seen in their true light.' Bologna was the native city of these masters of the art, as well as of Albano; while the two Barbieri (Giovanni Francesco, better known under the name of Guercino, and his brother Paolo Antonio) were born at Cento, in the Bolognese. Justly, therefore, is it styled by Forsyth, 'the second field of painting in Italy.'

To perpetuate the honours, and, if it might be, to revive this school of the Arts, an academy was established, in the early part of the last century, under the title of the Clementine Academy, of which Cignani was the first president. The halls of this academy form part of the magnificent palace of the Institute. This noble establishment includes also the Academy of the Sciences, founded, in the seventeenth century, by a boy, but upheld by great men. A noble youth of the name of Eustachio Manfredi, at the early age of sixteen, formed a literary society, which assembled at his house all the men of talent and science in Bologna. In the same palace, there is a library of about 150,000 volumes, open to the public six days in the week, and containing, among other valuable MSS. the collections of the celebrated naturalist Aldrovandus, in 187 folio volumes. There is also a Museum of Natural History; an Observatory, furnished with an excellent astronomical apparatus; a Laboratory; a Hall of Anatomy, containing a valuable collection of models in wax; a gallery

of antiques; and other halls devoted to different arts and sciences, where public lectures are delivered gratuitously by the respective professors.

Bologna is chiefly indebted for this noble Institution to the munificence and public spirit of one of her own citizens, the illustrious Count Marsigli, who, after a singularly eventful military career in the Imperial service,* returned to his native country in 1712, to devote the remainder of his days, his talents, and his fortune, to the promotion of the arts and sciences among his fellow citizens. His valuable collection of books, scientific instruments, and specimens of natural history, presented to the Senate, laid the foundation of the Institution. To receive these, the city, in 1714, purchased the *Palazzo Cellesi*, and fitted it up in its present style of grandeur. In 1727, the noble Founder bestowed upon the Institution some additional collections made during his travels in different parts of Europe. Among other countries he visited England, where he formed an acquaintance with Sir Isaac Newton, and was elected member of the Royal Society. He died at Bo-

* Having received a learned education, Marsigli, in 1679 accompanied the Venetian envoy to Constantinople; and on his return, published his first literary work, 'Observations on the Thracian Bosphorus.' He subsequently entered the Imperial service, and was employed to fortify the island of Raab. Being taken prisoner by the Tatars, he was sold into slavery, but at length obtained his ransom, and again served, with distinction, in the army of the Imperialists. In 1700, he was appointed Commissioner to settle the boundaries between Hungary and Dalmatia. In 1709, he resumed for a short period the profession of arms, being entrusted by Clement XI. with the command of the papal troops. Shortly afterwards, he returned to his native city.

logna in November 1730, at the age of seventy-two. Since that period, the Institute has been enriched by several benefactors; particularly by Pope Benedict XIV., who is said to have contributed 20,000 volumes to the Library.*

We have yet to speak of what was once the glory of Bologna, its University,—one of the oldest in Europe, being founded in 1119, and the first in which academical degrees were conferred. ‘It was within her walls, during the tumult and desolation of the eleventh century, that learning first attempted to raise her head; and scholars and soldiers were often mingled in the same street,

* The Librarian to the Institute, the celebrated Abate Mezzofanti, Professor of Greek and Oriental literature in the University, is an example of a faculty for acquiring languages, probably unequalled. At thirty-six years of age, (in 1817,) he read twenty, and conversed with fluency and accuracy in eighteen languages. An Italian gentleman having introduced to him two Russians and a Pole, who were passing through Bologna, Mezzofanti entered at once into conversation with them in their own languages. One of the Russians then addressed him in Turkish, and was answered in the same tongue, although Mezzofanti informed them, that it was only the second time of his having conversed in that language. The Pole now addressed him in a language which he supposed it impossible he should be able to understand, that of the Bohemians or Gipsies. To his great astonishment, Mezzofanti promptly answered him in that dialect, and produced some sheets of a grammar and vocabulary of the Gipsy tongue, compiled from information he had obtained from some *Zingari* confined at Bologna. His Greek master, a Spaniard, had taught him Spanish, French, and English; and German, Polish, and Hungarian, he had acquired by reading and conversation with travellers. Yet he had never wandered above thirty miles from Bologna, and spoke only Bolognese in his own family.—See Rose’s Letters, vol. ii. p. 54. Roscoe’s Tourist, vol. i. p. 252.

which resounded alternately with the shouts of warriors and the vociferation of disputants. In the twelfth century, the almost incredible number of ten thousand students was assembled there; and each country of Europe had its regents and professors, to prevent a second confusion of tongues in this modern Babel. The Civil and Canon Laws were the favourite, almost the exclusive studies. Paris addressed herself more particularly to theology. Salernum was equally unrivalled in medical pursuits; but it flourished only under the humble name of school; and the diploma which, in process of time, constituted it a university, seems to have been the signal for the expiration of its learning, and the extinction of its authority.* Padua and Oxford now began to acquire celebrity. The former university, a sort of offset from that of Bologna, soon eclipsed the medical school of Salernum. The latter, in the host of its students, if in no other respect, far outstripped every other. In the year 1340, the university of Oxford is said to have contained no fewer than 30,000 students.†

The schools of Bologna have been distinguished by one remarkable peculiarity: in the number of its learned female members and professors, its university stands alone. In the fourteenth century, Giovanni d' Andrea, professor of jurispru-

* See an elegant little 'Introduction to the literary History of the fourteenth and fifteenth Centuries.' London, 1798. Robertson, however, seems to admit that the first obscure mention of degrees occurs in the annals of the university of Paris, A.D. 1215. In 1262, there were ten thousand students in that of Bologna. That of Pavia was not founded till 1361.

† Robertson, who cites Speed at second hand.

dence, had two daughters, one of whom, named Novella, when her father was prevented from delivering his lectures, was accustomed to supply his place from behind a curtain,—which, we are told, was

‘ drawn before her,
Lest, if her charms were seen, the students
Should let their young eyes wander o’er her,
And quite forget their jurisprudence.’*

In later times, the chairs of the university have occasionally been filled by female professors of eminent attainments. Not many years before Mrs. Piozzi visited Bologna, *la dotteressa*, Laura Bassi, gave lectures upon the mathematics and natural philosophy, till she grew very old and infirm; and her pupils always handed her very respectfully to and from the doctor’s chair. A marble tablet has been erected to her memory. Many learned ladies of France and Germany were at that time members of the university. Madonna Manzolina was about the same time professor of anatomy. Still more recently, the professorship of Greek was held by Signora Clotilda Tambroni, whose severity, we are told, is still remembered by her pupils.†

The university of Bologna, although it has long been on the decline, is on a much better footing

* Moore. An account of the fair Lecturer is given by an old French author cited by Tiraboschi.

† The Signora, Lady Morgan says, had vacated her chair by death only a short time before she visited Bologna; and it was pleasant to hear her learned coadjutor, the Abate Mezzofanti, do ample justice to her profound learning, which had raised her to an equality in collegiate rank with himself.

now than prior to 1798, 'when monkish professors taught nothing but a sophistical and rancorous theology, together with the narrow principles of canon law. It was then,' says Mr. Simond, 'so ill provided with instruments, (the only astronomical apparatus being that of Dr. Cowper, purchased by Pope Benedict XIV.,) that there was no possibility of prosecuting a course of experiments in any of the physical sciences; and the botanic garden occupied a small patch of ground in a court of the palace.' Under the French Emperor, the university was placed on the same footing as that of Pavia, which had far outstripped, under the enlightened patronage of Joseph II., its more ancient rival. No expense was spared; and Bologna now possesses the best and most costly instruments, as well as a large botanic garden. The number of professors (stated by Eustace to be seventy) is at present about twenty-six. That of students, a few years ago, was 550. The library contains 200,000 volumes.

The palaces of Bologna are not distinguished by their architectural beauty. They are, for the most part, plain, handsome brick buildings, with architraves to the windows, but not decorated with the orders of architecture. They have, however, an appearance of preservation and of being inhabited, which gives them an advantage over the more splendid but ruinous and deserted palaces of Ferrara. Some of them contain valuable collections. Among the paintings in the Gallery of the *Palazzo Marescalchi* are, two by Correggio, Our Saviour and Angels, and St. Peter with other figures; St. Peter, by Guido; and St. Cecilia, by

Domenichino, besides several productions of the Flemish school. The *Palazzo Hercolani* and the *Palazzo Zambuccari** have also splendid galleries. The *Palazzo Zampieri* once contained one of the finest collections in Northern Italy: this now forms part of the Brera Gallery at Milan. The walls and ceilings of this palace are still rich with frescoes. Each of the Caracci has his ceiling, and a fourth was assigned to Guercino, who has chosen for his subject, Hercules strangling Antæus, in which he has exhibited his magic skill in chiaroscuro and foreshortening. The *Palazzo Ranuzzi* is remarkable for its very beautiful staircase, mentioned by Addison as one of the greatest curiosities in the place.

The Bolognese, Eustace tells us, 'have a peculiar devotion to the Blessed Virgin,' which they shew by crowding to her sanctuary, the church of the *Madonna di S. Luca*, about three miles from the city. To accommodate devotees and other pedestrians, a portico or arcade, open to the South, has been constructed all the way from the gates of the city to the church. It is about 12 feet broad, and 15 feet high. It is not in one continued straight line, but makes four or five angles in the ascent, and consists of 640 arches. The architecture has no merit in point of taste, and the apparent construction is still worse. Iron ties are necessary to all the arches; and the fine effect of the perspective produced by the long

* In the Zambuccari palace, among other curiosities and works of art, there is a Descent from the Cross, in silver, one of the works of the 'old mad Florentine,' Benvenuto Cellini; now sadly discoloured by age, but still beautiful.

series of receding curves, is quite spoiled by them. It is impossible, however, to walk along it without feeling impressed with its wonderful length, and admiring the public spirit which accomplished it. It was begun about 1675; and, when Bishop Burnet visited Bologna ten years afterwards, had already been carried on almost half way. Eustace tells us, that it was raised entirely by the voluntary contributions of all classes of the inhabitants. 'The richer erected one or more arches according to their means; the middling classes gave their aid in proportion; and the poorest insisted on contributing their labour to the grand undertaking.' Such is the energy of superstition!* The church itself is a magnificent building, but not in very pure taste. The view it commands, is very extensive and beautiful. The comfort of this warm and sheltered walk, can be appreciated only by those who have visited Bologna in winter, when the inclemency of the weather is often sufficient to make an Englishman regret having exchanged for this climate the comparative mildness of the season in our own island.

On the hill above Bologna stands the church of *S. Michele in Bosco*, formerly belonging to the monastery of the Olivetans, which is described by Bishop Burnet as one of the best in Italy. He mentions in particular, a rectangular court, with a cloister round it, 'which is so nobly painted in

* Mrs. Starke (as good an authority at all events as Eustace) says, the *porticato* was 'built at the expense of various individuals, corporations, and ecclesiastical establishments.' A similar one at Vicenza has already been described.

fresco, that it is great pity to see such work exposed to the air. All was retouched,' he says, 'by the famous Guido Reni; yet, it is now again much decayed. The dormitory is very magnificent. The chapel is little, but very fine, and the stalls are richly carved. The portico of the church is adorned by the pencil of Cignani; and one of the chapels contains a picture by Guercino, representing Bernardo Tolomei, the founder of the order, receiving his statutes from the Madonna. The situation of this convent is very beautiful.'

The theatre at Bologna, designed by Bibbiena, is one of the largest in Italy. There, as at Milan, the nobility receive and pay visits in their private boxes, as being the least expensive mode of social intercourse. The performances appear to be not of a much higher character than when Bishop Burnet visited this city, who was amazed to witness the satisfaction expressed by the audience at a farce so rude and ill acted that it would have been hissed off the stage either in England or France. Music is cultivated with more success than the drama; and Bologna may boast of the most popular composer of the day, in Rossini.

Of the state of manners and morals in Bologna, it is scarcely safe to speak on the authority of travellers. The character which their own Tassoni gives to them, seems to point to the spirit of independence cherished by their ancient republican institutions.* Their love of political liberty blended itself, however, with a willing bondage to the

* ' *Il Bolognese e un popol del demonio,
Che non si può frenar con alcun freno.*'

yoke of superstition ; and while setting at defiance the Pope as a temporal sovereign, they have always manifested a due regard for the Church in their subjection to their own priests and regulars. Although the seat of a university, Bologna does not appear to have been distinguished by any superior intelligence in the general character of its inhabitants. While celebrated for its learned men and erudite ladies, it exhibited in its population the most abject ignorance and superstition. The means of education were, in fact, never extended to the lower ranks. In former days, assassinations and murders were of disgracefully frequent occurrence, the churches affording to the criminal an inviolable asylum, till absolution could be purchased. The ‘peculiar devotion’ to the Madonna, for which the Bolognese have been eulogised, seems also much more closely connected with gallantry, than with either piety or good morals. Mr. Simond represents the women as grossly ignorant, and as having a worse reputation than those in any other part of Italy.* Lady Morgan, on the other hand, gives a very favourable account of the improved state of society in Bologna, the result of a better system of education, and of the abolition of aristocratic dis-

* Simond, p. 78.—Such an assertion ought not to have been thrown out, by a passing tourist, without some good authority ; but the fact is, the natives of different towns and provinces are apt to slander their neighbours or rivals. The author of a recent Guide tells us, on the contrary, that the Bolognese ladies ‘are very handsome, kind, and amiable, and are *better educated* than in most other parts of Italy ; excelling in music, and in a good knowledge of their own literature.’—Boyd’s Guide, p. 88.

tinctions. The unmarried youth of both sexes are here admitted into the circles of their parents, which is not elsewhere customary. Although the press is under a rigid censorship, and the interdictions of the *Index* are in full force, Locke and Montesquieu are in the hands of the Bolognese youth; and there is, at least in the rising generation, a strong disposition towards 'liberal principles.' The short-lived kingdom of Italy has not existed wholly in vain. Even the conscription had this good effect, that the necessity of knowing how to read and write, in order to become an officer, taught many a young soldier the value of learning. Preparatory schools were also organized, and the people, sensible of their utility, had become anxious to procure admission for their sons. The beneficial reforms introduced in the administration of justice, though set aside by the restored Government, are not forgotten.

In many respects, Bologna might seem to be well adapted for an agreeable place of residence. The city is beautifully situated and well provided with all the necessaries of life. It presents many objects of interest; and the portion of good society which it contains, is of easy access to the stranger. The climate, however, does not rank among the recommendations. It is reckoned salubrious, but Bologna is deemed one of the coldest places in Italy in winter, and one of the hottest in summer. The corrupt jargon which is spoken here, must also be regarded as an objection.* But

* ' With all the learning in its bosom, Bologna has suffered its dialect, that dialect which Dante admired as the purest of Italy, to degenerate into a coarse, thick, truncated

the circumstance which most powerfully operates to the disadvantage of Bologna, is, that it lies within 24 hours' distance of Florence ; next to Rome, the chief centre of attraction.

Before we cross the Apennines, however, we must complete our notice of the region anciently known under the names of Flaminia and Cisalpine Gaul.

The Æmilian Way, which we have already traced from Milan through Placentia and Parma to Bologna, led from this latter city, through Faenza (*Faventia*), to Rimini. Bologna is known to have existed in remote times, under the name of *Felsina*, as an Etruscan city of celebrity. It was afterwards included in the territory of the *Boii*, which extended westward to the Taro, being bounded in the other directions, by the Po, the Apennines, and the Rubicon. Under the name of *Bononia*, it received a Roman colony, u. c. 653 ; and having suffered severely in the civil wars, was restored and aggrandized by Augustus, after the battle of Actium. No traces of the ancient city, however, appear to exist.*

About twenty miles from Bologna, pursuing the Æmilian Way, stood the ancient *Forum Cornelii*, said to have been founded by Sylla. On the decline of the Roman Empire, it changed its name to Imola, which it has ever since retained. Imola stands on the Santerno (*Vatrenus*), which,

jargon, full of apocope, and unintelligible to strangers.'—Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 106. See p. 229 of this volume, note*.

* Mrs. Starke mentions 'remains of the Baths of Marius,' and says, that the church of *San Stefano* occupies the site of a temple of Isis.

according to Mr. Pennington, divides the Bolognese from Romagna, but is within the delegation of Ravenna. It is still a place of some consideration, being an episcopal see, and containing about 9000 inhabitants. It is surrounded with fortifications, and is defended by a castle. About nine miles further is Faenza (*Faventia*), once famous for its manufactory of glazed earthenware, called from the name of the city, *faience*. It is a handsome city, the see of a bishop, and contains from 12,000 to 15,000 inhabitants. Its manufactory is still carried on, but upon a most contracted scale.*

Five miles further, the traveller reaches Forli, the ancient *Forum Livii*, situated between the Montone (*Uti*) and the Ronco (*Bedesis*). This is also an episcopal city, with a population of from 13,000 to 15,000. It is a walled town, well-built, with a handsome piazza surrounded with arcades,—the general plan of the cities of Romagna. The church of the *Madonna del Fuoco* has a cupola finely painted by Cignani. The principal manufacture is of wax-cloth. From Forli, the Æmilian Way ran to *Forum Popilii*, which retains its name in the form of Forlimpopoli. This was also an episcopal city, but was deprived of that honour, and reduced to ruin in 1360, by Pope Gregory XI. It is now a small place of about 5000 inhabitants. About half way between this place and Forli, from which

* Faenza was the birth-place of Torricelli. There was a 'Holy Office' or Inquisition here, prior to the French invasion. Only one individual, however, was found in its prison.—Simond, p. 81.

it is nearly six miles distant, the Ronco is crossed by a wooden bridge ; and three arches are seen, the venerable remains of a Roman one.

About seven miles from Forlimpopoli is Cesena (*Cæsena*), situated close to the river Savio (*Sapis*), at the foot of the mountains. The ancient city was the last town of Cisalpine Gaul on the *Via Æmilia*. Cesena is described by Mr. Pennington as a very handsome town. ‘ The *Piazza Grande* is a very good one, with a remarkably fine fountain ; the market is one of the best in Italy ; and the air is so good, that many persons come here from Rome, to recover from the effects of the malaria.’ The cathedral is a plain structure of Gothic architecture. In the *ci-devant* Franciscan monastery, there is a valuable library, founded by Malatesta Novellus, the last of his family, in 1461.* It contains 24,000 volumes and 400 manuscripts, in a room from which is taken the plan of the Laurentian library at Florence. Among the manuscripts are a copy of St. Isidore’s works, of the ninth century ;† Plutarch’s *Lives*, with heads finely illuminated, of the fourteenth ; and all the works of Plato. The library comprises many good editions

* The Malatesta family were, in the thirteenth century, lords of Cesena, Rimini, Ancona, and many of the neighbouring towns and districts. From Gaiocottus Malatesta, sovereign of Cesena in 1378, descended three lords of Cesena, and four of Rimini. On the death of Novellus in 1461, Cesena reverted to the Roman Pontiff as a fief of the Papedom. Rimini fell to the Popes shortly afterwards. Two branches of this ancient family still survive at Rome and at Venice.

† It deserves to be ascertained whether this MS. is not a palimpsest.

of the classics and historians, and a Polyglott. The town is entered from the south, by a triumphal arch, erected, apparently, in honour of Popes Pius VI. and VII.*

From Cesena, the *Via Æmilia* ran six miles to *Compitium*, where (as the name indicates) it was crossed by a road which Dr. Cramer supposes to have been that branch of the *Via Flaminia* which led from *Arretium*, in Etruria, to *Bononia*. From *Compitium*, it was a distance of 12 Roman miles to *Ariminum*.†

The most considerable and important place in this part of *Gallia Cispadana*, was Ravenna, situated about 20 miles to the N. E. of Forli, following the course of the Ronco: it is still the head town of one of the Papal Legations, the fertile province formerly known under the name of Romagna. This province, bounded by the Bolognese, the Ferrarese, the dutchy of Urbino, and the Adriatic, is about 45 miles in length, and 30 in breadth, and, including the delegation of Forli, (which is now separated from that of Ravenna,) contains a population of 320,000 souls.‡ Corn, wine, olives, and silk are the produce of this fertile tract, which abounds also in rich pasturage.

From Ferrara, a route, seldom followed, leads by way of Ravenna to Rimini, and thence to Ancona and Rome.§ Addison, who adopted this route, de-

* Pennington, vol. ii. pp. 184—6.

† Cramer, vol. i. pp. 88—90; 108.

‡ Viz., Ravenna, 150,000; Forli, 170,000. Balbi in Malte Brun, vol. vii. p. 766.

§ In travelling from Bologna, the direct route to Ravenna turns off at Faenza. In travelling from Rimini, the road leaves the Bologna route at Forli.

scended a branch of the Po as far as Alberto, within ten miles of Ravenna. 'All this space,' he says, 'lies miserably uncultivated, till you come near to Ravenna, where the soil is made extremely fruitful, and shews what much of the rest might be, were there hands enough to manage it to the best advantage. It is now, on both sides the road, very marshy and generally overgrown with rushes, which made me fancy it was once floated by the sea, that lies within four miles of it. Nor could I, in the least doubt of it, when I saw Ravenna, that is now almost at the same distance from the Adriatic, though it was formerly the most famous of all the Roman ports. Accordingly, the old geographers represent it as situated among marshes and shallows.'

Mr. Pennington, who, in returning from Rome, left the Bologna road at Forli for the purpose of visiting Ravenna, (a *detour* of about 40 miles,) represents the surrounding country as in a high state of cultivation. The road lies along the Ronco, which is confined within a narrow channel by high banks; and there is a continued line of farm-houses on both sides of the river, as far as the city, which is entered on that side by a triumphal gate. On leaving Ravenna for Bologna, he passed through the richest of countries, having a comfortable farm-house every few yards, with hogs, poultry, &c., resembling an English one. The houses appeared to be chiefly new, and many were building; the country seemed to be lately drained; and the *Stagna Paludosæ Ravennæ* are become the most fertile part of Italy.' The number of agricultural waggons which he met was astonishing; 'all drawn by oxen.'

To those travellers who do not altogether despise, in their classical enthusiasm, the monuments of the middle ages, Ravenna presents many attractions. Its foundation, indeed, dates from remote antiquity. Strabo reports it to have been founded by the Thessalians, (meaning, probably, the same maritime people, designated as the *Pelasgi*, who founded the cities of Hadria and Spina,) but they subsequently abandoned it to the *Umbri*. This Geographer informs us, that Ravenna was situated in the midst of marshes, and built entirely on wooden piles, a communication being established between the different quarters of the town by means of boats; and the noxious air arising from the waters, was so purified by the tide, that Ravenna was considered by the Romans as a very healthy place, in proof of which they sent gladiators there to be trained and exercised.* According to this representation, Ravenna would seem to have been the prototype of Venice; for, if the retreat of the tide left the lands uncovered, the city must have been the very reverse of healthy, nothing being so deleterious as salt-marshes on the retreat of the waters. As to the statement repeated by Pliny, that the vine grew in the marshes with the greatest luxuriance, though it perished in the course of four or five years, it is obvious that wet lands in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea would not have allowed of its cultivation; but, in the sandy tract south of the city, it may have found a more congenial soil.

* Cramer, vol. i. pp. 94, 5. Gibbon, ch. 30. The Historian is evidently hampered in the attempt to extract from his authorities a satisfactory description, and complains that he still wants a local antiquary and good topographical map.

Ravenna is supposed by Dr. Cramer to have first received a Roman colony under the consulship of Cn. Pompeius Strabo ; and he ascribes to Pompey the Great the choice of its port as the great naval station of the Republic on the Adriatic. It was from Ravenna that Cæsar held a parley with the Senate, when on the point of invading Italy. It was thence also that he set forward on that march which brought him to the Rubicon, and involved his country and the world in civil war.

‘ The old port of Ravenna was situated at the mouth of the river *Bedesis (il Ronco)*. But Augustus caused a new one to be constructed at the entrance of the little river *Candianus*, and about three miles from Ravenna. He established a communication between this harbour and a branch of the Po, by means of a canal, which was called *Fossa Augusti* ; and he also made a causeway to connect the port and city, which obtained the name of *Via Cæsaris*. As the new harbour thenceforth became the usual station for the fleet, it received the distinguishing appellation of *Portus Classis* ; a name which still subsists in that of a well-known monastery near the modern town. Ravenna continued to flourish as a naval station long after the reign of Augustus ; and after the fall of the western empire, it became the seat of a separate government, known by the name of the Exarchate of Ravenna.’*

At the beginning of the fifth century, this city was made by the pusillanimous Honorius, the capital of the western empire ; and some of its architecture is of this early date. The empress Galla Placidia, sister of Honorius and Arcadius, seems

* Cramer, vol. i. pp. 96, 97.

to have built a great deal between 425 and 450, the year of her death. Afterwards, Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, following the example of Honorius, made Ravenna the seat of his court from 492 to 526, and embellished the city with the best edifices the times were capable of producing. The impulse given to architecture seems to have lasted about twenty years after his death. On the ruin of the Gothic kingdom, the Exarchs who occupied the throne and palace of the Emperors, continued to make Ravenna the seat of government; and up to the middle of the eighth century, it was considered as the capital of Italy. It then fell into the hands of the Lombards, being first taken by Liutprand, from whom it was recovered by the Venetians; but its second conquest, by Astolphus, extinguished the series of the Exarchs. The sword of the Lombard monarch was broken by the stronger sword of the Carlovingian; and the donation of the Exarchate to the Head of the Romish Church, was the first fruits of the conquests of Pepin. 'The splendid donation was granted in supreme and absolute dominion; and the world beheld for the first time a Christian bishop invested with the prerogatives of a temporal prince; the choice of magistrates, the exercise of justice, the imposition of taxes, and the wealth of the palace of Ravenna.*' Charlemagne, however, desirous

* Gibbon, chap. 49.—'The ample measure of the Exarchate,' the Historian remarks, 'might comprise all the provinces of Italy which had obeyed the Emperor and his vicegerent; but its strict and proper limits were included in the territories of Ravenna, Bologna, and Ferrara: its inseparable dependency was the Pentapolis, which stretched

of recalling or eluding his father's grant, ranked both Ravenna and Rome among the metropolitan cities of his empire. The archbishops of Ravenna disputed the temporal sovereignty with the Popes; who, amid the disorders of the times, would retain 'only the memory of an ancient claim which, in a more prosperous age, they have revived and realized.'

We are indebted to Mr. Woods for a very full and interesting account of the public edifices of Ravenna, many of which are of the fifth and sixth centuries. The church of *San Vittore*, indeed, is said to be of the early part of the fourth; but what remains of it, even if this were true, is 'a mere barn without character.' The earliest remaining church is that of *Sta. Agata Maggiore*, which was completed about the year 417. That of *S. Giovanni della Sagra* (St. John of the Sandal)* was built, in 425, by Galla Placidia, in fulfilment of a vow made on being saved from shipwreck in returning from Constantinople. *San Francesco* is an edifice of apparently the same date; but the nave in this church, as well as in the last-mentioned, has been modernized. *S. Apollinare Nuovo*, which deserves the first place for its magnitude and decorations, dates its foundation from the reign of Theodoric; but the choir is compara-

along the Adriatic from Rimini to Ancona, and advanced into the midland country as far as the ridges of the Apennine.'

* The name of this church refers to a stupid legend, represented in sculpture over the principal entrance; and as the doorway is of the pointed architecture of the thirteenth century, the legend is, probably, not much older.

tively modern. The church of *Spirito Santo* is also supposed to have been built early in the sixth century. In all these churches, the general plan and style are nearly the same. The ancient basilican form has been adopted, which consists of three naves, divided by columns supporting arches; the middle nave terminating in a semi-circular recess, covered with mosaics, which forms the tribune. The height of the nave is about equal to its width. Above the arches is a high wall with narrow windows, rarely corresponding, either in number or position, to the arches below. The columns are of beautiful materials, granite and rich marbles, but often of unequal heights, and almost always of bad workmanship,—the spoils, generally, of earlier buildings. The roof is of timber, and not concealed. The general arrangement, Mr. Woods considers as far from unpleasing. ‘They are light, and in some degree elegant; and would be much more so, if the details were better,’ and ‘if they were not injured by the addition of modern chapels, and by restorations in a very different taste. The plan leads the eye to the high altar, and to the large niche, enriched with mosaics and gilding, in front of which it stands.’ This very circumstance, however, indicates the early corruption of Christianity, by which a scenic altar and a figurative sacrifice were substituted for the simple rites of the Scriptural faith.

No very distinct marks of specific difference are observable in the workmanship, between the structures of the fourth and sixth centuries, except in the ornamental parts. The capitals and mouldings of the later period are much more fanciful.

In the time of Constantine, Mr. Woods remarks, the architects seem to have copied the antique, though very badly. Under Theodoric, they capriciously abandoned it, and we find frequent indications of the whimsical style of capital which afterwards prevailed in the Gothic.* A block from which the arch springs, is uniformly placed over the capital; not, as in the early Saxon architecture, in the shape of a thickened abacus, but more in that of the inverted *frustum* of a pyramid, without any relation to the parts of the ancient order: the same may be observed in St. Mark's at Venice. Among the ornaments of these blocks, it appears to have been the fashion to introduce enigmatic monograms, which it has baffled the ingenuity of learned antiquaries to decipher.

The latest church in this style, is that of S. Apollinaris, at Classe (or Chiassi) about three miles from the city, with which it was anciently connected by a causey. Of all the magnificent edifices with which that suburb is stated to have been adorned, this church, with its *campanile*, and part of the abbey to which it belonged, alone remain. The church is said to have been built upon the ruins of the temple of Apollo. It was erected or restored by order of Justinian,* and

* 'Architecture,' says Mr. Woods, 'seems to have lost more in the twenty years between Diocletian and Constantine, than in the two hundred between the latter Emperor and Theodoric.' The correctness of this opinion depends, however, upon authenticating the architecture of the age of Diocletian.

† Mr. Pennington says, that, according to an inscription,

consecrated by the archbishop St. Maximian, A.D. 549. The portico appears to have returned along the sides of the church, and to have been connected with the aisles, but these lateral parts have been destroyed. The proportions of the interior are good, and the effect agreeable, the height of the nave being a quarter more than the width, and the aisles very wide. The walls of the nave are mostly whitewashed, but the tribune, or *apsis*, as well as the arch in front of it, is covered with mosaics. Among these is a representation of the Transfiguration, which, though it possesses little merit either in design or in execution, is curious as an attempt of that early period to express an historical fact, instead of the upright, unemployed figures of saints usually exhibited in these mosaics. The twenty-four columns which support the nave, are of very beautiful Greek marble (brought from Constantinople), but badly worked, the capitals being rude and clumsy imitations of the Composite order. The church is also rich in sarcophagi and inscribed marbles, and is well worthy of being visited. The abbey is said to have been deserted on account of its unhealthy situation.

To return to Ravenna. The *duomo* is an ancient structure, modernized, or rather rebuilt. The original cathedral was a magnificent building, erected towards the end of the fourth century, having double side-aisles, with fifty-six columns of various marbles. 'But all this,' says Mr.

Narses, general of the Emperor Justinian, enlarged and embellished this church. If so, it must be of more ancient foundation.

Woods, 'is past; and the modern building was raised, in 1734, by the archbishop Maffei Niccolo Farsetti, at his own expense. I am sorry the architecture is not as praiseworthy as the act.' The *Campanile* is all that remains of the old building, if, indeed, it is not an erection of an intermediate period—perhaps, about the eleventh century. Two chapels opposite to each other are beautifully painted in fresco, by Guido Reni. That which represents the Fall of the Manna at the command of Moses, is particularly admired. An ancient pulpit of marble adorned with bas-reliefs, and an ancient chair covered with bas-reliefs in ivory, are highly curious relics. There is also a paschal cycle, engraved on a slab of marble. One of the chapels contains some ancient tombs. Several of the altars are very rich in solid silver.

Near the Cathedral is the Baptistery, an octagonal building, almost covered with mosaics, and containing also some bas-reliefs in stucco, which are probably of later date. It has a number of little columns of *pavonazetto*, *bigio antico*, and *marmo Greco*, taken from ancient edifices. The date of the building is supposed to be that of the ancient cathedral; that is, the latter end of the fourth century. The mosaic is attributed to an archbishop Neone, who lived about A.D. 430. It covers the cupola, as well as most of the walls. On the former is represented the Baptism of Our Saviour in the Jordan, and the river-god seems to be introduced into the composition. There was originally a bath, for the purpose of immersion; but this, like most of the other buildings of Ravenna, has been filled up two or three feet, in order

to be above the water, of which the soil is full. Externally, each face presents two double-headed windows.

The ancient part of the church of *Sta. Maria in Cosmedin* was also a baptistery, which was exclusively appropriated to the Arians. The lower part has been modernized, but the mosaic of the dome remains. On this also is represented the Baptism of Christ. St. John is seen with his right hand on Our Lord's head, as in most of the old pictures.

San Vitale is another octagonal building, which was quite the boast of its age.* 'It was begun by Julianus Argentarius, in conjunction with St. Ecclesio, who lived about A.D. 534, and was consecrated by St. Maximian in the middle of the sixth century. Eight piers support as many arches. Between the piers are semicircular recesses of two stories, each story having two columns, between which and the principal piers are three arches. The spaces between these columns, in the lower part, open into the side-aisles; in the upper, into a gallery. Above the principal arches, the building becomes circular, and terminates in a dome, which, for the purpose of lightness, is constructed of empty earthen pots. These are of two sorts: those forming the dome itself, are small and twisted, and, beginning horizontally, have the point of one inserted in the mouth of the preceding, in a continued spiral. The others, which partially fill the spandrels, are larger, twisted only

* By the side of a passage leading into this church, is the marble urn of the Exarch Isaac, with a long Greek inscription. He was an Armenian by birth, and died in 641.

at the point, and placed vertically.* The form of the lower part of the building, and consequently of its general circuit, appears to be irregular; and the ancient entrance, opposite the recess for the altar, having been shut up on the erection of the annexed monastery, the present entrance has been disadvantageously opened on one side. The building is highly, but unequally enriched with marbles and historical mosaics, and contains some ancient bas-reliefs and inscriptions. Several monograms are sculptured on the impost blocks, the search after whose meaning has long been the amusement of the antiquaries of Ravenna. The lower columns of the seven semicircular recesses are of Greek marble, and very well wrought, except two or three: all the upper ones are ill executed. We may be sure that those which are well formed, were taken from older buildings; but it is not quite so certain that all the ill-made ones were formed originally for this. The effect of this whimsical architecture is very striking. The architect has produced a great deal of beauty quite out of all the usual rules; not so much, perhaps, as if he had employed his taste and talents in a more correct style, but still in a sufficient degree to make his work an object deserving the study of future architects.

‘ A little church in the shape of a cross, dedicated to Sts. Nazarus and Celsus, forms the Sepulchre of Galla Placidia, who built it in her life-time. It is about 40 feet long, and 32 in the tran-

* There are other examples of this sort of work at Ravenna, as well as at Rome, but this is the most perfect and the most interesting.

sept, the arms being about 14 feet wide. The walls were once covered with marbles: these have disappeared, but all the vaulting is still covered with figures and arabesques in mosaic. On each side of the nave, a plain marble sarcophagus is incrustcd in the wall; and there is a larger one, adorned with sculpture, at each end of the transept;* but the largest of all, which stands at the head of the cross, and once contained the bones of the Empress herself, is quite plain, having been, as is supposed, originally covered with metal. There is said to have been a small window at the back of this chest, through which, in 1577, some children put a lighted candle, whereby the clothes and body of the Empress were consumed; on which account it was shut up; but no trace of its existence is discernible.†

* Honorius, Constantius, and Valentinian, were all buried in Ravenna. Addison was shewn ‘three huge chests of marble’ in the convent of the Benedictines, without inscriptions, which were said to contain the ashes of Valentinian, Honorius, and Placidia.

† Woods, vol. ii. pp. 129—131. Mr. Cadell calls these sarcophagi large rectangular urns, and says, they have no in-

X

scription except the letters A Ω, i. e. *Christus Alpha Omega*.

P

‘That of Placidia is plain, with perpendicular sides; it is larger than the others. The body of Placidia was seated within the urn, on a chair of cypress wood, and was destroyed by fire in 1573, by some boys who introduced matches into the chinks, to see what was within.’ Ciampini is cited as the authority for this account. On the urn of Honorius, Mr. Cadell adds, are sculptured in bas-relief two palm-trees, and between them three lambs, the one in the middle having a nimbus round its head.—Cadell, vol. ii. pp. 35, 6. Many of the marble and granite columns which adorned the edifices

But the greatest curiosity in Ravenna is the Mausoleum of Theodoric himself, which stands a little way out of Ravenna, and bears the name of *Sta. Maria del Porto*.* It is a Rotunda resting upon a decagonal basement, somewhat larger than the superstructure. This basement is now half buried, and the water stands in it.† Each face has a deep recess, covered with a semicircular arch, the stones of which are notched into each other. An oblique flight of steps on each side of the front division, conducts to the upper story. The lower part of this, though circular within, is also ten-sided externally. One of these sides is occupied with the door. Each of the other nine is ornamented with two square-headed niches or recesses, surmounted with a small arch, in which, according to tradition, once stood a range of little columns. Mr. Woods, however, could discern no certain traces of any such ornament; and he remarks, that the space to receive them would be very narrow.‡ The work looks unfinished; and he concludes that something more than what now exists, was either executed, or designed to be so, although he is at a loss to conjecture what it was. Immediately

of Ravenna, were removed to Aix la Chapelle by Charlemagne.

* So called, Mr. Pennington says, because the harbour is supposed to have been here, although the sea is now five miles off.

† Mr. Cadell, who styles the building a Baptistery, says that the ground floor, which was formerly the baptistery, is now filled with water to within three feet of its arched door.

‡ Such a range, it is remarked, if it ever existed, must have formed a singular contrast to the solidity of character so well preserved throughout the edifice.

over this range of arched niches runs a broad, circular band, above which all the work is circular. This band is interrupted, over the door, by the vault-stones, forming a straight arch, and very curiously notched together: a small opening is left between the arch and the architrave of the door, to allow, Mr. Woods supposes, for any settlement of the arch. Above the circular band is a plain face of wall, with some very small windows in it, irregularly disposed; and then a massive cornice, of a really fine character, and well adapted to a sepulchral edifice. The interior is a plain, circular room, with a niche opposite the door, apparently for an altar, but the present altar is modern.*

The most wonderful part of this singular edifice is the roof, which is a dome 30 feet in its internal diameter and 35 feet 6 inches externally, formed entirely out of one enormous stone. The depth of the part hollowed out is 10 feet, the whole thickness being originally about 14 feet; the thickness at the edges, 2 feet 9 inches. The weight of such a stone, reckoning 16 cubic feet to the ton, must considerably exceed 200 tons. A crack now divides it into two very unequal parts, which is attributed to a stroke of lightning. Its form and irregularity clearly indicate it to have taken place after the stone was raised, though it may have happened,

* At the entrance, Addison says, are two stones; one with an inscription in Gothic characters, the other a square piece of marble with an inscription in Latin verse, to the memory of two persons shipwrecked.

Mr. Woods suggests, during the settlement of the mass into its new situation. On the outside of the dome are twelve large perforated projections, which are ornamental rather than otherwise, but which 'doubtless served as so many handles in raising this enormous mass.' Some names upon these have given rise to the notion that they supported the statues of the Apostles; but, as their upper surface is not level, this could hardly have been the case; and Mr. Woods fancies that these names might be given to the several engines or windlasses employed. On the summit is a little flat projection, now surmounted merely with an iron cross, but which is said to have been originally occupied by a porphyry vase containing the Imperial ashes. This vase or *labrum*, having been broken when Louis XII. besieged the city, was, in 1564, repaired and placed against the wall of the palace of Theodoric.*

* Addison says: 'There stood on the outside of this little cupola, a great tomb of porphyry, and the statues of the twelve apostles; but, in the war that Louis XII. made on Italy, the tomb was broken in pieces by a cannon-ball. It was perhaps the same blow that made the flaw in the cupola, though the inhabitants say, it was cracked by thunder, that destroyed a son of one of their Gothic princes, who had taken shelter under it, having been foretold what kind of death he was to die.'—Addison's Remarks, p. 78. The statues could hardly have stood upon the flat projection described by Mr. Woods. The inscription on the wall of the palace, merely testifies to the situation occupied by the sarcophagus. It is thus given by Mr. Pennington: '*Vas hoc porphyriacum olim Theodoricū Gotorum Imp. Cineres in Rotundæ apice recondens, huc Petro Donato Cæsenarien Præsule favente translatum. Ad perennem memoriam Sapientes Reipub. Rav. P. P. C. 1564.*'—Pennington, vol. ii. p. 188.

The stone of which the lower parts of the Mausoleum are built, is a light-coloured limestone, abounding in petrifications. That of which the dome is composed, is, according to the earlier writers, granite: viewed from below, it has the appearance of a dark sandstone.

The fragment which tradition identifies with the palace of the Gothic monarch, presents 'a little symmetrical *façade*, in three parts. The centre has an arched gateway in the lower part, and over this, a large niche, with a triple entrance at the back. The sides are recessed, terminating above in four arches, which are supported, in each, on three columns, and these rest upon as many corbels. The capitals are Gothic imitations of the Corinthian; but, in the disposition, we may trace a similarity to Diocletian's palace at Spolatro.'

Ravenna contains another tomb, which, though not recommended by any architectural beauty, excites deeper interest as a memorial, than even the splendid mausoleum of the Imperial Goth.

'Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar;
Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore.
Thy factions, in their worse than civil war,
Proscribed the Bard ——'

Exiled from his native city in 1313, Dante travelled into the North of Italy, and resided for some time at Verona; but he finally took up his abode at Ravenna, where he died in 1321. He was buried in the cloisters of the Franciscan monastery. A handsome tomb was erected to his memory, in 1483, by Bernardo Bembo, father of the Cardinal of that name, and prætor or governor of Ravenna, for the Venetian Republic. This

tomb was restored, or repaired, by Cardinal Corsi, in 1692; and replaced by a more magnificent sepulchre, in 1780, constructed at the expense of Cardinal Gonzaga.*

Nor is Dante the only poet whose name and memory are connected with Ravenna. The noble Author of 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' who passed some time in this city, has at once recorded his own impressions, and beautifully alluded to the poetical associations which give interest to the scenery. He was never tired, he tells us, of his rides in the pine forest which stretches along the shore: 'it breathes of the Decameron.'

' Sweet hour of twilight! in the solitude
Of the pine forests, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
Rooted where once the Adrian wave flowed o'er,
To where the last Cæsarian fortress stood—
Evergreen forest! which Boccaccio's lore
And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me;
How have I loved the twilight hour and thee!
The shrill cicalas, people of the pine,
Making their summer-lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper-bells, that rose the boughs among.'

Ravenna is praised by Lord Byron for its 'delightful climate.' He found too, he says, much

* Childe Harold's Pilgrimage. Canto the Fourth, st. lvii. and note. The original tomb, the noble Author states to have been erected by Guido. In the Latin inscription written by Bembo, however, it is intimated, that the only previous memorial of the poet was a mean and almost unknown grave. Mr. Pennington has given Bembo's inscription, but takes no notice of the circumstances mentioned by Lord Byron as to its subsequent restorers. The monument, Mr. Cadell says, is on the outside wall of a church, facing the street.

education and liberality of thinking among the higher classes ; and what he perhaps deemed a still greater recommendation, it lies so far out of the way of travellers, that he was not liable to be broken in upon by society. One of the suppressed monasteries (the Benedictine)* has been appropriated to the purposes of a public library and museum. Seven rooms are devoted to books and manuscripts, containing between 30,000 and 40,000 volumes. The museum, which occupies four rooms, contains a few objects of natural history, a few antiquities, a few casts for the use of the academy, and a few paintings ; but the establishment is at present young, and Ravenna is no longer a flourishing city. The *Piazza Grande* is a neat square, and is adorned with two granite pillars and a statue of Pope Clement XII., in the attitude of blessing the people. The bronze statue of Alexander VII., which is mentioned by Addison as standing in this square, is now, Mr. Pennington says, removed into the *Dogana*. ‘ In another square,’ Addison says, ‘ on a high pillar is set the statue of the Blessed Virgin, arrayed like a queen, with a sceptre in her hand, and a crown upon her head, for having delivered the town from a raging pestilence.’

The present population of the city is estimated at 24,000 ; about the same number as Ferrara. It is an archiepiscopal see and the residence of a Legate. Its manufactures, chiefly of silk, are inconsiderable ; but it has a great annual fair. At a short distance from the town, an obelisk,

* The Benedictine collection appears to be, in fact, the foundation of this library.

with bas-reliefs and eight inscriptions, commemorates the sanguinary battle fought on that spot, between the forces of Louis XII. and the Papal troops, in 1512, in which Gaston de Foix, nephew of the French monarch, was killed in the moment of victory. Cardinal de' Medici, afterwards Pope Leo X., was among the prisoners; and Ravenna was taken and sacked by the conquerors.

On leaving Ravenna for Rimini, the road lies for some way through the *Pineta*,—a flat, sandy tract near the shore, covered with the stone pine (*pinus pinea*). 'The bushes, where there are any,' says Mr. Woods, 'are so low that the eye looks over them, and the foliage of the pines never descends low enough to unite with them. The scenery, in consequence, wants the variety of a deciduous forest; yet, it would afford some good studies; and as the sea is said to make several little harbours, these would probably present some scenes of considerable beauty. This wood extends 25 miles, from the river Lamon, one of the mouths of the Po, to the city of Cervia (about 15 miles S. of Ravenna). Its greatest width is three miles. It belongs almost entirely to the regular ecclesiastics, and produces annually about 2000 *rubbi* (quarters) of cones, affording a considerable revenue.*'

Between Ravenna and Rimini, the traveller passes the ancient boundary of Cisalpine Gaul, the far-famed Rubicon. To identify this celebrated stream has been found a somewhat perplexing difficulty, nor does the question seem

* Woods, vol. ii. pp. 133, 4.

perfectly decided. Addison without hesitation says: 'This river is now called *Pisatello*. It is not so very contemptible as it is generally represented, and was much increased by the melting of the snows when Cæsar passed it, according to Lucan's description.' Mr. Pennington, referring to Addison's opinion as that which has generally prevailed, objects against it, that the *Pisatello* falls into the *Savignano*, whereas the *Rubicon* empties itself into the sea. This river, he says, is now called the *Lufo*: 'it rises in the mountain *Carpina*, not far from *Cesena*.'* *Lufo* might seem to be a corruption of *Rufo* or *Rubo*; and if so, this would sufficiently answer to the ancient name of the stream, derived, probably, from the colour of the clayey soil. The banks of the river, which this Traveller reached about eight miles from *Rimini*, are very steep. The first thing which presented itself, was a stone inscribed with these words:

• ' HEIC-ITALIÆ
FINIS
QUONDAM RUBICON.'

Further on are remains of an ancient bridge, overrun with weeds and grass, one arch only being perfect. The river, which seems to have changed its course, is narrow, and, like most of the Italian rivers, has a broad bed of sand and stones. The water was only up to the nave of the wheel of the *caretella*, in crossing it. A narrow wooden bridge affords a passage for pedestrian travellers.

Dr. Cramer, on the other hand, is disposed to

* Pennington, vol. ii. p. 182.

reconcile the conflicting opinions, by concluding that 'the Rubicon is formed from several small streams, which unite about a mile from the sea, and then assume the name of Fiumicino. Cæsar, coming from Ravenna along the coast, would cross the Rubicon near its mouth, where it is one stream: had he proceeded along the *Via Æmilia*, he would have had to cross the three rivulets called Rugone, Pisatello, and Savignano, which, by their junction, form the Fiumicino.'*

But, if the Rubicon was a boundary, this ingenious explanation will avail but little towards determining the geographical question. That Cæsar should cross it so near its mouth, when swelled by the snows, is not very probable. But admitting that he did, it remains to be determined, which of the streams that unite to form the Fiumicino, was the acknowledged line of boundary between Italy and Gaul. The opinion adopted by the French Editor of Strabo, on the authority of Guastazzi, is, that the real Rubicon is the Rugone (Rigone or Urgone), which seems to present a corruption of the ancient name. This little stream, taking its source above the *Villa di Monte Campo*, formerly joined the Fiumicino a little below the bridge of Savignano; but at present, it turns off before it reaches Montigliano (near which it once passed), and assuming the name of Pisciatello, receives the waters of the Rigosta, and soon afterwards joins the Fiumicino near the bridge *delle due Rocche*.† According to this representation,

* Cramer, vol. i. p. 102. *Fiumicino* simply signifies rivulet, and can scarcely be considered as a proper name.

† Cited by Cramer, vol. i. p. 102.

the Rugone and the Pisatello are the same stream, the Rubicon losing its name below its junction with the Rigosta. As this stream is within the territory of Cesena, the antiquaries of that city have zealously contended for the honour of its being the real Rubicon.* The Fiumicino, on the contrary, or Savignano river, is within the territory of Rimini; and the inhabitants of that city not less tenaciously assert the claims of their own stream, which are admitted by Cluverius and D'Anville. At Savignano, which is a handsome and populous village, the road crosses an ancient Roman bridge of three arches, each 21 feet in span, which has been repaired with Istrian marble. The river here, in summer, contains but little water; and the whole course of the Fiumicino, from its source to the Adriatic, is only about 20 miles in length.

A third opinion, however, has assigned the honours of the Rubicon to a small stream which crosses the road two miles E. of Savignano. This appears to be the one referred to by Mr. Pennington, under the name of Lufo, which is out of the direct road from Rimini to Cesena, and, according to his description, best answers to the idea of a

* Near this river, which crosses the road two miles E. of Cesena, was said to be found a column with an inscription, which declared it to be unlawful for a consul or legionary to pass the Rubicon; but this inscription is considered to be a fabrication of the antiquaries of Cesena, and is published by Gruter among the false and spurious. Mr. Forsyth remarks, that 'the original is lost, the readings have been disputed, and the diction itself appears apocryphal.' Besides which, 'no historian attaches any sacredness to the Rubicon.

distinct boundary.* Unconnected with the other streams, which seem properly to belong to the territory of Ravenna, it appears to flow more directly from the last declivity of the Apennines into the Adriatic, at the very extremity of the south-eastern angle of the vast plain of the Po.

Here, then, we leave the fertile province of Romagna,† and enter upon the district anciently called Pentapolis, which extends along the coast from Rimini to Ancona, comprising, besides those towns, Pesaro, Sinigaglia, and Fano, with their territories, bounded by the Apennines. The immediate jurisdiction of the Exarchs comprehended Romagna, the Pentapolis, the marshes of Ferrara and Comacchio, and the Bolognese; while the three duchies of Venice, Rome, and Naples were subordinate to their vice-regal authority.

Rimini, the ancient *Ariminum*, the first city in the Pentapolis, was the frontier city of ancient

* Mr. Cadell refers to Grævius (Thes. Ant. Ital., tom. vii. p. 2) for an account of these various opinions; but he calls the last river the Luso, perhaps an error of the press for Lufo. Mr. Forsyth mentions as four different streams, among which the name of the Rubicon is lost in uncertainty, the Fiumesino, the Pisatello, the Borco, and the Rugone. Mr. Pennington represents these united rivers as flowing on to Cesena: if so, they cannot form the Rubicon. His Lufo, on the contrary, flows direct into the Adriatic. Amid this confusion of names and jarring statements, it would seem presumptuous to form a decided opinion; but a careful examination of the topography could not fail to clear up the difficulty.

† In Latin, *Romundiola*. The name originated after Charlemagne had wrested this territory from the Lombards, and conferred it on the Roman pontiff. It was originally used in contradistinction to Lombardy.

Italy. It was originally an Umbrian city, and received a Roman colony A.U.C. 485. From that time, it was considered as a most important place, and the key of Italy on the eastern coast: hence, a Roman army was generally placed there during the Gallic and Punic wars. Appian describes it as one of the principal cities of Italy; and that it continued to flourish under Augustus, is evident from the remains of several great works erected under that Emperor. It is situated between two rivers; the *Ariminus*, from which it took its ancient name, now called the Marecchia, and the *Aprusa*, contracted into *Ausa*. The city stands very nearly upon the meridian of Rome, being only 4' 36" E. of that meridian, and 2° 9' 49" N. of its parallel. A Roman bridge of five arches, over the Marecchia, leads to the city. This is one of the most considerable ancient bridges in Italy, and, according to the inscriptions, was built by Augustus and Tiberius.* The span of each of the principal arches is 27 feet; and the thickness of the piers is nearly half the span of the arches. It must of course have been well built to have lasted so long, and apparently, as to the solid mass of the work, with scarcely any repairs. It is, however, not handsome, nor are the ornaments and mouldings in good taste. At this bridge, the *Via Flaminia*, leading from Rome, met the *Via Æmilia*. At the entrance of the city from the south, where another bridge crosses the *Ausa*,

* The inscriptions, now illegible to the traveller, are given by Gruter, and a copy has been put on a tablet under the *Porta S. Giuliano*. The largest Roman bridges known to exist, are those of Evora and Salamanca in Spain, built or repaired in the time of Trajan.

there is a fine Roman arch with two fluted Corinthian columns : the pediment, like that of the arch of Drusus at Rome, hardly extends beyond the opening. This arch is confidently and universally attributed to Augustus, and is supposed to have been erected to commemorate the restoration of the Flaminian Way in his seventh consulship. Yet, the imperfect inscription upon which this opinion chiefly rests, appeared to Mr. Woods to consist of discordant fragments not belonging to the situations they now occupy. Four medallions contain the heads of Jupiter, Minerva, Neptune, and Venus, the patron deities of *Ariminum*. Were it not for 'the silly little pediment,' says our architectural Traveller, 'it would be a very handsome structure.' Mr. Forsyth thinks, that 'we cannot judge of the original effect of a work which barbarians have both mutilated and built upon.'

In the *Piazza Mercato*, there is shewn 'the *suggestum*, or pedestal, from which Cæsar is said to have harangued his soldiers. It is about a foot and a half in length, and bears the following inscription :

' C. Cæsar Dict.
Rubicone superato civili bello
Commilit. suos hic in Foro Ar.
Adlocut.

This pedestal, 'being out of repair, was made complete,' Mr. Pennington says, 'by the magistrates, in 1555.' Upon what authority the tradition rests, we are not informed.*

The cathedral, dedicated to St. Francis, is said

* Pennington, vol. ii. p. 181. Addison rejects the story as apocryphal, remarking that this narrow pedestal ill answers to the representations of the ancient *suggesta*.

to have been built on the ruins of a Temple of Castor and Pollux. To the architect, it is particularly interesting, as having been restored and altered by Leon Battista Alberti, one of the earliest restorers of Roman architecture, and the first who reduced it into a system by his writings. The old building was of pointed architecture, but this has been completely covered by the more recent work. The front, which is entirely the work of Alberti, and of the date of 1450, consists of four columns, of an order compounded of Doric and Ionic, and three arches; one large one containing the door-way, and two smaller ones, which are mere shallow recesses. The columns are set upon a continued basement, which is cut through by the door-way, and the entablature breaks round them, consistently, Mr. Woods remarks, with their office as mere ornaments, as in the works of Palladio. Over the two middle columns, there were to have been pilasters supporting an ornamental arch; but the upper part has never been completed. The only flank of the edifice which is exposed to view, is in much better taste. Seven equal arches rise on insulated piers. Above each pier, there is a circle of porphyry, surrounded with a wreath; and, at a moderate distance above these, the entablature, corresponding to that of the front. In each arch, there is a stone sarcophagus; and the whole is elevated on a continued basement. The piers are, unfortunately, panelled; which Mr. Woods considers as the only fault in the composition. ‘Everything else is beautiful.’*

* Woods, vol. ii. pp. 135, 6.

In the interior, the arches of the nave are pointed; almost the only indication of their original form. The piers are now ornamented with architraves, cut up by a multitude of small mouldings, and with Corinthian pilasters, strangely divided, like towers, into several stories. These puerilities ill accord with the taste discovered in the exterior. The materials of this church are said to have been obtained from Roman buildings; but there is no appearance of ancient fragments. The roof is of wood. There are some richly-decorated chapels. Mr. Pennington mentions as deserving of notice in this church, some bas-reliefs in marble, a curious old tomb of Isotta, wife of Pandolfo Malatesta, lord of Rimini, of the date of 1450; and an old painting of the same date, representing Malatesta, when a boy, praying to St. Sigismond.* There is also a monument to Valturio of Rimini, who died in 1468, author of a treatise *De Re Militari*, in which he gives an account of the new invention of bomb-shells. In the *Piazza Grande*, there is a statue of Paul V., of the Borghese family.

The church of *S. Giuliano* is worth visiting for the altar-piece, the Martyrdom of St. Julian, by Paul Veronese. There are also several good paintings, Mr. Pennington says, by Guido and other masters. The church of *S. Agostino* has a ceiling handsomely painted in fresco. There are some trifling remains of a Roman theatre

* Pennington, vol. ii. p. 179.—Isotta da Rimini was the Sappho of her age; and her portrait appears among those of other distinguished female literati of Italy, in the ante-room of the library of the Institute at Bologna.

or amphitheatre. These consist of one or two arches, principally of brick-work, but with the introduction of a portion of stone, built up in the walls of the town.

The harbour of Rimini, at the mouth of the Marecchia, is now only capable of containing coasting barks. The population of the city is vaguely estimated by Mr. Pennington at 16,000 : other estimates reduce it to 8000. The chief trade consists in supplying the interior with fish.

About twelve miles to the S. W. of Rimini, and ten miles to the left of the road to Cesena, is situated the little town and republic of S. Marino, of which Addison has given so interesting an account. This little territory, comprising an area of three geographical square leagues, contains at present one town and four villages, with a population estimated, in 1826, at 7000 souls. When Addison travelled, it was reckoned at only 5000. The present inhabitants, Mr. Cadell says, are mostly tenants with only a few proprietors ; the greater part of the land belonging to individuals who are strangers to the Republic, and who reside in Cesena and other neighbouring towns. The government and general economy of this singular little Republic do not appear to have undergone any material change since the time of Addison ; and with his description of this political phenomenon, we shall close the present chapter.

‘ The town and republic of St. Marino stands on the top of a very high and craggy mountain.*

* The height of the hill, according to Lalande, is 2200 feet. The road to it is not passable by carriages.

It is generally hid among the clouds, and lay under snow when I saw it, though it was clear and warm weather in all the country about it. There is not a spring or fountain, that I could hear of, in the whole dominions, but they are always well provided with huge cisterns and reservoirs of rain and snow-water. The wine that grows on the sides of their mountain is extraordinary good, and I think much better than any I met with on the cold side of the Apennines. This put me in mind of their cellars, which have most of them a natural advantage that renders them extremely cool in the hottest seasons; for they have generally in the sides of them deep holes that run into the hollows of the hill, from whence there constantly issues a breathing kind of vapours, so very chilling in the summer-time, that a man can scarce suffer his hand in the wind of it.

‘This mountain, and a few neighbouring hillocks that lie scattered about the bottom of it, is the whole circuit of these dominions. They have, what they call, three castles, three convents, and five churches, and reckon about 5000 souls in their community. The inhabitants, as well as the historians who mention this little republic, give the following account of its original. St. Marino was its founder, a Dalmatian by birth, and by trade a mason. He was employed above 1300 years ago in the reparation of Rimini, and, after he had finished his work, retired to this solitary mountain, as finding it very proper for the life of the hermit, which he led in the greatest rigours and austerities of religion. He had not been here long before he wrought a reputed miracle,

which, joined with his extraordinary sanctity, gained him so great an esteem, that the princess of the country made him a présent of the mountain, to dispose of it at his own discretion. His reputation quickly peopled it, and gave rise to the republic which calls itself after his name. So that the commonwealth of Marino may boast at least of a nobler original than that of Rome ; the one having been at first an asylum for robbers and murderers, and the other a resort of persons eminent for their piety and devotion. The best of their churches is dedicated to the Saint, and holds his ashes. His statue stands over the high altar, with the figure of a mountain in its hands, crowned with three castles, which is likewise the arms of the commonwealth. They attribute to his protection the long duration of their State, and look on him as the greatest saint next to the Blessed Virgin. I saw in their statute-book a law against such as speak disrespectfully of him, who are to be punished in the same manner as those who are convicted of blasphemy.

‘ This petty republic has now lasted 1300 years, while all the other states of Italy have several times changed their masters and forms of government. Their whole history is comprised in two purchases which they made of a neighbouring prince, and in a war in which they assisted the Pope against a lord of Rimini. In the year 1100, they bought a castle in the neighbourhood, as they did another in the year 1170. The papers of the conditions are preserved in their archives, where it is very remarkable that the name of the agent for the commonwealth, of the seller, of the

notary, and the witnesses, are the same in both the instruments, though drawn up at seventy years' distance from each other. Nor can it be any mistake in the date, because the Pope's and Emperor's names, with the year of their respective reigns, are both punctually set down. About 290 years after this, they assisted Pope Pius II. against one of the Malatestas, who was then lord of Rimini; and when they had helped to conquer him, received from the Pope, as a reward for their assistance, four little castles. This they represent as the flourishing time of the commonwealth, when their dominions reached half way up a neighbouring hill; but at present they are reduced to their old extent. They would probably sell their liberty as dear as they could to any that attacked them; for there is but one road by which to climb up to them, and they have a very severe law against any of their own body that enters the town by another path, lest any new one should be worn on the sides of their mountain. All that are capable of bearing arms are exercised, and ready at a moment's call.

‘The sovereign power of the republic was lodged originally in what they call the *Arengo*, a great council in which every house had its representative. But because they found too much confusion in such a multitude of statesmen, they devolved their whole authority into the hands of the Council of Sixty. The *Arengo*, however, is still called together in cases of extraordinary importance; and if, after due summons, any member absents himself, he is to be fined to the value of about a penny English, which, the statute says, he shall

pay *sine aliquâ diminutione aut gratiâ*, i. e., without any abatement or favour. In the ordinary course of government, the Council of Sixty (which, notwithstanding the name, consists but of forty persons) has in its hands the administration of affairs, and is made up half out of the noble families, and half out of the plebeian. They decide all by balloting, are not admitted till five and twenty years old, and choose the officers of the commonwealth.

‘ Thus far, they agree with the Great Council of Venice ; but their power is much more extended, for no sentence can stand that is not confirmed by two-thirds of this council : besides, that no son can be admitted into it during the life of his father, nor two be in it of the same family, nor any enter but by election. The chief officers of the commonwealth are the two *capitaneos*, who have such a power as the old Roman consuls had, but are chosen every six months. I talked with some that had been *capitaneos* six or seven times, though the office is never to be continued to the same persons twice successively. The third officer is the commissary, who judges in all civil and criminal matters. But because the many alliances, friendships, and intermarriages, as well as the personal feuds and animosities that happen among so small a people, might obstruct the course of justice, if one of their own number had the distribution of it, they have always a foreigner for this employ, whom they choose for three years, and maintain out of the public stock. He must be a doctor of law, and a man of known integrity. He is joined in commission with the *capitaneos*,

and acts something like the Recorder of London under the Lord Mayor. The commonwealth of Genoa was forced to make use of a foreign judge for many years, whilst their republic was torn into the divisions of Guelphs and Ghibelines. The fourth man in the state is the physician, who must likewise be a stranger, and is maintained by a public salary. He is obliged to keep a horse, to visit the sick, and to inspect all drugs that are imported. He must be at least thirty-five years old, a doctor of the faculty, and eminent for his religion and honesty; that his rashness or ignorance may not unpeople the commonwealth. And that they may not suffer long under any bad choice, he is elected only for three years. The present physician is a very understanding man, and well read in our countrymen, Harvey, Willis Sydenham, &c. He has been continued for some time among them, and they say the commonwealth thrives under his hands. Another person, who makes no ordinary figure in the republic, is the school-master. I scarce met with any in the place that had not some tincture of learning. I had the perusal of a Latin book in folio, entitled, *Statuta Illustrissimæ Reipublicæ Sancti Marini*, printed at Rimini by order of the commonwealth. The chapter on the public ministers says, that when an ambassador is despatched from the republic to any foreign state, he shall be allowed, out of the treasury, to the value of a shilling a day. The people are esteemed very honest and rigorous in the execution of justice, and seem to live more happy and contented among their rocks and snows, than others of the Italians do in the

pleasantest valleys of the world. Nothing, indeed, can be a greater instance of the natural love that mankind has for liberty, and of their aversion to arbitrary government, than such a savage mountain covered with people, and the Campania of Rome, which lies in the same country, almost destitute of inhabitants.*

In 1739, the Cardinal Legate of Ravenna, taking advantage of some dissensions in the Republic, attempted to attach the territory to the Roman see; but the inhabitants resisted the measure, and Clement XII., disavowing the conduct of the Legate, ordered that the Republic should not be deprived of its ancient privileges.

* Addison's Remarks on Italy, pp. 84—89.

CHAPTER V.

FLORENCE.

ON leaving Bologna for Florence, the route, for the first post, lies over a level and fertile plain; but at Pianora, the ascent of the Apennine begins. The road is excellent, and the slope as easy and gradual as that over the Simplon; yet the aid of oxen is deemed requisite. The landscape, as it appears from the road, is rude, and often pleasing, but neither grand nor bold. The soil is stony, and the vegetation seems stunted from the want of soil. The principal range of Apennines here consists of one very gentle but extensive swell, intersected by deep, winding valleys. The sides of these valleys are generally steep, but not absolutely precipitous or rocky, except in a few points, which start up above the rest. They are very much covered with wood, chiefly the chestnut-tree, which alone escapes being lopped to supply fuel, its fruit being the chief article of food with the mountaineers. Mr. Woods compares the general character of this part of the range to what the country about Tunbridge Wells would be on a considerably larger scale. Near Lojano, the second post, the prospect becomes more extensive. From this elevation, the eye may range over the vast basin of the Po, from Bologna to Milan, bounded by the distant Alps, and extending eastward to the Adri-

atic. The ascent from Lojano to *Pietra-mala*, the first Tuscan village,* displays some bolder scenery. Here is the frontier custom-house, with a very tolerable inn.

About a mile and a half from *Pietra-mala* is the singular phenomenon called by the natives the *fuoco di legno* (wood-fire). Near the foot of a steep mountain called the *Monte di Fo*, there is a space of from 12 to 14 yards in circumference, covered with loose earth and stones, from which lambent flames are constantly issuing in twelve or more places at once. They deposit a carbonaceous matter, volatilized, and lying like soot, without any peculiar smell. On stirring the stones, or opening the ground, fresh flames arise, and a strong smell of nitre is evolved, as likewise from the stones when breathed upon. In calm weather, the flames ascend about a foot above the ground, and burn silently. In stormy weather, they rise to three feet, and crackle like a bonfire. The heat is very great, but is confined to the spot. Wheat is cultivated within ten yards of the flames; and very near to them, one of our fair travellers gathered a beautiful delphinium. The flame may be easily put out in different places, but breaks out afresh in a few seconds with increased vigour. About twenty years ago, Prince Baschocky caused an excavation to be made among the flames, and the workmen got as low as six or seven feet, when the fire increased, and rose to such a height

* The last place in the Papal dominions is Scaricalasino, a little beyond which, a small bridge over the Santerno marks the boundaries; and two miles further, descending pretty winding hill, is the little village of *Pietra-mala*.

that they were forced to desist. Its general appearance is that of the fire from the refuse of a coal-mine; and the most probable opinion seems to be, that it is ignited gas* having no connexion with the upper surface. The adjoining hill is composed of slate-clay resting upon limestone.†

Not far from Pietra-mala, there is a spring called *Acqua Buja*, which bubbles up from the earth with an action resembling boiling water; it is, however, quite cold, but takes fire on a light being applied to it, and emits a strong fetid smell. The colour of the flame, like that of the *Fuoco*, is blue at the bottom, and yellow towards the top.‡

From Pietra-mala, it is still an ascent to Covigliajo, a lone post-house nearly on the summit of the Apennine, which appears to have had, in former days, a very dark reputation, but travellers now pass the night here without danger or disturbance.§

* Mr. Cadell states, that the gas has been analysed, and found to consist of carbonated hydrogen, like the fire-damp which occurs in the coal mines in Britain. A similar source of inflamed gas occurs at Deliktash, on the coast of Asia Minor.—See *Mod. Trav.*, vol. iii. p. 245; xxvii. 209.

† Williams's *Travels*, vol. i. p. 72. Pennington, vol. i. p. 361. Morton, vol. i. p. 28.—Eustace also describes the phenomenon, but with his characteristic inaccuracy. He represents the flame as covering a space of about 140 feet; as being '*nourished*' by the stony soil; as communicating little heat, and leaving the ground cold when extinguished; all which assertions are positively contradicted by other travellers. The colour, he says, was '*bright yellow, or blue, like spirits of wine,*' and a strong odour like that of ether was emitted. Mr. Williams has given a view of the phenomenon.

‡ *Sketches, &c.*, vol. i. p. 276.

§ This solitary inn, the only house for many miles round, is apparently the one mentioned by Forsyth (vol. ii. p. 175),

From this point, the descent into Tuscany begins. 'The boldness, the romantic grandeur, the rich luxuriance of the country that now lay extended beneath our feet,' says the Author of *Sketches in Italy*, 'I have never seen, nor do I expect to see equalled. The *Val di Mugello*, famed in Gothic warfare and in Italian numbers, and the more celebrated Valley of the Arno beyond, were backed, as far as the eye could reach, by the distant hills towards Siena, retiring in ranges of softening purple, till they melted away in the brighter tints of the horizon; while the intermediate heights that divide the two valleys, forming the romantic ridge of the lower Apennine, and the broken summits among which we stood, were crowned with oak forests interspersed with olive groves, and their more pointed declivities picturesquely tufted with cypresses, whose spiral shape and deep verdure relieved the broad form and varied tints of the oak, and the diminutive size and pale green of the olive.'*

A winding road leads down the steep declivity of the *Giogo* into the *Val di Mugello*, under which denomination are comprehended all the valleys lying between the upper and the lower range of mountains. After passing Fort San Martino, the road enters one of these minor vales, watered by the Siava, a clear and beautiful little stream, which

as the scene of one of those deep-laid confederacies for plunder and assassination, of which not Italy alone has the credit of having been the theatre. '*Monte Radicoso*, over which the road passes near Pietra-mala, the highest summit in this part of the Apennines, was found by the barometrical measurements of Sir George Shuckburgh in 1775, to be 1901 feet above the sea.' Cadell, vol. i. p. 149.

* *Sketches*, vol. i. p. 278.

murmurs along between broken hills clothed with woods of oak and chestnut-tree. The box-tree and Portugal laurel grow wild in the hedges. The landscape is truly pastoral; and the Tuscan shepherds, tending their flocks, give picturesque interest and character to the lovely scenery. After crossing a steep hill, the traveller sees on his left, Pratolino, a favourite seat of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany, on the southern declivity of a hill, surrounded with groves of evergreen. 'Even the false taste of the age in which it was erected, has failed to destroy the beauty of its situation and of the natural embellishments which surround it. That a great deal has been done towards producing that effect, no one can deny, who beholds the fountains and *giuochi d'acqua* that abound there, which are said to have formed the model of those at Versailles, and are, if possible, more ugly than they. But the colossal statue of the Apennine, representing that beautiful chain of mountains under the form of a horrid-looking monster, the most clumsy imitation imaginable of the human form, in the colossal proportion of sixty feet in height, built of brick, and incrustated with stone, (said to be the work of the famous John of Bologna,) puts all other deformity to the blush.'

A little below Pratolino, the road winds round an oak-covered hill, one of the highest rises of the lower chain of the Apennines; and, on emerging from the woods, the rocky summit of Monte Senario, with its convent and cypress groves,—the olive-covered hill of Fiesole, consecrated by the genius of Milton,—Florence, with its domes and towers,—the silver stream of the Arno, and its classic vale,—break upon the view, in all their

rich combination of beauty.* Antique towers and remains of fortifications, old convents and other picturesque ruins, crown the inferior hills in the environs of the city, and recal the remark of Aristosto, that, on seeing the hills so full of palaces, it appears as if the soil produced them. The foreground, however, consisting of dull olive groves, vines trained over scrubby mulberry trees, old-fashioned gardens decorated with painted statues of gods and goddesses, and square patches of land inclosed by stone walls, adds no beauty to the scene.

Florence (Firenze), which, by singular good fortune, still answers to its name as the fair and the flourishing, is situated on both banks of the Arno, nearly at the head of the broad and fertile vale which extends to Pisa, and thence to the sea. This tract of country, from 60 to 70 miles in length, with a very irregular breadth, is the garden of Tuscany.† In scarcely any part of Italy is the land so minutely subdivided, or the population more numerous; and to the superior industry and intelligence of the Tuscan farmers, the territory owes its state of high cultivation. In a picturesque point of view, Mr. Simond says, this celebrated vale deserves little admiration. In descending the Arno towards Pisa, ‘you travel for miles between stone walls; and the fore-ground is at best composed of small patches of land in high cultivation, that is, without a blade of grass,

* Sketches, vol. i. p. 281.

† ‘One half of Tuscany is mountains which produce nothing but timber; one-sixth part consists of hills which are covered with vineyards or olive-gardens; the remaining third is plain.’—Forsyth, vol. i. p. 86.

or a tree that is unclipped.' The Arno, in summer, is a shallow stream flowing in the middle of a very broad channel ; but, when swelled by the rains or the melting of the snow on the mountains, it becomes a broad and deep river. Its name derives its principal charm from being associated with the illustrious citizens of the Etrurian Athens in the days of her greatness.

' Along the banks where smiling Arno sweeps,
Was modern Luxury of Commerce born,
And varied Learning rose, redeemed to a new morn.'

The city is nearly of an oval form, about six miles in circumference, and contains a population of about 80,000 persons. It is surrounded with a wall in tolerably good condition, and is entered by eight gates. Four bridges over the Arno connect the different quarters. The houses, though not high, are generally well built ; and the *Via Larga* (the name of which intimates that the streets are not generally broad) is full of noble palaces, and is reckoned one of the handsomest streets in Europe. The general appearance of the city, however, Mr. Woods thought less pleasing than that of Bologna. The streets are narrower, and the palaces, though grand and massive structures, are heavy, strong, and gloomy, appearing like so many prisons. The resemblance is not a little strengthened by the iron bars of the lower windows and the iron rings fastened in the walls. In former times, the perpetual struggles of the noble families for pre-eminence, and their exposure to tumultuous attacks from rival factions, compelled them to adopt this sort of architecture for defence : and whether from precaution or from

taste, the same massive style has been adopted in more modern days. The streets are paved with flag-stones of irregular forms, variously fitted to each other, with no distinction between the foot-way and the carriage-road. To an Englishman, they have the appearance of wide alleys ; ‘ so that, while at Paris everybody has to walk on the carriage-road, at Florence, all the carriages seem to be on the foot-path.’ The cleanliness of the city, the numerous promenades, the variety of its amusements, and the beauty of the environs, render it altogether one of the most agreeable Cisalpine towns ; and the concourse of foreigners resident here, especially of our own countrymen, is generally greater than in any other city of Italy, with the exception of Rome.

The architecture of the city first claims description. Among the public edifices, the cathedral, dedicated to *Sta. Maria del Fiore*, commands our chief attention, not only because its noble cupola forms so striking a feature in every view of the city, but on account of the historic interest and intrinsic merit of the structure. The erection of this noble pile appears to have been decreed by the Senate in 1294, and to have been actually commenced in 1298, when Florence was at the height of her prosperity, under a government essentially democratic, but which still left considerable consequence and power to the nobility. Arnolfo di Lapo was the first architect, and the whole of the ground-plan, which is on a magnificent scale, was certainly of his design. He died in 1330, and was succeeded by Giotto, who made some progress in executing his design for the elevation ; but the

façade, which he had carried up to above the arches over the doors, was afterwards pulled down, and a new front was raised under the direction of the Academy. This again was destroyed in 1688 ; and the wall being covered with a smooth surface of stucco, the present front was *painted* upon it. The weather, Mr. Woods remarks, will save the Florentines the trouble of destroying this invention, since it is now almost obliterated.

The original edifice was completed, all but the cupola, in 1419. To construct this; Brunelleschi was called in ; and his plan was, after some opposition, adopted. This cupola, if measured on the angles,* is somewhat larger than that of the Pantheon at Rome, and when measured on the sides, nearly as large ; it is consequently wider than the dome of St. Peter's, of which it may be considered as 'the prototype.' It is confined, at the springing, by a chain formed of wooden beams. The difficulty of construction, however, Mr. Woods remarks, 'is much lessened by the solidity of the mass on which it stands, and from its being carried up, in compliance with the disposition of the ground-plan, without the intervention of pendentives or any contrivance of that sort.†' It was

* From angle to angle, it measures 149 feet ; from side to side, 138 feet.

† 'Brunelleschi has raised here the first double cupola, and, I believe, the widest in Europe. No columns assist as latent buttresses to shore it up. Though this cupola is polygonal, and bears on the perpendicular, it may fairly be considered as the prototype of St. Peter's. Michael Angelo drew his famous bravado from the Pantheon ; but this grand enterprise of Brunelleschi gave him the assurance of performing it.'—Forsyth. vol. i. p. 75. 'The cupola of the ca-

begun in 1420, and finished in 1434. In the following year, the church was dedicated by Pope Eugenius IV. The work is still, however, unfinished; in particular, the upper part of the drum of the cupola, where a parapet of small arches, commenced under the direction of Baccio d'Agnolo, has never been completed. Except in the *façade*, the whole edifice is enriched with red, black, and white marbles* disposed in panels, some square-headed, and others terminating in pointed arches. These are continued even round the drum of the cupola. The panelling ill accords with the cornice, the semi-circular arches in other parts, or the circular windows of the clerestory and the drum of the cupola. The great lines of the edifice, however, predominate over the details, binding together the smaller parts. and making

thedral of Florence,' Mr. Cadell says, 'is like the half of an elongated ellipsoid with the long axis vertical, but the horizontal section is octagonal: it was built without timber centerings, and consists of two vaults, an exterior and an interior, with a vacant space intervening. The height from the ground to the foot of the lantern, is 299 English feet (154 *braccie*); the whole height from the ground to the top of the cross, 384 feet (201 *braccie*).' Cadell, vol. i. p. 152. This is nearly 50 feet higher than St. Paul's, and inferior only to St. Peter's, which comes within a little of the great pyramid.. Mr. Woods, by a singular miscalculation or misprint, makes the number of 202 *braccie* equal to 463 feet.

* The walls are coated, Mr. Cadell says, with white marble and 'dark-green magnesian serpentine, called *Pietra di Garbo*. These stones are applied on the rough wall in thin slabs, polished and cut into figures that represent panels, foliage, and other ornaments.'—Cadell, vol. i. p. 150. The dark green may easily be mistaken for black, but it is singular that Mr. Cadell should take no notice of the third variety of marble, as he is generally minutely accurate.

them harmonize with each other. 'Station your self,' says Mr. Woods, 'at the south-east angle, opposite to the part which is most complete, and you must acknowledge it a glorious and magnificent building, rich and splendid in all its parts, and beautiful as a whole composition. If there be not perfect harmony in every particular, there is nothing obtrusive nor offensive, nothing which does not unite with the perfection of the whole.'*

This church 'is generally considered,' remarks Mr. Forsyth, 'as a mean between the Gothic style and the Greek; yet, nothing can be conceived more remote from either.† In opposition to the fretted, frittered surfaces and spiry flights of the Gothic, here is the most naked simplicity and strength unconcealed. Of the Greek, on the other hand, not a particle entered into the original idea. Instead of columns, the exterior decoration consists of three kinds of marbles composed into panels, and the interior in pillars and round arches; but no arches were known in Greek architecture. What architecture then is this, but the ancient Roman, revived as completely as the purposes of the church would admit? . . . Under the cupola is the choir, corresponding in plan to the great polygon above; but its Ionic elevation, though fine, is at variance with the fabric, and seems a

* Woods, vol. i. p. 297.

† Mr. Woods classes it with 'the Italian Gothic,' although the style of ornament is different from that observable in any other specimen, and the building must be considered, he remarks, as quite *suu generis*. The Italian-Gothic is a phrase, indeed, of somewhat arbitrary import, and is intended to denote a pointed, yet still a simple style.

beauty as foreign to this cathedral, as the Grecian screen is to that of Winchester.*

The interior of the nave is more decidedly Gothic than the exterior ; but, though very spacious, it is not handsome. The internal length is 491 feet ; that of the transept, 294 feet. The arches which separate the nave from the side aisles, are of the same width as the nave, 53 feet 6 inches, while the aisles are displeasingly narrow. The height of the nave is 139 feet. The piers, which are low, are of a brown stone ; the walls and vaults are white-washed, and there is very little ornament of any sort. The dome is painted, without any ribs or panels, or other architectural decoration ; and in spite of its size, its gloom, and its apparent solidity, the impression is not sublime.†

This church is not rich in sculptured monuments or in the master-pieces of art, but contains some statues and bas-reliefs, chiefly by Bandinelli, and some curious old pictures. Among the illustrious dead, here repose Brunelleschi and Giotto, the first who distinguished themselves respectively in the architecture and painting of Modern Europe. Dante ‘ sleeps afar,’ but his picture is ‘ one of the idols of the cathedral’.‡

* Forsyth, vol. i. pp. 74—76.—This ‘ great octagonal enclosure’ is said to be by Brunelleschi, but is pronounced by Mr. Woods to be very ugly.

† Woods, vol. i. pp. 297, 8.

‡ Among the few pictures is an antique portrait of Dante, painted by Orcagna several years after his death. Next to it is ‘ a portrait of the English *condottiere*, John Hawkwood, prancing over the military praise which he obtained by traitorously selling to Florence the Pisans who paid him to

The *Campanile*, which is, as usual, detached, is said to have been built by Giotto. Its base is a square of 25 *braccia* (47 feet 8 inches), and it rises to the height of nearly 290 feet. Like the *Duomo*, it is encrusted with dark green and white marbles, with pointed openings, and ornamented in the Gothic style, but having nothing, in its general character, in common with the spiry, ascending form of the true Gothic or Norman architecture.

The Baptistery, opposite the west entrance of the cathedral, completes a groupe not easily to be paralleled. This is a large octagonal edifice covered with a cupola, and is supposed to be of very ancient date. It has, however, undergone modern alterations. The cupola, described by Mr. Cadell as an octagonal pyramid, is said to have suggested to Brunelleschi his design for that of the cathedral. The mosaic of the interior was executed in 1260; and the marble coating of the outside in 1293. There are some large columns of reddish granite

defend them.' (Forsyth.) Another curious old picture represents Johannes Acutus, (John Sharp?) an English gentleman who came into Italy with Lionel, Duke of Clarence, son of Edward III., on his marriage with the daughter of Galeazzo Visconti, Lord of Milan. He distinguished himself in the wars of Italy, and, dying at Florence, at an advanced age, was honoured with a public funeral in the *Duomo* in 1393. This church boasts also of the last work of Michel Angelo,—unfinished, like so many of his works, and in so dark a place that it is scarcely possible to see it. It is on the screen behind the high altar, and represents the Virgin mourning over the body of Our Lord. Mr. Bell describes it as full of grandeur and feeling. There is a gnomon and meridian line formed by Toscanelli, a Florentine astronomer, in 1408, which is said to be the largest in existence.

or syenite, more than 20 feet high, the spoils probably of a Roman edifice; the pavement is of beautiful marble. Round the chapel are statues of the twelve Apostles and two allegorical figures. Here is also the monument and recumbent statue of the infamous anti-pope, Baldassar Cossa, who assumed the title of John XXIII, and was deposed by the Council of Constance in 1416. The three entrances have each a two-leaved door of bronze, adorned with bas-reliefs, which are said to have excited the warm admiration of Michael Angelo. The northern door was executed by Andrea Pisano, after the design of Giotto, in 1330; the others, by Lorenzo Ghiberti, a Florentine artist: the eastern door, the finest of the three, is stated to have employed the labour of twenty years. Against one of the doors are two curious columns of porphyry, fixed and chained, which were given to the Florentines by the Pisans, for their assistance against the Lucchese in 1117. Four priests are in attendance here, morning and evening, to administer the rite of baptism to the children of the citizens.

Although the 'mighty dust' of 'the all-Etruscan Three,' as Lord Byron styles Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, repose on a foreign soil,—

‘ In Santa Croce’s holy precincts lie
Ashes which make it holier ;’—

the remains of, perhaps, the three greatest men to whom Florence has given birth: Machiavelli, Buonarrotti, and Galileo. Neither the partial eulogy of our noble Poet, nor the flattering marble of Canova can, however, raise to a parity with these master minds, the accomplished Piedmontese who here slumbers in their company. ‘It was

here,' says Madame de Staël, 'while walking in the church of *Santa Croce*, that Alfieri felt for the first time inspired with the love of glory; and here he is buried.' This church is, in fact, Poets' Corner to the Florentines. Here also are interred Aretino, the historian; Marzuppinì, the poet; and several other distinguished citizens.

This edifice was built by Arnolfo Lapo, in 1294. The front is of rough brick-work, the marble facing having never been executed, except a course or two at the base. The interior consists of a nave and side-aisles, divided by seven acute Gothic arches, rising above the capitals of the supporting columns, as in most of the Gothic churches in Florence, which has a bad effect. The columns and pilasters are of the rudest work. The side chapels, which, contrary to the usual custom, are not enclosed, but spread out like arched doors upon the walls, were rebuilt in the sixteenth century. The altars are of the Corinthian order, with columns of the grey micaceous sandstone called *macigno*, and the piers and archivolts are coloured in imitation of it: the rest is white-washed. The roof is flat; the architecture has very little ornament; and the whole effect is poor, but it has been ill treated. The high and narrow windows of painted glass, admitting only a 'dim, religious light,' are favourable to the general impression of grandeur which, with all its faults, the architecture produces. The paintings and monuments, however, form the chief attraction.*

* Woods, vol. i. p. 300. Pennington, vol. i. p. 381. The convent to which this church belongs, was suppressed by the French, but has been restored.

Among the former, Mr. Bell particularizes, The Crucifixion, by Santo Fito, as ‘very fine,—the drawing good, the style full and broad, and the draperies grand;’ The Deposition from the Cross, by Cigoli,—a ‘simple, touching, and beautiful composition;’ the Martyrdom of San Lorenzo, by Ligozzi,—‘a noble picture, of much character and action;’ The Assumption of the Virgin,—‘a most superb painting,’ but the figures too much crowded in the fore-ground; Liberation of Souls from Limbo, by Bronzino,—of imposing dimensions, and exhibiting some beautiful female portraits, but, in manner, tone, and colouring, tame and flat. The ceiling of the chapel *Dei Ricardi* is well painted in fresco; and some small designs, representing Our Lord’s Passion and Crucifixion, are singularly beautiful, ‘executed with the most touching simplicity, and worthy to adorn a royal cabinet.’*

Among the monuments, the tomb of Machiavelli presents a noble specimen of simple and chaste composition: it consists of the statue of the great Historian and Politician, reclining on his sarcophagus, and weighing a sword against a roll of paper. The design was furnished by Spinozzi. The monument of Galileo exhibits his bust placed on a sarcophagus, which is supported by Astronomy and Geometry. That of Michael Angelo consists, in like manner, of a sarcophagus surmounted with his bust, the work of B. Lorenzi, which is esteemed a perfect likeness: at each end and in front, is a mourning figure, repre-

* Bell, pp. 241—3.

senting the sister arts, Sculpture, Painting, and Architecture. Above the monument is a small fresco, painted by Michael Angelo, representing the Virgin mourning over the body of Our Lord, which is pronounced by Mr. Williams to be 'exquisite both in colouring and in design.'

Near the monument of Michael Angelo, is that of Alfieri, the work of Canova, who has not, in this instance, been quite successful. Mr. Bell's criticism agrees with the general opinion of competent judges. 'The effect and composition,' he remarks, 'are brilliant, but the manner wants simplicity. Instead of a fine antique square sarcophagus, the whole is in oval forms, one curve rising above another; while the figure of weeping Italy is bulky, and yet wanting in grandeur.' The head only is esteemed very fine.*

The sepulchre of the Poet Marzupini, by Settignano, says the same intelligent Traveller, 'is beautiful, the taste and workmanship exquisite, as well as the figure which reposes on the sarcophagus.' That of Leonardo Bruni, a noble Florentine, by Rossellini, is also highly deserving of notice, the whole composition and manner being in the finest antique style. In the chapel *Dei Calvacanti*, are two figures representing the Annunciation, executed in *terra cotta* by Donatello; also the Crucifixion, in wood, by the same artist. This last work is interesting as having first made known the talents of the Sculptor, who placed this spe-

* Bell, p. 244. This monument was erected to the memory of Alfieri by the Countess of Albany, at an expense of 4500*l.* sterling.

cimen before Brunelleschi, from whom it drew forth a warm and generous expression of admiration. In the chapel *Dei Nicolini*, are five statues of Aaron and Moses, Prudence, Humility, and Chastity, by Francavilla, well deserving of notice. Aaron is represented in a meditating posture, 'fine as the Lorenzo of Michael Angelo,' and the drapery is exquisitely rich. Moses is also fine, although inferior to the companion statue, and the beard is caricatured. Humility is very beautifully imagined. The frescoes on the ceiling of this chapel, by Volterrano, are also deserving of notice: he has filled the circles between the windows with the Four Sybils, executed in a noble style of design and colouring.*

The church of the *S. S. Annunziata* is said to have been erected about the middle of the thirteenth century, but has been modernized. It consists of a nave with side chapels, which are arched towards the church, terminating in a large circular, domed room for the tribune. Mr. Bell praises the fine proportions and rich architecture of this beautiful church; its superb pilasters of costly marble, with gilded Corinthian capitals, which support the heavy cornice, the organ-galleries of beautiful white marble, supported on fluted Ionic columns, the richness of the decorations, and the noble dome. 'The whole *coup-d'œil*,' he says, 'is superb; yet, the magnificence is without gaudiness, as the high finish which distinguishes every

* Bell, pp. 243—6. Lady Morgan mentions the tomb of Count Scotnicki, a distinguished young Polish nobleman, by Ricci, as a very tasteful and touching production.

portion is without littleness.' Mr. Woods was less satisfied. The architecture, he remarks, abounds with defects, and it is over gilt and ornamented; but the nave forms a very handsome room. The circular tribune, designed by Alberti, is in a purer style, and very fine, though far from correct; and the cupola, being entirely painted (by Volterrano), ill corresponds to the architecture below.*

Near the entrance of the church is the gloomy but highly ornamented antique chapel, *Dei Pucci*, dedicated to St. Sebastian, and containing an admired painting, by Pollagiola, of the Martyrdom of that Saint; but the artist's manner is hard. Passing from this antique chapel, you enter into a *cortile*, surrounded by arcades resting on columns resembling Corinthian, and adorned with some superb frescoes. Andrea del Sarto has there left some of his most beautiful productions in this style. There are three by this master in this court. One of them is a touching representation of two little children, one lying dead and the other half raised, recovered by touching the cloak of St. Philip. The other two represent the same Saint calling down lightning from heaven on some blasphemers, and delivering a young girl from evil spirits. On the other side of the cloister are also three paintings of superior merit: The Espousals of the Madonna, by Francobajo; The Ascension, by Rosso; and the Virgin's Visit to Elizabeth, by Pontorno. The last is the most entire and the finest of the three. From this, you pass into a second cloister, which is also adorned with frescoes

* Bell, p. 231. Woods, vol. i. p. 306.

by Rossi and Puccetti; and among them is one production in the highest style of excellence. This is the famous *Madonna del Sacco* of Andrea del Sarto, which is said to have fixed the admiration of Michael Angelo and Titian. The form of the Virgin is very youthful, yet round and full, the countenance beautiful, and the drapery rich. Joseph, who is drawn much in shade, is seen in the back-ground, seated on a sack, from which the name of the painting is taken; his beard and harder features finely contrasting with the soft loveliness of the Madonna. The whole composition combines with fine drawing and chaste and delicate colouring, the most touching simplicity. Among the other subjects, are scenes of dying priests, extreme unction, groupes of monks and penitents, &c. Altogether, the frescoes of these cloisters afford a good opportunity of judging of the full power and beauty of which this style is susceptible.

Leaving these cloisters, and returning to the church, you enter, on the left hand, a superb chapel of white marble in rich Corinthian architecture, after a design by Michelozzo, the grand altar of which is of solid silver, with a beautiful bronze railing. The eye is perfectly dazzled with the splendour which it here encounters.* Within this is a small oratory, of the finest marble and the most delicate workmanship,—‘ an object

* This, we presume, is the chapel *Del Soccorso* described by Mr. Pennington. One splendid golden lamp and thirty silver ones of great magnitude hang round this little *adytum*, besides twenty-five large silver candlesticks. The silver altar is also rich with precious stones.

of interest, at least, from the consideration that such things will never be wrought again.' The second chapel, *Dei Ferroni*, is also very beautiful and rich in sculpture: the figures of *S. Domenico* and *Sta. Francesca*, by Marcellini, have considerable merit. In the third chapel is *The Last Judgement*, by Allori, which Mr. Bell considers as having slight claims to the admiration it has obtained. *The Crucifixion*, by Stradone, in the fourth chapel, is more deservedly praised. In the fifth chapel, there is some beautiful painting in fresco, on the ceiling, by Volterrano. The sixth, erected after the design of John of Bologna, is a specimen of beautiful and simple architecture, enriched with many small bas-reliefs in bronze, and some statues of high merit, the work of that great sculptor, who lies buried here.* *The Resurrection*, by Ligozzi, one of the altar-pieces, is a fine painting; and the ceiling, in fresco, is also good. In the seventh chapel, there is a fine painting by Nannetti, representing the Blessed; in the eighth, a celebrated one by Passagnano, *Our Saviour healing the Blind*,—a simple and dignified composition; and in the ninth chapel, an admirable *Madonna* and other figures, by Donnini.

In one of these chapels, on the right of the choir, Bandinelli lies buried beneath one of his finest productions, *The Deposition from the Cross*. In the principal figure, this Sculptor, Mr. Williams thinks, 'seems to have just touched the line which distinguishes perfect nature from ideal beauty: the

* He died in 1590. Mr. Woods ascribes the church to this architect and sculptor.

expression of the whole is dignified, even to the feet.' Mr. Bell confirms this criticism, describing the forms of the body as 'full, round, and fleshy, with much grandeur of manner and style, and without any affectation of anatomy, excepting one stroke in the left *biceps*, which is too rigid.' The figure of Nicodemus, who is supporting the body, is objectionable as being too small. He is represented as a well-bearded, square, and rather vulgar personage, and is said to be Bandinelli's portrait of himself. Four hideous skulls are placed on the sarcophagus beneath.* In the opening of the circle of the great choir, are two fine recumbent figures, in episcopal costume, finely executed, and producing a rich effect. There are also two statues of St. Paul and St. Peter, which obtain from Mr. Bell the praise of much grandeur of design.

The church derives its dedicatory name from a miraculous picture, which, we believe, is not publicly exposed. The legend attaching to it is, that, in 1252, the monks employed an artist named Bartolommeo, to paint The Annunciation in fresco. He had completed the Angel and the other parts of the picture, all but the head of the Virgin, and this he despaired of finishing to his satisfaction, when he was overtaken by sleep, and, on waking, he found the figure supplied with a countenance of the most exquisite beauty and heavenly expression!

Both the church and the cloisters are disfigured by a disgusting assemblage of votive pictures, generally representing accidents.† In the time of

* Bell, p. 236. Williams, vol. i. p. 134. Bandinelli died in 1519.

† A votive picture, by Lepari, in the chapel of the Pucci, a portrait of himself with a wounded leg, is a work of merit.

Leopold, an order was issued to clear away all these offerings; and the present accumulation has been formed since 1795. On one side of the *Piazza Annunziata* is the Foundling Hospital; and before the church, there is a bronze equestrian statue of the Grand Duke Ferdinand I., erected in 1646.

Santa Maria Novella is one of the few churches in Florence which have an architectural *façade*. The body of the building was begun in 1279, (nineteen years before the cathedral,) from the design of the Dominican monks, and was completed in 1350. The front, which presents an uncouth mixture of Gothic and Grecian, was erected in 1470—7, at the expense of an eminent Florentine citizen, whose name is inscribed on the frieze. The lower part reminds one very much of the architecture of the Baptistery, and was probably designed, Mr. Woods thinks, by the original architects. The pedestal above this, and the second order, he supposes to be from the design of L. B. Alberti, to whom the whole is attributed, while the great side-scrolls are, perhaps, posterior to him. ‘Internally, there are six Gothic arches, of which the larger are about equal to the width of the nave. Each has a small circular window over it. It belongs to that style of which the church of Sta. Anastasia at Verona is still,’ adds this Writer, ‘my favourite example. The transept has no effect, because there is no additional height or light at the intersection; yet, it is a very fine building. The high altar is a recent production, and, though not very good in itself, and, perhaps, rather too large, is nevertheless a fine object, and fills its situation nobly. The side chapels are all of the same style, but of no order, and all in

some degree differ : each of them, however, is surmounted with a broken angular pediment within an entire circular one.'

This church contains several pictures by early masters. In the choir, behind the chief altar, are a series of pictures, by Ghirlandaio, painted about 1485, in which the artist has introduced portraits of Pietro, Giovanni, and Lorenzo de' Medici, of himself, of Politian, Ficinus, and others of his contemporaries. Petrarch and Laura are introduced in two pictures by Simon of Siena, a pupil of Giotto; the former standing by a knight of Rhodes, the latter among a groupe of female figures personifying the pleasures of the world. Paradise and the Infernal Regions are represented on the walls of one of the chapels, by Orcagna. There is a Madonna and Child, larger than life, by Cimabue, the master of Giotto, and the earliest of the Florentine painters.† There are also some paintings on the walls of the cloister of the contiguous monastery, which is celebrated for its *spezieria*, or dispensary, where the public are well and cheaply accommodated.‡ Affixed to the southern front of the church, are two gnomonic instruments, made and erected, in 1573, by Ignazio Dante, a learned monk, who subsequently

* Woods, vol. i. p. 302.

† He is said to have learned the art from some Greek painters who were employed in this church. His colours are imbodied with size and with the yoke of eggs. Lanzi styles Cimabue the Michael Angelo, and Giotto, who followed him, the Raffael of his time.

‡ The brethren of this monastery, Mr. Williams says, make up the best medicines that are to be had in Florence. They distil also essential oils and perfumes.

became professor of mathematics at Bologna, and is said to have constructed the gnomon in the church of St. Pétronus, which was afterwards improved by Cassini.*

Two magnificent churches, *San Lorenzo* and *Santo Spirito*, are of Brunelleschi's architecture. The front of both is, as usual, unfinished; nor does it appear that any *façade* of his design was ever executed. In the earlier periods of the Republic, *San Lorenzo* was considered as the metropolitan church of Florence. Its existence, Mr. Bell says, may be traced as far back as the year 393, when it was consecrated by St. Ambrose. At the distance of nearly three hundred years, on its receiving some repairs and embellishments, this ceremony was again performed by Pope Nicholas II. About the year 1417, during a grand festival held in commemoration of a union between the Guelfs of Arezzo and the Guelfs of Florence, the church was accidentally set on fire, and nearly consumed. In 1425, the present edifice was commenced, from the design of Brunelleschi.

On entering the great door-way, the eye meets a long and noble range of Corinthian columns supporting arches, which separate the nave on each side from the aisles. Above these is a continued entablature, over which is a wall with narrow, round-headed windows, and a flat ceiling divided into square compartments. The aisles are covered with groined arches: beyond them is a range of side chapels, very rudely finished.

* Cadell, vol. i. p. 160.

Including these, the whole width of the church is nearly 67 feet, and the length 275 feet:* the transept is 115 feet. Mr. Woods points out several faults in the architecture. The arches spring from an entablature which crowns the column, and looks like a second capital; the piers which support the cupola, are much too small; all the details of the mouldings, capitals, &c., are bad; the columns and pilasters, archivolts and architraves are of the dun *macigno*, while the friezes, as well as the wall above, are mostly whitewashed, which has a very bad effect.† Yet, in spite of all these defects, the interior is pronounced to be fine and even sublime. Among its curiosities are, two large bronze reading-desks, adorned with Scripture subjects in relief by Donatello; the tomb of Peter and John, sons of Cosmo de' Medici; and, in the passage leading to the cloister, the statue of Paulus Jovius, bishop of Nocera. He was born at Como in 1483, and died in 1574. He wrote a history of his own times, distinguished, Denina says, more by its eloquence than by its veracity.

* Mr. Bell makes the church measure 'nearly 400 feet in length, and only 100 in width, not including the chapels.' The body is therefore, he remarks, ungracefully long, and the cross proportionably too short. These defects are rendered more conspicuous by the unusual height of the pillars.—Bell, p. 226.

† In one of his visits, Mr. Woods found workmen employed in hanging the tribune with drapery of scarlet and silver tissue. This practice may serve to account for the bare whitewashed walls of so many of the churches; and though an architect, this Writer is disposed to admit, that the Italians are right in preferring these temporary decorations, for effect.

From this church, an entrance opens into the *Sagrestia Nuova*, or *Capella de' Depositi*, erected by Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, with tombs designed by him, and sculpture also of his execution. The expectations raised by his great name, are not sustained, however, by the architecture. It is said to be the first chapel he ever erected. The design is characterized by Mr. Forsyth as 'petty and capricious, consisting of two insignificant orders, altogether unworthy of the impressive monuments which he raised within it.' Mr. Woods remarks, that the mixture of the usual dark, dun stone and whitewash would spoil any architecture, more especially that of a small chapel like this. But here,' he adds, 'is really nothing to spoil. Simplicity I did not expect, but this has neither grace nor boldness, lightness nor magnificence. The tombs please me as little as the building.'

Of the sculpture, however, our Architect speaks in terms which shew that he is not at home in the sister art; and the tasteful criticism of Mr. Williams is more discriminating and satisfactory. Speaking of the fine heroic statue of Lorenzo de' Medici, who is represented in a sitting attitude, in a warrior's costume, he says: 'A more interesting figure can hardly be imagined. The mysterious expression and character (heightened by the projecting helmet which overshadows the face) are quite original, and place Michael Angelo far above the sculptors of his time. Upon a sarcophagus containing the ashes of Lorenzo, immediately below his statue, are two reclining figures, male and female, said to represent Morning and Twilight. The head of the male is left

unfinished, yet is full of expression: indeed, both figures are excellent, exhibiting such noble, uninterrupted contours as none but such a genius as that of Michael Angelo could have conceived. Upon a sarcophagus immediately opposite, under the statue of Giovanni de' Medici, are two other reclining figures, representing Day and Night: the female statue abounds in grace, and the drapery takes the most pleasing folds; with the exception of the lock of hair that falls on the neck, the statue is completely finished, even to the highest gloss or polish,—perhaps too much so for the character of flesh. The head of the male figure looks over the right shoulder, but it appeared somewhat small, and perhaps placed rather too much to the left. The back and shoulders are remarkably fine, though rather broad for the proportion of the figure; the head is left in the same state as that of the corresponding statue on the opposite side.* The great objection against these figures, in the opinion of this Writer, is, that they are not expressive of what they are intended to represent, and that they are much too large in proportion to the sarcophagus.†

* Williams, vol. i. pp. 138—140.

† Mr. Bell seems to have been impressed with the propriety of the figures as personifications. 'Night, in sleep and silence,' he remarks, 'is finely imagined; the attitude is beautiful, mournful, and full of the most touching expression; the drooping head, the supporting hand, and the rich head-dress, are unrivalled in the arts. Day is little more than blocked, yet most magnificent. The noble effect is only heightened by what is left to the imagination.' In the superb manly figure of Twilight, 'the wonderful breadth of chest and fine balance of the sunk shoulder are

There is likewise in this chapel, a Virgin and Child by the same great Artist: the Virgin is left in a very rude state, but the Child is exquisitely finished.

From this chapel, a passage leads into another sacristy, the *Capella Grande*, or *di San Lorenzo*, begun in 1604, from the designs of Don Giovanni de' Medici, but never completed: thus, Addison's prediction has been verified, that before this proud mausoleum should be finished, the family would be extinct. The building is an octagon, 91 feet 3 inches in diameter, covered with a lofty cupola. A large and lofty room of a simple form, remarks Mr. Woods, always has some beauty of effect; but the design, which Forsyth characterizes as 'more chaste and noble than that of the Angelo chapel,' and which Mr. Bell praises for its exquisite and noble proportions, our Architect stigmatises as very bad. The walls were to have been entirely incrustated with porphyry, agate, jasper, and other stones of various colours; and a part has been executed, producing a brilliant effect; but a great part still presents to the eye the rough brick wall. With all this profusion of fine stones, the effect is not to be compared, in point of richness, with that of

masterly; and the right limb, which is finished, is incomparable.' The Aurora is praised in equally glowing terms, for its exquisite proportions, noble countenance, and graceful drapery. 'Till I beheld them,' adds the Writer, 'I had formed no conception of the splendour of genius and taste possessed by this Artist: they evince a grandeur and originality of thought, a boldness and freedom of design and execution unrivalled.'—Bell, p. 228.

the church of the *Scalzi* at Venice. Round the chapel are the tombs of the seven Princes of this House who reigned over Tuscany, composed of porphyry and oriental granite. On the pillars of jasper are rich ducal crowns, one for each Duke, and their arms are sculptured in bas-relief on granite.* All round are the arms of the different cities, in mother of pearl; but those of Florence are in coral and carnelion; the ground-work of all is white Carrara marble. The Grand Duke Ferdinand I. conceived the project of making this chapel transcend in sanctity every other, by removing the Holy Sepulchre itself from Jerusalem, and erecting it here; and some progress had been made towards obtaining it, when the Turks discovered and broke off the negotiation.†

The conventual church of *Santo Spirito*, (belonging to the Augustinians,) already referred to as the work of Brunelleschi, very much resembles *S. Lorenzo*, but with somewhat greater magnificence, since the columns and arches which form the aisles, are, in this, continued round the transept and choir; and this number of columns, Mr. Woods says, produces at every step a movement which is enchanting. The defects in the

* The famous Bianca Capelli, who, by her beauty and accomplishments, acquired such ascendancy over the Archduke Francis, was not allowed the honour of sharing the tomb of her husband, but, by order of Ferdinand, was interred in an unknown spot under the chapel.

† Woods, vol. i. p. 304. Cadell, vol. i. p. 166. Pennington, vol. i. pp. 406—410.—Mr. Cadell has given a minute account of the various stones employed in the coating of the walls.

architecture are the same ; the detached entablatures, forming so many secondary capitals ; the high, plain frieze of the continued entablature above the arches ; the weakness at the intersection ; the dull-coloured stone, and the whitewash. The part above the cornice also, is too low, and the ceiling (which is flat and painted) is not so well disposed as in the former church ; the side chapels are mere niches, surrounded with a magnificent moulding ; and the altars are all very bad. Yet, with all its faults, no one can enter it without feeling it to be a noble building. The church is 304 feet long ; the nave is 102 feet wide, including the side aisles ; the transept, 186 feet in length. The vestibule of the Sacristy is a gallery with a range of Corinthian columns on each side, supporting an architrave, on which rises a semicircular vault : the effect is beautiful. The Sacristy itself is a handsome octagonal room without any thing remarkable. Mr. Pennington mentions the high altar in this church, by Michelozzi, as attracting the attention by its peculiar magnificence, the sides being inlaid with lapis-lazuli, *pietra-dura*, and other costly materials, while it is supported by double rows of marble pillars, and surrounded with a beautiful octangular marble gallery. The pictures in this church, by Cigoli and Fra Bartolommeo, though not of the first order, are yet highly deserving of examination. Cigoli, Mr. Williams remarks, ‘ never painted in vain.’ Mr. Bell mentions ‘ the much admired groupe of Our Saviour and the Virgin, by Cecco Bigio, in imitation of Buonarotti’s celebrated work,’ as a produc-

tion of great merit, and, in point of anatomy, one of the finest things he had seen.

Brunelleschi is said to have borrowed the internal arrangement of *Santo Spirito* from the more ancient church of *Santi Apostoli*, which exhibits a range of columns of a tolerable Corinthian, crowned with a large *cima* above the abacus on which the arches rest. But there is no cornice or any continued straight line between the arches and the ceiling; so that, Mr. Woods remarks, it cannot with any correctness be represented as exhibiting the peculiarities which mark the architecture of Brunelleschi. Although of considerable antiquity, the church has undergone restoration, probably not much before his time.

Another ancient church, from which this architect is reported to have borrowed, is *San Remigio*. This is a Gothic edifice, in which the divisions of the nave are about square, and the springing of the vaults is scarcely higher than that of the side aisles. It offers nothing remarkable as an object of study to the architect, but bears considerable resemblance to *Sta. Maria Novella*, the design of which is said to have been taken from this edifice.

The church of the *Madonna del Carmine* was once famous for its paintings; but these were destroyed by fire, with the ancient edifice, in 1771. The present edifice consists of a long room without side aisles, leading to a dome and three recesses, which, with the nave, form a Latin cross. The nave has Corinthian pilasters at alternately larger and smaller intervals, with an elliptical recess for the altars in each of the larger spaces, and in every smaller one, a door, or the semblance

of one. The pilasters are painted white on a pale blue ground. The ceiling, which is painted in fresco, is 'waggon-headed.' Altogether, the simplicity of the design and the justness of the general proportions, Mr. Woods says, produce a pleasing effect. There are some paintings by Vasari; and in the chapel of the Virgin, Mr. Pennington says, are some paintings by Maraccio, which are much esteemed. 'But what attracts most attention, is the chapel in which is buried S. Andrea Corsini, bishop of Fiesole. His figure is in *alto rilievo* in white marble; underneath is much *basso rilievo* in silver, by Foggini, representing the transfer of his body from Fiesole to this chapel, when he was canonized by Pope Urban VIII., in 1683. He died in 1374. On the right and left are monuments of the Corsini family. The cupola in this chapel is painted by Luca Giordano.*

The church of *S. Marco dei Domenicani*, is deserving of attention, principally on account of the paintings of Fra Bartolommeo di San Marco, who has been considered as standing next to Buonarrotti, at the head of the Florentine school. The outside of this edifice is neat and unpretending. The interior, Mr. Woods thought 'very ugly.' Mr. Bell calls it beautiful. The roof is flat, painted and gilt. The splendid and much admired chapel of S. Antonino, executed after the design of John of Bologna, for architecture, statuary, and painting, Mr. Bell says, 'is truly superb.' Among the statues is an admirable one of John the Baptist, by the Architect of the chapel; and in one of the ora-

* Woods, vol. i. p. 307. Pennington, vol. i. pp. 429, 465.

tories of this chapel are two exquisite pictures by Naldini, the Resurrection of Lazarus, and the Valley of Dry Bones. The saint to whom, according to Mr. Pennington, this church is dedicated, lies buried in this chapel. On the left, going up the church, is the tomb of a personage better known to history, Mirandola, who died A.D. 1494. The monastery to which this church was attached, was suppressed by the French. There are the remains of some good frescoes on the injured walls.

There is another highly interesting edifice, now used as a church, of which it is remarkable that Mr. Woods should not have taken any notice; the *Torre di San Michele* (called *Orsanmichele*), which stands in the heart of the city, near the *Piazza del Palazzo Vecchio*. Mr. Bell represents it as one of the most striking specimens of the early architecture. - 'It is a building,' he says, 'conceived by the dark and gloomy spirit of Arnolfo Lapo, bearing the form of a tower, but with the dimensions of a palace.* Its majestic bulk, towering above the walls, is an ornament to the city. It was begun in the year 1204, and constructed for a market-place, the grain being displayed for sale under its arcade, the forms of which afford, perhaps, the finest specimen of that beautiful feature in architecture, now so universal in Tuscany, the pillared and vaulted *Loggia*.' The figure of the building is a parallelogram 80 feet in

* 'It was first built of simple uncut stone by Arnolfo; was almost entirely rebuilt by Taddo-Goddi; and he was, in his turn, succeeded by Orcagna, who employed seven years in completing it.'

length, 64 in width, and 160 in height. On the front are seen the arms of the Republic and of the Guelfs, which mark the preponderating influence of that faction at the period of its erection. The lower floor of the Tower originally rested on vast pillars, the building being supported by high Gothic arches, forming the arcade. But, after the great plague of 1348, the arcade was closed, the buyers and sellers were driven forth, and the space was consecrated and converted into a gloomy church, to receive the wonder-working image of a Madonna, to whose influence the cessation of the pestilence was ascribed. These arches, which are of enormous size, are filled, in their upper part, with beautiful Gothic work in circles; and fourteen statues, the size of life, executed in a noble style, are ranged round the edifice, in deep niches, terminating in pointed cones, and richly ornamented. These were the result of a decree by the Senate, that each trade should bear the expense of furnishing one statue. St. Luke is the work of John of Bologna, who undertook it at the request of the Jews and notaries. St. Thomas, by Verocchio, was furnished by the retail dealers. St. George and St. Mark were executed by Donatello, for the sword-makers and carpenters. St. John Baptist, St. Matthew, and St. Stephen, by Ghiberti, for the merchants, the bankers, and the woollen-manufacturers. St. John the Evangelist, by Montelupo, for the silk-manufacturers. St. James and St. Elijah, by Antonio di Barco, for the tanners and handicraftsmen. We know not who furnished St. Peter (by Donatello) and the remaining three. The effect of these statues is described

by Mr. Bell as 'magnificent' and in admirable harmony with the architecture. Above this lofty basement, rise two stories, which are lighted by noble Gothic windows, with their arches divided through their height; and the Tower is terminated by the heavy, deep, projecting cornice of a terraced roof. The finest proportions mark the form of the edifice, and though rude and simple, its antique grandeur is fascinating to the imagination. 'You see in it,' says Mr. Bell, 'the style of times long past; but you can refer it to no regular order of architecture, nor to any certain age; you know not whether to pronounce it a castle, a church, or a prison; but it is rich, grand, and singular.'

Within, the church is extremely dark and gloomy. The light of day is nearly excluded; and by the sickly glimmerings of dim tapers and small lamps, it may just be discerned that the place is vaulted, that the altars are of marble, and that the walls are adorned with paintings, among which, Mr. Bell says, are several by Andrea del Sarto. Prophets and patriarchs, by Credi, enrich the ceilings; the Great Plague is the subject of one of the paintings; besides which are mentioned, Our Saviour disputing in the Temple, by Goddi, and Our Saviour and St. John, by Poppi. We also find the whole history of the Virgin told in bas-relief. The great altar, by Orcagna, is deserving of attention: it is somewhat in the shape of a baldican, rather tawdry in its ornaments, but its white marble railing is in good taste. There is likewise 'a superb altar by San Gallo, of plain marble, adorned with a groupe of St. Anne, the Virgin, and the *Bambino*. St. Anne is a finely imagined

form, a very model for sculptors, betwixt ideal beauty and common nature; and the whole is in a noble and simple style.' In one of the chapels, there is some curiously delicate fretwork on the marble frieze, with ingeniously carved pillars, interspersed with fine designs in the panels. The Death of the Virgin is particularly fine.

A steep and narrow stair leads to the summit of the Tower, from the wide, flat roof of which you have an admirable view of the city in all its extent and magnificence: immediately below are the *Palazzo Vecchio*, with its noble tower, the Prison, the *Duomo*, the *Badia*, the superb cupola covering the tombs of the Medici, with the grand square of *Sta. Trinita*, and the roof of the Strozzi palace; while, in the extreme circle, the walls and turreted gates of the city, the long-protracted arcades and cloisters of *Sta. Maria Novella*, and of *Spirito Santo*, add to the splendour of the scene. Beyond are seen green hills and sunny knolls, spotted with numberless villas, farms, and monasteries, with a blue line of distant mountains mingling with the clouds, and the Arno wandering through its flat and verdant valley towards the Mediterranean.*

We have now described all the churches within the city, which appear to be distinguished by any thing remarkable in their architecture. *San Gaetano*, which boasts of the best organ in Florence, has, according to Mr. Pennington, 'an imposing *façade*,' and contains some good pictures and statues. The best organ, next to that of *S. Gae-*

* Bell, pp. 199—206.

tano, is in the *Badia* (abbey). *S. Romano* (the *Chiesa Ducale*) has a celebrated picture by Fra Bartolommeo, called *Misericordia*. The composition, Mr. Bell says, is good, and the colouring rich; but the outline is harsh, and the figures are as stiff and mechanical as those of Giotto. The celebrity of this picture is derived chiefly from the admirably executed portrait of an old woman. In the church of *Ogni Santi*, there are also said to be some good paintings; and the edifice must be of some antiquity, since here the celebrated Navigator who has given his name to the world which Columbus discovered, lies buried beneath a flat stone, bearing this simple inscription:*

‘AMERIGO VESPUCCIO
POSTERIS ET SUIS.
1472.’

San Miniato, on the hill without the walls, is deserving of notice as a specimen of early architecture. It was begun in 1013, and is incrustated externally, like the *Duomo*, with marble and magnesian serpentine (*verde di Prato*). The interior consists of a nave and side aisles, separated by round arches resting on Corinthian columns. At the eastern end, is an elevated *presbyterio* or chancel. There is some mosaic of the middle ages, resembling that of St. Mark's at Venice. Behind the altar are five windows closed with thin slabs of *pavonazzo* marble, which admit a yellowish light. The pavement of one of the chapels is composed of antique red porphyry and the antique green serpentine of the statuary, such as may be

* Pennington, vol. i. pp. 283—5. Bell, p. 239.

seen on the shrine of Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, which must be of about the same date, and is probably the work of Italian artists of the same school.*

From the ecclesiastical architecture, we now turn to the civil and 'palatial,' which, in Florence, has a character quite its own, grand and gloomy beyond that of all other Italian cities, and running into what Forsyth terms 'harsh and exaggerated strength.' 'Were these singular buildings,' remarks Mr. Bell, 'displayed by greater breadth of street, the vast and magnificent character of the Tuscan style would then be seen. To this hour, Florence bears the aspect of a city filled with nobles and their domestics,—a city of bridges, churches, and palaces. Every building has a superb and architectural form. The streets are short, narrow, and angular, and each angle presents an architectural view, fit to be drawn for a scene in a theatre. Each house is a palace; and a palace, in Florence, is a magnificent pile, of a square and bulky form, with a plain front, extending from two to three hundred feet, built of huge dark-grey stones, each measuring three or four feet. A coarse rubble work rises in a solid form to 20 or 30 feet in height. A great grooved stone, or stylobate, sets off the building from the street, forming a seat which runs the whole length of the front: this, in feudal times, was occupied by the dependents of the family, who there loitering in the sultry hours of the day, lay asleep under the shelter of the broad, deep cornice which, projecting from the roof, threw a wide shade below.

* Cadell, vol. i. pp. 161, 2.

The immense stones of this coarse front bear huge iron rings in capacious circles, in which sometimes were planted the banners of the family; at other times they were filled with enormous torches, which, in seasons of rejoicing, burned and glared, throwing a lengthened mass of light along the walls. Not unfrequently, merchandise was displayed, drawn through these rings; and sometimes also, they served for tying up the horses of the guests.

‘The first range of windows, which are ten feet from the ground, are grated and barred with massive frames of iron, resembling those of a prison, and producing an effect singularly sombre and melancholy. The front has, on the second floor, (styled *piano nobile*,) a plain and simple architrave. The windows are high and arched, placed at a considerable distance from each other, and are ten or fifteen in number, according to the extent of the front. They were often so high from the floor within, that, in turbulent times, when the house itself was a fortress, the besieged, leaping up three or four steps to the window, could from thence view and annoy the enemy. The third story is like the second in plainness, and in the size of the windows. The roof is of a flat form, with a deep cornice and bold projected soffits, which gives a grand, square, and magnificent effect to the whole edifice. The chimneys are grouped into stacks, the tops of which, increasing in bulk as they rise in height, resemble a crown: the slates with which they are constructed, are placed in such a manner as to produce the effect of ventilation, having a plited form, resembling the fan.

heads o. the inside of a mushroom.* This gives a rich and finished aspect to the most trivial or most undignified part of the building. Immense leaden spouts, that project three or four feet, collect the waters, which, in the great rains of these countries, fall with extreme violence, descending with the rush and noise of torrents from the roof.

‘ Two or three long, flat steps lead to the porch of the palace; and the entrance is by a high-arched, massive iron gate, the doors of which are cross-barred, studded with iron and bronze nails, and the ornaments of the panels are richly covered and embossed. The effect of these gates is very splendid. They open into a *cortile* (or court) the base of which is encircled with a high arched colonnade, supported by marble columns. Beautiful gardens often adjoin the palace, and through a corresponding gate or iron-railings, the eye rests on the luxuriant verdure of rich foliage. It was under these arcades, shaded from the noon-tide, and cooled by the waters of the fountain occupying the centre of the court, that the rich merchandise of the East, the silks, and shawls, and fine linen, and all the valuable manufactures of Tuscany, lay spread out, as in a

* ‘ In Italy, more variety and taste are occasionally displayed in the chimneys, than in the buildings to which they belong. These chimneys are as peculiar and characteristic as palm-trees in a tropical climate, and impress us strongly with the idea of distance from home . . . In Calabria and other parts of Italy, and in the Ionian Islands, we were very forcibly struck with the consequence which the beauty of the chimneys imparted to the character of the whole building’.—Williams, vol. i. p. 74.

place of exchange ; while, under vast, arched, and vaulted chambers, was stored the wealth which was there brought for sale.

‘ Entering from this court, a great stair-case leads to a suite of noble chambers, halls, and saloons, hung with silks, and richly adorned. The lofty ceilings are finely painted ; the beams are always displayed, but are carved, ornamented, and gilded, so as to form a splendid part of the whole. The arcades of the court support the galleries, which, in former times, were generally filled with fine paintings, statues, vases, and precious relics of antiquity.

‘ In such palaces, the rulers, the magistrate, the noble, and the merchant, dined, surrounded by their family and adherents. The manner of the times bore a character of manly simplicity, which singularly contrasted with the splendour of the rich possessions, and the importance of their political sway among nations. Their guests were seated, not by rule, rank, or birth, but in the order in which they happened to arrive. At the board of Lorenzo the Magnificent, whose court was adorned by the most distinguished men of the age, as well in letters and science as in rank, Michael Angelo and other celebrated artists were often seated next to himself. Nor did these habits lessen the respect or deference of the dependents, as we may judge by the picture given by Cellini and other writers of those days. From this combination of princely power and pristine simplicity, inducing that familiar intercourse of lord and dependents, of rich and poor, arose those friendly greetings, those salutations

in the streets, which to this day excite the admiration of strangers. Such were the palaces of the Medici, the Ricardi, and the Strozzi; but they are now gloomy and silent; their chambers no longer are filled with the elegant works of art, paintings, statues, and rich ornaments; the magnificence which marked the splendour of their name and state, is no more seen, nor is the ear arrested by the merry sound of voices, or of people hurrying in the noisy, busy throng of a commercial bustle. Her palaces are solitary; a sabbath-like silence reigns in the streets; and the princes and merchants, the proud, the generous, the noble Florentines, who gave aid to kings, and succoured popes, are now a poor, subdued, submissive race.*

The *Palazzo Riccardi*, above referred to, was erected after a design of Michelozzo, in the year 1431, by Cosmo, styled *Pater Patriæ*, and was the residence of the Medici till the year 1450, when it was abandoned for the *Palazzo Vecchio*. In 1659, it was purchased by the *Marchese Riccardi*, by whom it was considerably enlarged. Mr. Woods considers it as, on the whole, the best example of the true Florentine style; and Mr. Williams pronounces it by much the finest building in Florence. The front presents a line of 660 feet. In the original architecture, the base or first stage of the edifice, rising to 30 feet, presented one unbroken space, entire as a Cyclopiian wall, varied only by the projection of the vast and rudely chiseled stones of which it

* Bell, pp. 160—165.

was composed. It assumed its present form at a later period, being opened with large doorways and square windows by Michael Angelo. It is of the Doric order, with a narrow rude cornice, which well assimilates with the massiveness of the whole. The second stage, or *piano nobile*, is of a more polished rustic, and exhibits a range of seventeen large arched windows, each divided by a mullion into two parts, which are also arched. This story has also its cornice. The upper story is like the principal, except in height, and is crowned with an enormous cornice, occupying about one tenth of the whole elevation, and giving character and grandeur to this noble edifice.

Within this palace, however, there reigns a melancholy gloom. The chapel is dark and dismal to the last degree: without a torch, it would be impossible to see the walls. 'By the light of a taper,' says Mr. Williams, 'we examined the fresco paintings by Benozzo Gozzoli, representing the Visit of the Magi. They are very ancient, and, notwithstanding the formality of many of the figures, and the want of nature in the back-ground, they have considerable merit. The figures are like nothing of the present day, yet, they seem to be copied wholly from nature. The variety is endless and amusing, offering much to admire and little to condemn. The roof of the gallery is painted by Luca Giordano, and represents the course of human life. His light, sketchy style is well adapted to this department of art. The marbles in the Ricardi palace are, in general, but indifferent. A few, however, are good; par-

ticularly two basso-relievoes in small square frames. The two dancing figures may be of Greek workmanship, but certainly not of the highest kind. The basso-relievo of the Centaur is the best.*

The *Strozzi* palace is more generally admired than the *Riccardi*, on account of the greater beauty and finish of its subordinate parts, and from the absence of what has been considered as a defect in the *Riccardi*, the want of correspondence in the openings of the lower story to the upper ones. It is in like manner an edifice of three stories, bearing the gradations in the rustic, similar to those of the Grecian style; namely, strong and coarse rustic work below, finer in the second story, polished in the third, and the whole surmounted with an enormous cornice, nearly eight inches in height, which is highly admired both for its proportions and its execution. Mr. Woods, however, thought it too large even for the gigantic building which it crowns, and too highly finished for the massive rudeness of the lower parts.†

The *Palazzo Vecchio* cannot boast of much architectural beauty; but its imposing bulk and gloomy grandeur, with the noble antique tower, render it a striking and picturesque feature of the *Piazza Pubblica*. It was built in 1298, by Arnolfo Lapo, for the double purpose of a residence for the presiding magistrates, and a place of public assembly. The irregularity of the plan, which is not the fault of the architect, affords a

* Williams, vol. i. pp. 173. 4.—The *Riccardi Library* (now the ducal) is said to be very valuable.

† Mr. Forsyth describes this palace as unfinished, wanting ‘half its entablature.’

curious evidence of the violence of party spirit, since it arose from the determination of the ruling faction not to make use of any ground that had belonged to a Ghibelline. In order to clear a sufficient space for this great building, it would have been necessary to take down the habitations of the *Ubi*, attached to that faction; but the architect could not prevail with the people to suffer any portion of the national palace to occupy the site: at the same time, their predilection in favour of the antique tower of the *Tirabosche della Vacha*, led them to insist on its being incorporated in the building. Close by its entrance is a fountain surrounded with gigantic figures in marble; and on the other side is the famous *Loggia of Orcagna*.*

The entrance to the palace is through a superb, but gloomy court, of an oblong form; supported on eight massive columns, with plain but varied capitals, which were substituted, in 1798, for those originally planted by Arnolfo. Two *termini* of marble, by Bandinelli, are at the entrance of the court, which is adorned with a number of colossal statues. One of the best is a Hercules slaying Cacus, by Rossi, a pupil of Bandinelli. A gloomy staircase leads up to the great hall, an apartment of magnificent dimensions, and well proportioned, with richly painted walls, and lined with marble statues. A *dais*, or raised floor, runs along the whole width of the room, occupying about a sixth part of it the hall which it over-

* Evelyn mentions, as standing near the *Palazzo Vecchio*, 'a pendant tower like that at Pisa, always threatening ruin.'

looks, is about 150 feet by 60, with a magnificent height. The frescoes on the walls, by Vasari, have a showy effect, but will not bear examination as to accuracy of either composition or design. The ceiling is painted in oil, by the same artist: the colouring is good, and the whole effect rich, from the gilding of the frames, beams, and joists. The statues ranged along the walls are all of tolerable workmanship, and, at a distance, have a grand and striking appearance. Opposite to the entrance, on the raised floor, is a groupe by Bandinelli,—Pope Clement VII. crowning Charles V. Another groupe by the same artist, at the end of the hall, represents Leo X. supported by Pietro and Alessandro de' Medici: the figures are pronounced by Mr. Bell to be clumsy, heavy, and ungraceful. Two statues in the costume of Roman generals, by V. Rossi, a pupil of Bandinelli, represent Cosmo *Pater Patriæ*, and Cosmo the first Grand Duke of Florence. The Labours of Hercules are executed by an artist of the same family. A groupe personifying Victory, by Michael Angelo, though not equal to his later productions, and unfinished, has many points of excellence. There are four Grecian statues, 'good, but not excellent; and a gigantic Adam and Eve, by Bandinelli, in which the Sculptor has given full scope to his passion for the colossal. Upon the whole, these masses of marble give a princely splendour to the hall, and possess considerable interest, as proofs of the munificence of the Medici, and as offering specimens of the school of art in which Michael Angelo was a pupil.*

* Bell, pp. 177—184.

The *Loggia dei Lanzi*, which occupies one angle of the Public Square, built by Orcagna in 1356, was designed as a covered place in which the people might meet in common-hall. Mr. Bell describes the architecture as a superb combination of Greek and Gothic. The massive shafts, 35 feet in height, and composed of clustered pilasters, rise from a curved base embellished with a lion *sejant*, the arms of the Republic, and terminate in a rich capital resembling the Corinthian. From these spring the vaultings of the roof, which is composed of half circles; and above the arches, which are semicircular, a rich frieze and projecting cornice of elegant proportions, give a fine square form to the whole structure. Between the arches are sculptured, in *alto relievo*, the seven Cardinal and Christian Virtues. Statues also line and fill the plinth from which the columns rise. Two shaggy lions in white marble, antiques brought from Rome in 1788, stand guard at the entrance of the porch; and lining the walls of the arcade are six statues, also antiques, representing Sabine priestesses, of a colossal size, and magnificent in attitude and drapery. In front, under each arch of the colonnade, are placed three separate groupes, by masters of the thirteenth century. The first is the Rape of the Sabine, by John of Bologna; a very spirited groupe of three figures, said to be the last he ever executed. A young man, whose figure is in the finest proportions, and full of manly vigour, holds high in his arms a beautiful female whom he has snatched from the grasp of her father, a feeble old man. When beheld in a front view, the groupe is very fine; but, viewed at a distance, Mr. Bell

remarks, the figures are seen rising perpendicularly one above the other, in a manner that too much reminds you of an exhibition of strength in a circus.* Mr. Williams says: 'The groupe is easy and masterly, and charms the eye from every point of view.' The second groupe is the Perseus of Benvenuto Cellini, one of the most admirable productions of modern art, in bronze. The hero is represented as having just cut off the head of Medusa, which he holds up with his left hand in triumph, while one foot is planted on the mangled body of the sorceress. The posture is fine; the anatomy well expressed, without affectation or extravagance; and the whole is executed with such elegance and beauty of proportion, that, although it is full seven feet high, it has the effect of a light, youthful figure not exceeding the usual size. The critic, however, will detect some unpleasing peculiarities. Seen from behind, the back is too long, and the figure unpleasing; the head and body of Medusa are represented streaming with gore, with a revolting exaggeration; and the mangled corpse is uncouthly bundled up on a cushion, below the feet of Perseus, to suit the pedestal. Like most of the groupes in Florence, it appears to the best advantage in front. The third groupe is Judith and Holofernes, by Donatello, which Mr. Bell pronounces to be a complete failure, without spirit, science, or grandeur.

The Piazza itself is crowded with statues. Am-

* The original idea of the Artist is said to have been, to describe the three periods of human existence, youth, manhood, and old age; but he was persuaded to change his intention. A bas-relief on the base, finely executed, explains the subject, and tells the tale.

manati's Neptune, who presides over the fountain, a tame, bulky figure, nearly 18 feet high, is no ornament to it. Before the gate of the *Palazzo Vecchio*, two 'bulky, ill-formed, tame, upright figures,' in white marble, represent Hercules and David; the latter, a juvenile work of Michael Angelo, the former by Donatello. The site of the houses of the *Ubatì* is occupied by a superb equestrian statue of the Grand Duke Cosmo I., by John of Bologna, which draws from Mr. Bell unqualified praise: the horse is exquisitely modelled, and bears to be viewed from every direction. In general, this great Sculptor has apparently given his attention chiefly to the front view. This is the case with his Hercules and Centaur, near the end of the *Ponte Vecchio*, which was considered by himself as one of his best works. The action of both figures, Mr. Williams remarks, is full of energy and expression, and the composition in general judicious; but, viewed from behind, the Centaur has a miserable appearance.*

The *Palazzo Pitti*, now styled *Palazzo Reale*, being the residence of the Grand Duke, is of a scarcely less massive construction than the *Palazzo Vecchio*, and is said to have been built by Luca Pitti, with the ambitious design of outshining the Medici, the objects of his rivalry. The architect was Brunelleschi. Mr. Bell describes it, however, as externally a vast, rude, shapeless pile, possessing no beauty of proportion, nor distinguished by any peculiarity of character. The rustic, which gives strength and colour to a basement, is, in this

* Williams, vol. i. pp. 80—85. Bell, pp. 217—224.

building, carried over the whole front; and the only relief of the heavy mass, is a gallery of coarse architecture, which runs along the principal floor. Nor is the third story even relieved by the bold cornice which gives character to so many of the Florentine mansions. The *cortile*, gracefully branching out from each side of the palace, was erected at a later period by Ammannati. It is an attempt to graft the Roman orders on the bold and irregular rustics of the Florentine architecture. It has three orders of pilasters, Ionic, Doric, and Composite, banded with rustics of the rudest appearance, and half buried in them. This treatment of the columns is stigmatised as a wretched invention: otherwise, the proportions and general forms are noble and elegant.

This palace contains the most select collection of pictures in Florence, those taken by the French (sixty-three in number) having been all restored. They are hung in gorgeous frames, on dark green and crimson velvet grounds. The ceilings of the apartments are painted in fresco by Pietro da Cortona and his pupils; there are also some good statues,—among them the far-famed Venus of Canova; and the *toute ensemble* presents a splendid and princely spectacle. Among the pictures selected by Mr. Williams for notice, are, Buildings and Shipping, by Salvator Rosa,—one of his best landscapes, and a companion piece by the same master; two very fine landscapes by Rubens; an exquisite female portrait, by Titian; and a superlatively masterly portrait of an Aged Man, by Rembrandt; all in the first room. In the second, Cardinal Hippolito de' Medici, in a Hungarian dress, a superb half-length portrait, by Titian;

Paul III., by the same ; and the Descent from the Cross, by Cigoli,—the finest production of this master in Florence, and worthy of Raffael or Correggio. In the third, Raffael's famous *Madonna della Seggiola*, the object of universal admiration ; (yet, in the opinion of our critic, there are better pictures by Raffael in Florence ;) St. Mark, by Fra. Bartolommeo,—strikingly grand ; a Holy Family, by Julio Romano,—a beautiful composition ; Rubens and his brother, with the two philosophers Lipsius and Grotius,—all the distinguishing excellencies of Rubens are displayed in this magnificent picture ; Cardinal Bentivoglio, by Vandyke ; St. Peter, by Carlo Dolci,—excellent only in colouring ; and Judith, by Allori. In the fourth room, Cleopatra, by Guido ; the Nurse of Lorenzo de' Medici, by Moroni ; and two Holy Families, by Titian and Rubens. In the fifth room, a Holy Family, by Carlo Dolci,—exquisitely pencilled, but ' spotty ' and defective in composition ; the Madonna enthroned, (called the *Baldacchino*,)—one of the most splendid and powerful paintings of Raffael ; the Martyrdom of St. Agatha, by Sebastian del Piombo,—revolting in subject, though light and rich in colouring ; Dance of Apollo and the Muses, by Julio Romano,—full of spirit and taste, and exquisitely drawn. In the large room, a Head of Our Saviour, by Titian ; Christ in the Garden, by Bassano,—one of his very best works ; Calvin, Luther, and his Wife, by Giorgione ; and a number of admirable productions by Titian, Cigoli, Perugino, Guido, and the Caracci. In the small room adjoining, Leo. X., with the two Cardinals, Medici and de Rossi,—

by Raffael, one of the finest pictures in the world; the *Madonna dell' Impannata*, another of Raffael's *chef-d'œuvres*, distinguished by its richness of colouring; the Fates,—one of the three pictures in oil by Michael Angelo; (Mr. Williams, however, questions its being really his production, characterising it as a clever, sketchy performance, and the fiendish expression of the three skinny witches is extremely revolting;) Venus with flowing hair, Titian; and a half-length, perfect in colouring and pencilling, by Domenichino.*

The gardens attached to this palace (open to the public on Sundays and Thursdays) are laid out in regular walks, partly on the slope of a hill; numerous statues grace the avenues and verdant alleys, and refreshing fountains delight the eye; while the cypresses and shrubby trees beautifully combine with the various delightful views of Florence. Altogether, they form one of the most delicious promenades in the world.

The other palaces which deserve notice for their architecture, are, the *Palazzo Pandolfini*, praised by Mr. Williams for its simple and grand front and beautiful entrance, though dirty and wretched within; the *Quaratesi* palace, exhibiting, in a front 100 feet in length, 'a fine specimen of the composite Tuscan, combined with a well-assimilated portion of the Grecian character;' the *Pa-*

* Williams, vol. i. pp. 154—167. Other paintings in this noble collection will be found enumerated by Mrs. Starke, whose marks of exclamation, double, treble, and quadruple, are in general tolerably well placed. One picture, however, is unnoticed either in her catalogue or by Mr. Williams, upon which Mr. Galiffe dwells in terms of rapture,—the '*Dispute on the Law*,' by Andrea del Sarto.

lazzo Fossambroni (in *Cante Dei Pazzi*),—‘ a conspicuous specimen of the alliance of the Greek and the Tuscan in a lofty and magnificent façade ;’ the *Palazzo Saristini*, facing *Santa Croce*,—‘ one of the most elegant palaces in Florence ;’ the *Palazzo Ironi*, its main gate 30 feet in height, and its great galleries surmounted with rich architecture ; the *Palazzo Uconni* (*Uguccioni*?) a ‘ beautiful specimen of improved Tuscan ;’ and the *Palazzo Paolo Medici*, an elegant building, of modern architecture.*

The *Mozzi*, *Gerini*, and *Corsini* Palaces present some attractions to the artist and amateur. In the first of these, there is an Adoration of the Magi, by Carlo Dolci, exquisitely painted in parts ; also, the Mount of Olives, by Guido, beautifully painted ; a Boy’s Head, by Correggio,—‘ a little gem ;’ a Head, in fresco, by Michael Angelo, ‘ very grand ;’ St. Lucia, by Guercino,—‘ a captivating little picture, from the delicacy, beauty, and finishing ;’ some very spirited, sketchy pictures by Borgonone ; several paintings by Salvator Rosa, slight and careless ; a Portrait, by Paul Veronese ; and one of the best productions of Benvenuti, Saxons swearing fidelity to Napoleon by moonlight. In the Gerini collection, very few are fine ; and those in the Corsini palace are but second-rate, except a Female Head by Carlo Dolci.†

* We take these brief descriptions from Mr. Bell, pp. 214—216 : they are not very distinct or scientific, but will probably be acceptable to any one visiting the city. The *Palazzo Uconni* is, we presume, the one mentioned by Mrs. Starke under the name of *Uguccioni*, as built from a design of Michael Angelo.

† Williams. vol. i. pp. 168—172.

In the *Palazzo Buonarrotti*, the residence of Michael Angelo, some of his sketches are still preserved.

But these minor collections (which we notice the more particularly because they are in danger of being overlooked) shrink into insignificance, all except those of the Pitti Palace, in comparison with the Royal Gallery or Museum. Of this it has been remarked, that 'to have even a superficial glance of the superb collection, would require several days; and to give a just idea of it, as many volumes.' It is, in fact, the central point of attraction to all strangers, and furnishes the most powerful inducement to select this city as a residence. At Rome, the antiquities draw us from the Galleries of the Vatican and of the Capitol; and at Naples, nature is too lavish of her beauty to permit us to pass much time within the walls of the *Studii*; but at Florence, there exists no object of interest equal to the Gallery. Seen after Rome, Florence loses much in the estimation of the architect and the antiquary. Even the scenery of Tuscany will bear no comparison with the finer parts of the Roman Apennines; and the remains of Tusculum alone are more considerable than all that is to be seen of ancient architecture in the neighbourhood of Florence. The appearance of the city itself, confessedly fine and picturesque as it is, is divested of half its attraction, when compared with the varied magnificence of Rome.*

* Mr. Woods expresses a feeling in which many travellers appear to have participated, when he says: 'We never feel the value of Rome so strongly as in returning to what we admired before.' The Tuscan dialect sounds harshly, too, after the soft cadence of the Roman pronunciation.

‘ Nothing,’ remarks Mr. Woods, ‘ holds its importance, except the collections of the public Gallery and of the Pitti palace.’ And that these endure the comparison, and enable Florence to vie, as a school of art, with Rome itself, is perhaps the highest panegyric that can be pronounced upon them.

In one respect, however, it would seem that fair Florence must appear still fairer to a traveller returning from the Papal and Neapolitan States, where the wretched condition of the people, and the still deeper depravation of manners, are a perpetual source of pain and disgust. In contrast with these, the sights and sounds of cheerful industry, the smiling faces and decent attire of the Tuscan peasantry, their comparative cleanliness, the comfortable habitations, and gay and social habits of the Florentines, make Tuscany appear ‘ a paradise.’

The Florentine Museum was commenced by the Medici family, before they obtained the sovereignty of Tuscany. It occupies the upper floor of the *Ufizi*, a building erected after a design of Vasari, by Cosmo I., and consists of two long corridors, 430 feet in length, united, at the further end, by a third gallery, 97 feet in length, with saloons opening from the corridors on each side. These galleries themselves present a very interesting series of pictures, illustrative of the progress of the art; beginning with ‘ the stiff and gilded manner’ of the Greek artists of the ninth and tenth centuries, which resembles japan-work, and exhibiting the first attempts at composition and colour in the

early Tuscan masters.* There are also numerous portraits of illustrious Florentines, and specimens of both ancient and modern sculpture.† But the more choice and precious specimens of art are in the saloons, sixteen in number, exclusive of the vestibule, in which are ranged ten busts of the princes of the house of Medici, the Founders of the Gallery, and some other marbles. The Tribune is the *cella* of the temple, where the supreme idol of Art,

—— ‘ The Goddess loves in stone, and fills
The air around with beauty.’

Four other *chefs d'œuvre* of sculpture have been thought worthy of a place in the same apartment; the Medicean Apollo, called *Apollino*; the Danc-

* ‘ The first things which strike you in the Gallery itself, are some glaring Madonnas, painted on wood by Greek artists in the tenth and eleventh centuries. These pictures are uniform . . . They present all the meagreness, the angular and distinct contours, the straight, stiff parallelism of attitude, the vacant yet pretty little features, which are common to the productions of unenlightened art; and are more or less perceptible in the Egyptian idol, the Gothic statue, the Indian screen, and the Chinese jar.’—Forsyth, vol. i. p. 47.

† ‘ The paintings of this Gallery run strangely into series; —a series of Florentine portraits, classed on the ceiling in compartments of the same form; a series of 350 illustrious foreigners, running on the same level in frames of the same size; a series of 350 painters, crowded into the same apartment; a series of the Arts; a series of the Elements; all exact to the same dimensions. Such uniformity betrays the furnishing taste of a tradesman . . . The series of imperial statues and busts is the most valuable of all, as they shew the iconography, and the state of sculpture, from Julius Cæsar down to Constantine.’—Forsyth, vol. i. p. 48.

ing (or, according to Mr. Bell, drunken) Fawn the *Luttatori* or Wrestlers; and the *Arrotino* called also the Knife-grinder and the Listening Slave.

With regard to 'the statue that enchants the world,' our noble Poet has warned us against attempting 'to describe the indescribable.' The Venus, it has been said, *must* be faultless; else now could she have reigned so long over every heart? But, in order to be understood or felt, it must be seen. Casts, we are told, give no idea of its matchless perfections. Addison says: 'The softness of the flesh, the delicacy of the shape, air, and posture, and the correctness of design in this statue, are inexpressible.' Mr. Bell, viewing the statue with the precision of an anatomist, pronounces it 'exquisite in all its forms and proportions, in symmetry, in slender, round, finely tapered limbs, in the knitting of the bones,—all perfect.' 'How exquisite,' he adds, 'must it have been in its original state! But this must now be left to the imagination, for it is much injured by the restored parts. There is an affectation in the manner of the restored hands, more especially in the curve of the right hand and arm, that is most displeasing; yet, the whole work, as it presents itself, is most beautiful.'

Upon such a work, the cant of connoisseurship is insufferable; but it may not be unpardonable to attempt to analyse the intoxication of feeling which this personification of Beauty produces. Lord Byron tells us, that the view of the Medicean Venus instantly suggests the Musidora of Thomson,—an admission (although apparently not meant as such) which

seems to justify the remark of Mr. Simond, that 'consciousness of sex seems to be the sole distinguishing character of expression which ancient and modern artists, from Praxiteles to Canova, have ever thought of giving to the Goddess.' Mr. Matthews, indeed, attributes to this statue 'a beauty like that of angels, who are of no sex,' and an expression of purity and elevation above all human feelings and affections. In contrast with Titian's Venus, immediately behind the statue, 'the houri of a Mohamedan paradise,' the statue may seem to partake less of the attributes of the Goddess of pleasure, than of our great Poet's conception of 'Eve,

Undecked, save with herself.'

Yet, the attitude of the Venus must be allowed to betray the consciousness of being unclothed; and this sense of modesty, if not of timidity, is an element in the personification of sexual beauty, which, though wholly inappropriate to the fabled Goddess, enhances its effect on the imagination.* If the Eve of Milton could be realised in marble, she would appear to feel clothed, but she would waken less sympathy, and therefore command less admiration. 'Does the Venus want expression?' Mr. Williams ventures to propose as a query; adding, 'I am afraid to speak.' The proper answer would

* Mr. Bell, comparing the Medicean Venus with that of Canova, remarks, that the former 'displays in her whole deportment, a mild repose, a tranquil dignity, that leads the mind to forget her situation.' In Canova's Venus, the consciousness of sex is heightened into the expression of a 'captivating timidity,' which the Grecian statue does not betray. This is the chief difference.

be, perhaps, that it is all expression,—one homogeneous expression of sexual beauty; and that the absence of all other expression, intellectual or super-human, contributes to its charm.

This matchless production was discovered in the Villa Hadriana in Tivoli, in the sixteenth century, broken into thirteen pieces. The restorations are by a Florentine sculptor. It was brought to Florence in the year 1689. It measures in stature only 4 feet 11 inches, and is said to bear evident traces of having been formerly gilt. The name of Cleomenes, inscribed on the pedestal, is generally considered to be of no authority.

The *Apollino* is another specimen of Grecian art, admirable for the ease of the attitude and the gracefulness of the form: the expression of the head is thought to approach too nearly to feminine beauty. The Dancing Fawn is a restoration by Michael Angelo, who has given, Mr. Bell thinks, ‘too fresh and full a face for the shrunk, meagre, and dried up body.’ That great master, he ventures to maintain, has ‘evidently mistaken the design, which is assuredly that of a drunken old fawn, balancing with inebriety, rather than dancing with glee. The limbs are all in a strained and staggering attitude; and the action arises, not from the exertion of dancing, but from the loss of balance, and a desire to preserve it. The whole body inclines forward in a reeling posture; and there must have been a proportioned bend backwards of the head, to counterbalance the inclination of the trunk.’* The *torso* is, he remarks, the finest

* Bell, pp. 282—4. The whole criticism is deserving of attention, as coming from so competent a judge of ana-

that can be imagined ; and he goes even so far as to style it ‘ perhaps the most exquisite piece of art of all that remains of the ancients.’ The Wrestlers are a beautiful little groupe,—too much under size, and the heads are inexpressive, nor is any part in high action ; but the forms are very pleasing and exquisitely finished. The Knife-grinder receives from Mr. Bell the highest praise for its truth to nature, and its singularly just and effective posture and composition. ‘ The figure is neither leaning nor resting, but is yet full of nature, the attitude being evidently that of a momentary action. The bony, square form, the strength of the neck, the squalid countenance, the short, neglected hair, all admirably express the character of a slave, still more plainly written on his coarse, hard hands and wrinkled brow ; yet, it is a slave presented with all the fine, broad expressions of nature, bearing the striking features of strength and labour.’* As to the real design of the sculptor, respecting which much controversy has been thrown away, it seems strange, Lord Byron remarks, that any doubt should exist, ‘ at least in the mind of any one who has seen a sarcophagus in the vestibule of the Basilica of St. Paul’s at Rome, where the whole groupe of the fable of Marsyas is seen in tolerable preservation ; and the Scythian slave whetting the knife, is represented exactly in the same position as this celebrated master-piece.’

tomical expression. Mr. Williams remarks, that there is ‘ a little cast of inebriety in the air of the statue.’

* Bell, p. 285. The minute faults to be detected in the anatomy, have not escaped this acute critic ; but for these, we must refer the reader to his volume.

The paintings in the Tribune are all valuable, including six by Raffael, characteristic of his first, second, and third manner. Among the latter is his Pope Julius II., esteemed one of the finest portraits in the world; but, of three supposed originals, it is questionable which is the genuine one, or rather the first painted. His *Fornarina* is a fascinating picture, shewing the most perfect knowledge of the mechanism of the art; and his John the Baptist is admirable in expression and manner. Da Vinci's Herodias is pronounced by Mr. Williams to be, in point of delicacy of finishing, 'absolutely marvellous;' but the disgusting nature of the subject is not compensated by the exquisite beauty of the female head. The Repose, or Flight into Egypt, by Correggio; a groupe of the Madonna, angels, and other figures, by Andrea del Sarto; and a Holy Family by Parmegiano (a singular example of mannerism and beauty); are among the other favourite productions in this saloon. But altogether, the collection must be regarded as including fewer master-pieces than the *Palazzo Pitti*, or the Institute at Bologna.

Into the other saloons we must not enter. Separate cabinets are assigned to the painters of the Tuscan, the Lombard, the Venetian, the Flemish, the Dutch, and the French schools. One is devoted to antique bronzes; another to modern bronzes; a third to Etruscan vases, lamps, &c. in *terra cotta*; a fourth to Egyptian antiquities; a fifth to inscribed marbles and busts. Among the ancient bronzes are numbers of Etruscan idols and *penates*, with their implements of worship; some very rude, and some wrapped in swathing-clothes,

leading us back to the very cradle of ancient art. One saloon is named from the exquisite, yet unpleasing statue called the Hermaphrodite; and another from the famous groupe of Niobe and her Daughters, which is supposed to have been designed for the tympanum of a temple.* Placed as they now are in a circle, each on a separate pedestal, all illusion of design and composition is destroyed, while, individually, many of them will not bear the test of separate examination; but, properly disposed, they would constitute, Mr. Bell thinks, 'the finest and most powerful groupe in the world.'

Under the same roof with the Royal Gallery is the Magliabecchian Library, the great repository of printed books, and the seat of the Florentine Academy; a name in which the Della Crusca and two others are now lost. The number of books is estimated at 130,000, including 11,000 manuscripts. Another of the splendid collection made by the Medici, is the *Bibliotheca Mediceo-Laurentiana*, which consists chiefly of manuscripts. The building in which they are contained, forms one side of the court of the monastery of San Lorenzo, and was erected from the design of Michael Angelo. The manuscripts are for the most part chained to the desks. The earliest

* This opinion, first suggested by the late Mr. Cockerell, and generally adopted, is called in question by Mr. Williams, whose objections appear to be of some weight. See his criticism on this groupe, *Travels*, vol. i. pp. 115—121. In the same chapter will be found brief but judicious remarks on some of the best pictures, bronzes, and statues of this magnificent collection. See also for some valuable remarks on the Niobe and other statues, Bell, pp. 268—276; 288—295.

works that now remain here, of an ascertained date, are some Greek and Latin classics of the eleventh century.* The Ducal Library is said to contain 80,000 volumes; and another library open to the public, called the Marucellian, 50,000.

Near the *Palazzo Pitti*, is a building appropriated to the Museum of Natural History and Anatomy, to which are attached an observatory and Botanic Garden. The splendid collections in the Museum, were founded by the Grand Duke Leopold. The anatomical preparations in wax and wood, which occupy fifteen rooms, are the most extraordinary collection in existence. There is another observatory in the *Scuole Pie*, in the College of *San Giovannino*. These schools form an important establishment, comprising six grammar-schools, one of writing, and two of arithmetic; besides which, lectures are given on geometry, and the higher branches of mathematics, mechanics, astronomy, natural philosophy, and rhetoric and the belles lettres.† The number of pupils is between 800 and 900. There are three Lancasterian schools at Florence: two are supported by a society, and the third at the expense of the Conte Bardi. All of them have fallen off considerably in their numbers, Mr. Woods says, since their first establishment; which does not speak

* The most remarkable manuscript was, a Virgil in Roman capitals, on vellum, supposed to have been written in the reign of Valens, with notes by the Consul T. R. Apronianus, written in the fifth century: but this celebrated treasure has disappeared. This library also possessed the manuscript of the Pandects, supposed to be of the age of Justinian. But this has been sent to Palermo for safety.—Forsyth, vol. i. p. 53.

† The text-book in the Belles Lettres is Blair.

much in praise of the intelligence of the lower classes in Florence.*

We ought to have noticed before, the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, founded by the Grand Duke Leopold in 1784; attached to which are schools for architecture and the mechanical arts. A noble apartment is fitted up with drawings, &c., for the use of students in the arts; and there is a gallery containing some sketches and paintings by the early masters, and a collection of plaster casts.† Here, the Florentine work in *pietre dure*, or inlaid work in agate, (called *lavor di commesso*,) is carried on.

Florence contains three theatres; the *Pergola*, or opera-house, the *Cocomero*, and the *Teatro Nuovo*. Among the other public edifices are three hospitals; *Sta. Maria Nuova*, containing 1200 beds, attached to which is a school of medicine, with a small botanic garden; *Spedale di Bonifazio*, which has detached apartments for lunatics; and the *Spedale degl' Innocenti*, or foundling-hospital. There is also an immense Poor-house, established by the French Government, and continued by the present Grand Duke: it is capable of lodging 3000 persons, and the inmates in a great measure maintain themselves by their labour. This institution has cleared the streets of the innumerable mendicants by whom it was formerly infested.

The *Palazzo del Podestà*, the ancient government-house, which was converted into a prison

* Woods, vol ii. p. 399.

† In this gallery, Mr. Cadell says, are the models, in *terra cotta*, of the Night and Aurora of Michael Angelo. We presume that they are copies, not the real models.

about the year 1300, and took the name of *Il Bargello*, deserves notice for the stern and gloomy grandeur of its architecture. It is one of the edifices of Arnolfo di Lapo, and was reared in the disorderly times of the Republic. Its ponderous tower, crowned with embrasures, frowns in sullen and proud defiance of the lapse of time. 'It is difficult now to retrace,' says Mr. Bell, 'in this dismal abode, the spacious chambers and splendid galleries which once made it a palace. You pass through a square court of an antique, gloomy cast: an arcade runs along the base, supported by short, thick columns, over which is a second range of the same coarse form, with capitals of a mixed order, the whole of a dark grey stone. On the gate are two lions (*sejant*), the supporters of the arms of Florence, while the walls of the court are covered with monumental stones, on which are inscribed the names of the nobles and citizens who held the office of *podestà*, captain, or judge. The arched and grooved ceilings, and the ranges of magnificent pillars which once adorned this ancient edifice, are now intersected by strong masonry, dividing the cells which are formed by perforations in these deep and everlasting walls.' A square aperture, three feet high, forms the entrance into each of these dim abodes. Grated openings, two feet square, admit light and air; and through the bars, the stranger may behold a range of grim faces, some pale with disease, others ferocious with despair. From stage to stage, as you ascend from one narrow staircase to another, you find the same kind of prison, and meet the same dismal spectacle of human beings confined here without any gra-

dation of punishment corresponding to their offence. There is no appearance of either system or effective superintendence ; and some unhappy culprits are believed to have perished from want.

This prison was once the scene of still deeper horrors. Here, in chambers connected by subterranean passages with *Santa Croce*, the dark tribunal of the Inquisition was held ; and in secret cells, now empty of tenants, may still be seen the frightful engines of cruelty, hung up, not in terror, but in triumph, Mr. Bell says, at the suppression of that atrocious institution.*

We have now described all the wonders of the city. For a further account of its bridges, gates, and columns, its *loggie* (exchanges), markets, and hotels, its promenades, festivals, races, and other spectacles, the reader must be referred to the local guide-books. All that can gratify the senses or the imagination, is here to be found. The climate of Florence can hardly be reckoned, however, among its recommendations as a constant residence, being subject to great extremes. In summer, the heat is sometimes intense.† The sun, reflected from the rocky sides of the mountains, beats with double force upon the city ; and the houses become so completely baked during the day, that they retain their warmth all night, so that the air, within the city, is like that from an oven. In winter, piercing winds sweep down from

* Bell, pp. 170, 177.

† At page 5 of our first volume, it has been stated, that the thermometer, in summer, often rises to 90°. Mr. Brockedon, however, informs me, that, in June 1822, he saw the thermometer at 107° in the shade, at 5 P.M.

the Apennines, and the weather is often bitterly cold, the ice being two or three inches thick.* Spring is the time of year in which to visit Florence; as it is, indeed, the season for Italy in general. 'An evening and night, in an Italian villa,' says Mr. Matthews, 'at this season of nightingales and moonlight, is a most delicious treat. There is something exquisitely pleasant in the voluptuous languor which the soft air of an Italian evening occasions. Night, of which we know little in England, but as it is connected with fire and candle, is now the most delightful period of the whole twenty-four hours; and there are no unwholesome dews, no sore-throat-bringing damps, to disturb your enjoyments with fear of to-morrow's consequences.'† Mr. Rose speaks of Florence as peculiarly salubrious; and says, it is almost the only place in Italy with which he is acquainted, where you may venture to sleep with an open chimney in your bed-room. In the middle of the day, all business is suspended, and the shops are shut,

* Mr. Matthews has this note, dated Nov. 27. 'Bitterly cold. A Siberian wind from the Apennines cuts one to the heart. This is no place for the winter.' Mr. Cadell states, that from January 1 to 20, 1818, the thermometer, on the outside of a window, stood at from 33° to 47° at 8 A.M.

† Matthews, p. 267. 'How,' adds this lively writer, 'could Shakspeare write as he has done, without having been in Italy? Some of his garden-scenes breathe the very life of reality. And yet, if he had been there, I think he would not have omitted all allusion to the fire-fly, that adds much to the charm of the scene. The whole garden is illuminated by myriads of these sparkling lights, sprinkled about with as much profusion as spangles on a lady's gown.'

during the hours allotted to the *siesta*. It is in the evening that the streets may be seen swarming with all classes. And now, 'the workman, having finished his daily task, instead of expending his little gains at the wine-house, equips himself with a good coat and a guitar,' (his 'mantle and lyre,') and sallies forth in the character of a rhapsodist or a gallant.* On Saturday night, more particularly, you meet with companies of serenaders in almost every street.

Mr. Galiffe witnessed an extraordinary spectacle, which he states to be an annual performance,—the burning of some myriads of flies, which ascend the Arno towards the end of July, or the beginning of August, and are immediately devoted to the flames. Great fires were lighted for the purpose on the two upper bridges, into which immense clouds of them rushed in rapid succession, and the ground was covered with their remains, all round the fires, to the depth of at least two inches. The operation seemed to inspire all the spectators with mirth.

The modern Florentines, if we may trust to the observations of our most intelligent travellers, are characteristically lively, good-humoured, and polite, ' proverbially mild,'† with a striking propen-

* Rose, vol. i. p. 201.

† Mr. Simond applies this character to the Tuscans generally: 'how far Leopold may be said to have made them or found them so,' he adds, 'I do not exactly know.' p. 106. It appears that Leopold 'wisely left his subjects some vent for their bad blood, and threw no obstacles in the way of boxing.' This is practised, under different forms, all over

sity towards every thing that is elegant, combined with much natural humour.* The extraordinary talents of their *improvvisatori* are remarkable, even in Italy, where the talent for extemporizing is common. With these qualities, they are said to unite a more than ordinary portion of personal, as well as national vanity. 'They are ostentatious,' says Mr. Galiffe, 'in trifles,' but officiously obliging; and 'their politeness, language, and manners, render them very agreeable to strangers.' He was much pleased too, he says, with the pious demeanour of the congregations in the churches, among whom may be seen many young men of between twenty and thirty years of age, with the most devout deportment; a circumstance not easily to be met with in France, where only women frequent the churches; and the appearance of devotion is rare in the churches of Italy.†

The Florentines are, indeed, 'in all things too superstitious,'—as credulous as they are devout, fond of miracles and ecclesiastical pantomime, and punctual observers of the etiquette of their church. 'The confessionals of Florence,' says Forsyth, 'though indulgent enough to vice, will never remit the three extreme points of religion, abstinence twice a-week, mass every Sunday, and communion at Easter.' This is, perhaps, 'the only capital that displays more religion than the provincial towns.'‡

Tuscany, but at Florence very unscientifically. Rose, vol. i. p. 239.

* Rose, vol. ii. p. 121. See page 227 of this volume.

† Galiffe, vol. ii. pp. 387; 398, 9. Forsyth, vol. ii. p. 153.

‡ There is a Swiss church in the *Via Maggio*, where the

This elegant Writer attributes a very general change in the exterior manners of the Tuscans, to the influence of the French, notwithstanding that they are still the objects of their secret abhorrence. Yet, the general character of the people, he represents as remaining the same. He bears testimony to their natural humanity, their private charities, their alacrity at the call of the *Misericordia* bell,* and their willing attendance on the sick. ‘The virtues, however, of the Florentines,’ he adds, ‘are all of the timid, passive, Christian kind. Though ready to relieve and toil for a friend, they will not face danger nor the displeasure of the great, to defend

service is in French and Italian. The English service is also performed at the house of the British ambassador.

* ‘The *Misericordia* is an institution diffused over Tuscany. At Florence, it consists of 400 men, chosen promiscuously from every rank, and classed into *fratelli*, *giornanti*, and *stracciafogli*. These philanthropists volunteer their services to the sick, the hurt, and the dead. On the toll of a bell, they repair to their chapel, where they conceal themselves in long black vestments which mask the whole head, and then set out with a covered litter, to convey the patients to the hospital of *S. Maria Nuova*. There you will find the first noblemen in Florence, with their aprons and ladles, following the soup which is wheeled along the wards, and dealing it out to the sick, as a check on the administration of the hospital. In the same lugubrious garb, they convey, in the evening, the corpses of the day to St. Catherine’s church, where all the dead are collected for the midnight cart, and sent to the common burying-ground at Trespiano. This benevolent society has never paused for the last 500 years, nor desisted from its fatal duties during several plagues. Constantine’s litter-men, or the *Decani* of Rome, may have suggested the idea of the *Misericordia*; but they served only for the dead, and they were paid by the State.’
—Forsyth, vol. ii. pp. 151, 2

him. Their sturdiness of spirit is vanished with the republic. Prone to revolution in that lusty period of independence and hardihood, they have exchanged the more turbulent virtues for meekness, long suffering, obedience, and every quality that can adorn a slave.* The change is, perhaps, in the character of the patricians, rather than in that of the docile, fickle people. The turbulence of former days arose from the contests of the nobles, or from the spirit of independence generated by wealth, among the princely merchants and goldsmiths of the Republic. In such a state of society, it is not sturdiness of spirit in the people, but subservience to their leaders, not independence of the great, but fidelity and passive obedience, that involves them in civil contests from which they gain nothing. It is very possible, therefore, that the character of the people was much the same in former days, as it is now. They are the Greeks of Italy.

One distinguishing trait of the national character of the Florentines, is, or has been, the originality of their genius. 'From the first appearance of this race on the great stage of Europe,' remarks Mr. Rose, 'down to their vulgarization under Leopold, whose system, though very happily calculated for a people situated as they were, naturally tended to the extinction of national character, we may remark this preponderating feature. It is, indeed, to be traced throughout, in their poets, their sculptors, and their architects. With

* Forsyth, vol. ii. pp. 147—153.

regard to letters, it may be observed, that where Florence was indebted for wealth to others, she made her own whatever she received, stamping it with her own national die, before she gave it currency among the nations. In short, every thing, even at present, bespeaks the former originality of character which distinguished this people, and is not yet utterly extinct. Their language has a genius of its own. The structure of their houses and their bridges, and even the mode of paving their streets, are original, and unlike what you see in the rest of Europe.*

The classic Tuscan and the *lingua rustica* of Florence differ widely both in pronunciation and in dialect. The latter is distinguished by the substitution of aspirates and gutturals for the softer consonants, and by the singular transposition of letters.† It would seem as if the Spanish pronunciation had been in some degree ingrafted on the Italian; a circumstance which might be accounted for by the close political connection, in former times, between Tuscany and Spain. According to Mr. Galiffe, the *lingua rustica* of Florence bears some striking analogies to the written

* Rose, vol. i. pp. 205, 6.

† Thus *cavallo* is pronounced *havallo*; *casa*, *hasa*; *Cocomero*, *Hoghomero*. They say *brullare* for *burlare*, *strupo* for *stupro*; *regilione* for *religione*; *gralimare* for *lagrimare*. The long penultimate is often shortened, and the accent thrown on the last syllable. Mr. Matthews compares the 'guttural rattle' of the Tuscans to our own Welsh; Lady Morgan says, it is as guttural as German, and that the *dolce susurro lusingando* of Tasso, would be as easily found on the banks of the Shannon, as on those of the Arno.

dialect of Naples, although there is the greatest dissimilarity in their pronunciation. The Florentine itself, Mr. Rose tells us, 'is subdivided by the learned into two dialects, that of the *mercato vecchio* and of the *mercato nuovo*;' while some assign a separate dialect to each of the parishes of the *Camaldoli*. These vernacular varieties can scarcely, however, be rendered palpable to a foreigner.*

The lower classes express themselves in a style at once poetical and picturesque,—'in the very pith and poetry of Boccaccio,' and 'put passion, life, and figure into every thing they say.' Their language is characterised also by a remarkable brevity of expression: they will coin a verb out of every noun, and thus condense into one word what would otherwise cost three. These characteristic peculiarities would, perhaps, in our own language, be thought to border upon a *slang* dialect; and however spirited or felicitous the modes of expression, they must be regarded as indicating that education is at a low ebb. A poetical language is generally the sign of a civilization not far removed from semi-barbarous. The upper classes of Florence, on the other hand, Mr. Rose says, 'who do not think themselves under the necessity of studying Italian grammatically, yet seek to assimilate their tone to that of the rest of Italy, make a miserable medley, and are, perhaps, the worst models of speech in the Peninsula.'

The higher classes in Florence bear apparently much the same character as in other cities. The

* Rose, vol. ii. pp. 31—39. Galiffe, vol. ii. p. 401.

citizens are better instructed and more polite than the nobles, who are, with some illustrious exceptions, indolent, mean, and haughty, addicted to sensuality and gambling. The monks and friars are by far too numerous for public morals. Female education is lamentably neglected; and the *cavaliere servente* is still as necessary an appendage as a confessor, to the domestic establishment. This system, the great moral blot on the Italian character, which, in the language of Mr. Matthews, 'sanctions the public display of apparent, if not real infidelity to the most important and religious obligation of domestic life,' is happily confined to the higher classes; and even among them, examples are to be found of conjugal virtue. The exemplary conduct of those women whose husbands take upon themselves to perform the offices of affection that are ordinarily left to the *cavaliere*, sufficiently shews with whom it rests to put an end to this odious and disgraceful system.

Of all the classes of the Florentine population, that which seems least to have submitted to change in habit and manner, Lady Morgan tells us, and to retain the genuine stamp of the old Medicean regime, is the petty trader or shopkeeper. 'From his luxurious indolence, his *laissez-faire* mode of existence, no interest can rouse, no speculation waken him. At the *Tocco* (one o'clock), he shuts up his shop, which is not always his *domicile*, and retires to dine and doze for as long a time as appetite or laziness may induce.' The manufactures of Florence now consist chiefly of flowered silks, coarse woollens, flasks of thin glass, essences and confectionary, stone and earthen ware, and straw-

plaiting. But all these are carried on upon a contracted scale. Glass is imported from Bohemia; and silks and velvets from Lyons, are sold to the descendants of those Tuscan manufacturers whose looms supplied the greater part of Europe. The French shop is the shop of fashion; and jewellery made in Paris, is cheapened within view of the shop of Cellini.*

We must not take leave of Florence without taking notice of the 'Three Sanctuaries,' which form the most interesting objects in the immediate environs, and casting a farewell look on the city 'from the top of Fesole.'

The *Vall' Ombrosa* is supposed to have furnished our Great Poet with the original of his description of 'delicious Paradise.' The abbey stands in an amphitheatre of hills, 'so accurately described' by his verse, that Mr. Forsyth expresses his confident persuasion, that the picture in Milton's mind was only a recollection of Vallombrosa, which

— 'crowns with her enclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champain head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides,
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead up-grew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view.'†

* Morgan, vol. ii. p. 266—269. Cadell, vol. i. p. 227.

† The description, Mr. Williams remarks, 'is not strictly referrible to Vallombrosa, which served the Poet as a study, but of which he never intended to make an accurate delineation.' 'Palms,' of course, there are none.

The road to this 'grand solitude,' from Florence, winds up the right bank of the Arno for thirteen miles, to Pelagò, where the river is diminished to a rural stream. At that village, distant from the abbey about seven miles, the carriage road ends, and the path turns up the valley through which descends the beautiful stream of *Acqua-bella*, that once gave name to the solitude. This valley is diversified by some farm-houses and hamlets belonging to the abbey in the days of its prosperity. A rude bridge crosses the torrent higher up, from which begins a steep ascent up a narrow, paved way, winding among the luxuriant chestnut-woods that clothe the declivities. After ascending for nearly three hours, the traveller reaches some beautiful pine-woods, enclosing a verdant lawn; and, on emerging from their shade, finds himself in front of a large, handsome, but formal building. One side is defended by dark forests; on the other, towers a lofty mountain, clothed with hanging wood nearly to its top, and divided from the lawn only by a deep, narrow dell, down which a small stream falls in cascades. A little bridge crosses the stream below the fall, and leads to a steep path conducting to an overhanging cliff, on which stands the hermitage called the *Paradisino*, consisting of a few rooms and a chapel. The prospect which it commands, is most extensive, comprising a distant view of Florence, the vale, and the sea; while the fore-ground is composed of the grand scenery of the Apennines,—the dell, the water-fall, the convent, the park-like lawn, with its black girdle of forest, and the mountain beyond.

From May to October, this is a delicious retreat from the heats of the plain ; but often, long before

——‘ autumnal leaves have strewn the brooks
In Vall' Ombrosa, where Etruscan shades
High over-arched embower,’—

the streams themselves are arrested in their rapid course, by the icy blasts that sweep down from the neighbouring mountains ; and during the long winter, the inhabitants are generally ‘ buried in snow, or enveloped in clouds, and besieged by bears and wolves ;’ a circumstance which Eustace mentions, as serving to ‘ deepen the religious awe and veneration that naturally brood over monastic establishments.’

The Abbey of the Vall' Ombrosa is a Benedictine establishment, founded by a Florentine nobleman, who embraced the monastic life, towards the middle of the eleventh century. Ariosto refers to it, in his Orlando, as ‘ *ricca e bella, e cortese a chiunque vi venia.*’ Before its suppression by the French, its revenues were about 40,000 crowns, and its tenantry were wealthy. It also comprised a college for the education of youth of rank. It was here that Don Hugford, a monk of English extraction, revived the art of *scagliuola*. The pathetic lamentations of some of our travellers over the desolated scene of former splendour and lavish hospitality, have now become superfluous : the monastery has been restored, though, probably, with diminished revenues. Forsyth, who visited it in the days of its prosperity, after speaking of the indiscriminate hospitality ‘ which feeds poor men, but keeps them poor,’ and is but ‘ the virtue of barbarous society,’ adds, with his usual good sense : ‘ Not that I grudge this rich community the means of being

so bountiful: I rather grudge it the youth, the talents, and the active powers which the institution entombs; I grudge it the very virtues of the men whom I found here.'

The Abbey of Camaldoli, founded early in the eleventh century by a Calabrian anchorite, is still more singularly situated. The route descends from Vall' Ombrosa, the region of the fir and larch, through a forest of oak and beech, to the country of the olive and fig-tree, crossing the beautiful vale of Prato Vecchio;* and then ascends some bare and barren mountains, which present a scene of savage desolation seldom to be met with even in the Apennines. In the midst of this desert is found the romantic recess in which the lower convent is placed,—a deep, narrow, woody dell through which a torrent roars among the rocks while enormous aged pines, springing up like columns, seem to support the hills above.† About two miles higher up the mountain, is the *Santo Eremo*, where St. Romualdo founded a village of hermits, and 'established a rule which anticipates the pains of purgatory.' With this horrible institute, the climate conspired in severity; the sickly novice was cut off in one or two winters; the rest were subject to dropsy, and few attained to old

* The little town of that name stands imbosomed in gardens and vineyards, on the Arno. On a knoll in the middle of the valley, rises the ruined castle of Romena, celebrated by Dante; and not far off is a spring called *Fonte Branda*, which Forsyth supposes is the one he also refers to.

† Immense logs and rafts are conveyed by oxen to the bottom of the mountains, to be floated down the Arno by the winter floods, to Leghorn. From these woods, the monastery derives its revenue.

age. Happily, not a soul now inhabits these gloomy regions, except the forester and the ghost of St. Romualdo. But the hospitable monks contrive to make themselves and their guests very comfortable in the convent below.

La Verna, the third sanctuary (about 14 miles from Camaldoli), is said to have been founded by St. Francis himself, who has chosen for its site a most extraordinary spot on the cliffs of one of the loftiest Apennines. 'Here reigns all the terrible of nature;—a rocky mountain, a ruin of the elements, broken, sawn, and piled in sublime confusion,—precipices crowned with old, gloomy, visionary woods,—black chasms in the rock, where curiosity shudders to look down,—haunted caverns sanctified by miraculous crosses,—long excavated stairs that restore you to day-light.' The whole hill is legendary ground. Yet, removed as this sanctuary is from human habitation, Mr. Williams found it surrounded by a crowd of people who had come to attend a fair,—'a fair on the rocks whence the devil hurled St. Francis,' but without bruising him,—and where the Seraphic Father was saluted by the two crows who still haunt the convent!!*

We have wandered far from Florence, and must now hastily return to the Val d' Arno. On the conical summit of a steep hill commanding a view of half the valley, another Franciscan convent occupies the site of the ancient citadel of Fiesole (*Fæsulæ*). Some fragments of Ionic columns, part of a theatre, and some excavations in the slaty rock, (granaries and graves,) are all that re-

* Forsyth, vol. i. p. 106. Williams, vol. i. p. 189.

main to mark the existence of the Etrurian city which Sylla colonized, and Catiline made the chief hold of his party, before *Florentia* had risen into importance. Its destruction, by its more powerful neighbour and rival, dates from A.D. 1010. The cathedral, however, remains, (a rude and not handsome edifice,) together with a rich abbey founded by the Medicean family; and Fiesole, now a lonely but beautiful village, still retains, with its ancient name, its episcopal honours.

From the garden of the Franciscan convent, is obtained the rich and varied view, part of which is comprised in the annexed plate. In the centre of the picture is seen the *duomo* with its magnificent cupola; to the left are the '*Palazzo Vecchio*' and the Ducal gallery; to the right, the church of *S. Lorenzo* and the cupola of the Medicean chapel. Palaces, villas, convents, towns, and farms, are seen, seated on the hills, or scattered through the vale, 'in the very points and combinations where a Claude would have placed them.' But the brilliancy of the colouring, the contrast of the white walls of the 'Etrurian Athens', with the dark, deep foliage of the ever-greens, beneath an Italian sky, can scarcely be expressed by the pencil, or conceived of by the inhabitant of a northerly climate. One feature is wanting in this view of Florence,—that of the hill of Fiesole itself, which, seen from other directions, forms 'the most beautiful object in this region of beauty.'

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.





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